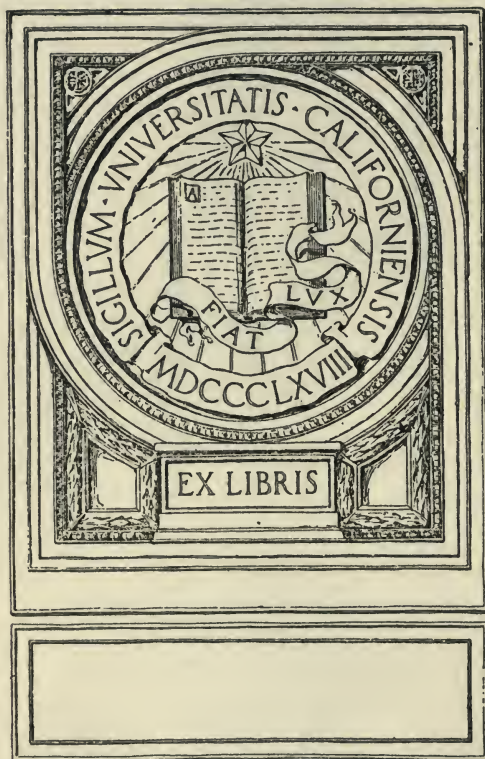
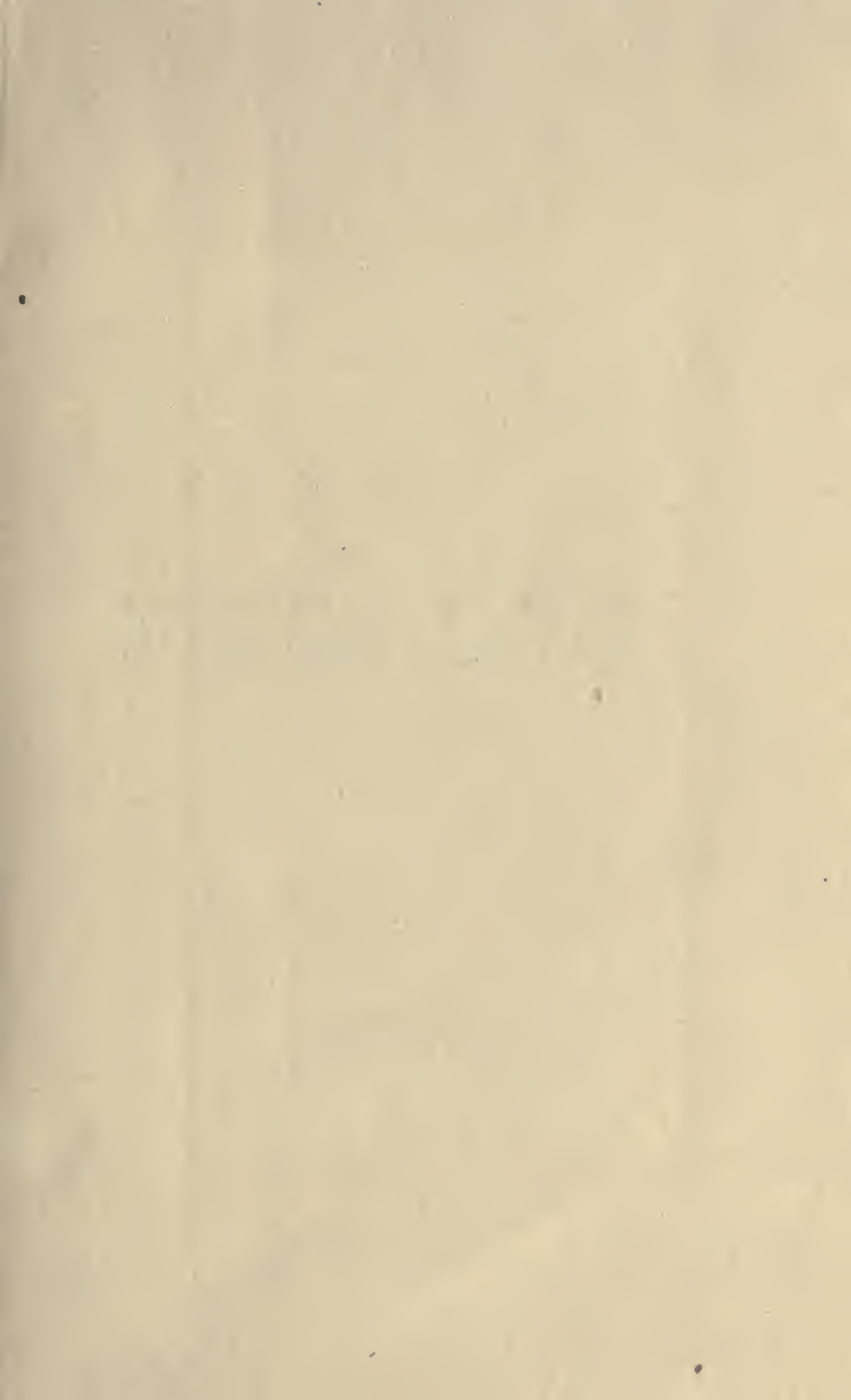


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MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HENRY
HALLAM PARR, K.C.B., C.M.G.



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MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HENRY HALLAM PARR

K.C.B., C.M.G., COLONEL
PRINCE ALBERT'S SOMERSET LIGHT INFANTRY
(*Sometime* A.D.C. TO H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA)

RECOLLECTIONS AND CORRESPONDENCE,
WITH A SHORT ACCOUNT
OF HIS TWO SONS, LIEUTENANTS
A. H. H. PARR AND G. R. PARR

EDITED BY
SIR CHARLES
FORTESCUE-BRICKDALE



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EDITOR'S PREFACE

A LITTLE explanation seems desirable as to the way in which the following pages have assumed their present shape.

Sir Henry Parr, after his retirement from the Army, occupied some of his leisure hours with writing the following Recollections of the early part of his life and in collecting material for the remainder. His death occurred in April 1914, when this was still incomplete, and his surviving son George took up the work with the intention of completing it.

This was not to be fulfilled. In the summer of that year the War burst upon the world, and in a few months the promising young soldier had fallen in action in the service of his King and Country, and in defence of those ideals for which the British Empire stands.

By the wish of Lady Parr the privilege of completing the work has fallen to myself as being not only a near relative but one of Henry Parr's warmest friends and admirers.

For the many shortcomings that may be found in the compilation I can only ask for the indulgence of the reader.

When the work had been taken in hand the idea occurred to me of prefixing to it a short history of the family from which Sir Henry sprang, and of adding to it a short memoir of his two fine sons, so that as, unhappily, no direct descendant now survives to carry on the tradition of gallantry

and distinction which those who knew them will always associate with their names, there may at least be such permanent memorial as is possible to the memory of these three very gallant gentlemen.

It remains to acknowledge with thanks the kind permission of the proprietors of *The Times* to print some letters and to incorporate portions of articles written by Sir Henry on the British Mission to Fez; of the editor of the *Spectator* to use portions of a letter contributed in 1914; and of Major Cuthbert Headlam, of the Bedfordshire Yeomanry, to adopt passages from a privately printed memoir of George Parr written by him.

C. F.-B.

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Law, and Judge, ~~of the~~

Bart., of Clevedon Court, Somerset. Like his father, he was educated at Eton. The family had for generations served in the Army, so at the age of fifteen he left Eton, and, after a short period of "cramming," passed high into Sandhurst. Gazetted 1865 in 1865 to the 13th Light Infantry, he was posted successively to Aldershot, Devonport, and Ireland.

During the early part of his career Parr spent his leisure hunting and riding races, in which he had considerable success. Being also very fond of travelling, frequent visits were made to France and Italy. These visits, and a gift for acquiring languages, enabled him to attain proficiency in French, which he spoke fluently, and Italian, both of which afterwards proved useful. In the early seventies he served in Gibraltar, and won many pony races, both 1874 on his own ponies and those of others, and in 1874 moved with the battalion to Malta, acting for some time as District Adjutant. From 1873 to 1877 he was

¹ This little sketch was written by his only surviving son George in April, 1914, for the regimental paper.



A SHORT SKETCH OF HIS MILITARY CAREER¹

- 1847 MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HENRY HALLAM PARR, K.C.B., C.M.G., was born on July 24, 1847, being the younger son of Thomas Clements Parr, Barrister-at-Law, and Julia, eldest daughter of Sir Charles Elton, Bart., of Clevedon Court, Somerset. Like his father, he was educated at Eton. The family had for generations served in the Army, so at the age of fifteen he left Eton, and, after a short period of "cramming," passed high into Sandhurst. Gazetted
- 1865 in 1865 to the 13th Light Infantry, he was posted successively to Aldershot, Devonport, and Ireland.

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¹ This little sketch was written by his only surviving son George in April, 1914, for the regimental paper.

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Adjutant to the battalion, then commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Montgomery.

1877 In 1877 came his first Staff appointment, that
to of Military Secretary to Sir Bartle Frere, Governor
1879 of the Cape Province, South Africa. At this time
two problems confronted the administration of Cape
Colony. One, the native problem, demanded instant
attention, and was solved by the Galeka, Kaffir, and
Zulu Wars of 1877-8-9; the other, that of the Boers,
although requiring similar resolute treatment, received
timid handling, which resulted in the disaster of
Majuba, 1881, and led up to the Boer War of 1899-
1902. Captain Parr—he was promoted in 1877—
served on the Staff during the Kaffir and Zulu
Wars, receiving the medal and clasp for 1877-8-9.
The operations against the Zulus proved serious,
owing to the excellent discipline and organization
of that tribe. Captain Parr was appointed Staff
Officer to No. 3 Column, commanded by Colonel
Glyn, and thus was one of the first to arrive on
the scene of the disaster of Isandlwana. For
his work during the campaign he was mentioned
in dispatches, the Governor writing of him, "Parr's
merits are far above others mentioned." He then
had the sad duty of meeting the Empress Eugénie,
who had come to South Africa to see the place
where the Prince Imperial was killed by the Zulus.

1880 In 1880 he was decorated with the C.M.G. for his
work in Cape Colony, and in the same year published
his book on the native troubles, "A Sketch of the
Kaffir and Zulu Wars,"¹ which was very well received.

¹ Portions of this work are incorporated in Chapter VI, pp. 103-30
post.

Then he returned to England for a period of regimental duty at Plymouth. During the whole of this time of hard work he had been constantly worried by ill-health, caused originally by a serious accident when steeplechasing, from which he never really recovered.

1881 The following year saw the outbreak of the so-called Boer Rebellion, or First Boer War, in which he was appointed to General Sir George Colley's Staff, but arrived after the disaster of Majuba and the death of Sir George Colley. He was then made Commandant of the Remount Depot, and subsequently ordered to organize and train a battalion of mounted infantry—the first official recognition of this arm. His endeavour to break away from stereotyped methods of training showed him to be much in advance of his time.

1882 The condition of Egypt then claimed the attention of the British Government, and in 1882 an Expeditionary Force of 25,000, with 7,000 troops from India, was dispatched under Sir Garnet Wolseley. Captain Parr was given command of a battalion of mounted infantry, which did excellent work. A reconnaissance in front of Alexandria, and his skilful handling of the battalion at the action of Tel-el-Mahuta, earned him a mention in dispatches, and he was awarded the medal and Khedive's star. At this engagement, however, he was severely wounded, and returned to England. Shortly afterwards he was gazetted Brevet-Major, thus attaining field rank at thirty-five.

Returning to Egypt, Parr was appointed Provost-Marshal in Cairo, his knowledge of languages proving

20 MAJOR-GEN. SIR HENRY HALLAM PARR

- 1883 useful in that cosmopolitan city. In 1883 he joined the Egyptian Army, then being organized by Major-General (now Field-Marshal) Sir Evelyn Wood. In
- 1884 1884 he was appointed Commandant of Suakin, and given the brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel. He also received the orders of the Medjidie and Osmanieh. The same year he took part in the Suakin Expedition, and was present at the action of Tamai, being again mentioned in dispatches. In the following
- 1885 year he served in the abortive Nile Expedition, in the attempt to relieve Gordon, spending a large part of the time as Commandant at Shellal, near Philæ, on the Nile. He was then appointed Adjutant-General and second-in-command of the Egyptian Army, Lord Kitchener following him as Commandant
- 1886 of Suakin. In 1886 he was made Brevet-Colonel and A.D.C. to the Queen. During the Sirdar's absence he became acting Sirdar, and in this capacity issued orders to Lord Kitchener at Suakin for the operations against the Dervishes in this neighbourhood.

Up to this point Parr's career had been one of uninterrupted success. Only thirty-eight years of age, he was full Colonel, C.M.G., and A.D.C. to the Queen. Second-in-command of the Egyptian Army, he had good prospects of succeeding to the post of Sirdar itself. His health, however, had again been

1887 troubling him, and in 1887 broke down entirely. The Sirdar offered to keep his appointment open for him, but, thinking this unfair to others, he refused the offer, and, to the great regret of his brother officers,

1888 British and Egyptian, left Egypt in March 1888, Kitchener being appointed to the vacant post. In

SHORT SKETCH OF HIS MILITARY CAREER 21

1887 Colonel Parr attended the French manœuvres, and in 1888 the German, and was offered the Military Attachéship at Berlin, but refused it, owing to lack of knowledge of German.

In November 1888 he married Lilian Mary, daughter of the late George Louis Monck Gibbs. In 1889 he was offered the post of Military Adviser to the Australian Government, but refused it. The same year he was appointed Chief Staff Officer to the Southern District at Portsmouth. Never fond of office work, Parr found this appointment very irksome, and the command of the 1st Battalion of his own regiment, the 13th Somerset Light Infantry, falling vacant the following year, he immediately applied for it, although this involved the resignation of the rank of substantive Colonel, to which he had been promoted. He took over the command of the battalion in 1890, then stationed in North Camp, Aldershot, and forming part of General Mansfield Clark's Brigade. In 1891 the battalion left England for Gibraltar. Colonel Parr accompanied Sir Charles Euan Smith's mission to Fez in 1892 as Military Adviser, and wrote (with the permission of the authorities) a series of descriptive letters to *The Times*, parts of which are reproduced in this work. In 1893 he received the C.B. Later in the year the battalion went to India, and was stationed at Umballa. There are many still serving who were with the battalion under him in India. Smartness and quickness at drill he considered of the highest importance, and the wheeling of the battalion in quarter-column in eleven seconds by the Adjutant's stop-watch—a battalion of some 800 strong—is still remembered.

22 MAJOR-GEN. SIR HENRY HALLAM PARR

1894 In 1894 he was offered a Staff appointment on the North-West Frontier, and at the same time that of Assistant-Inspector-General of Ordnance at the War Office. The former was a somewhat minor appointment, and, not knowing of the imminence of hostilities on the frontier, which developed into the Chitral and Tirah Campaigns, he accepted the latter—a choice which he afterwards regretted.

Then followed three years of somewhat uninteresting office work at the War Office, during which Colonel Parr endeavoured to secure to light infantry regiments certain distinctions in dress, and among other reforms helped to further the system of the consolidated clothing allowance. In 1897 the Queen's Diamond Jubilee was celebrated, during which he attended the American Ambassador, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, with whom he maintained a warm friendship for many years. In 1898 came promotion to Major-General, and the command at Shorncliffe. With the outbreak of the Boer War he was mentioned as likely to command one of the brigades of Buller's Army Corps, and also it was thought that he was to be Chief-of-Staff. It was known, however, that his health was not good, and it was decided that he would not stand the strain of the campaign. This was naturally a bitter disappointment. He now took over the South-Eastern District (headquarters at Dover), and till 1902 combined the duties of General Officer Commanding the District and Brigade Commander at Shorncliffe. This work was extremely hard, as during the greater part of that time Shorncliffe became a training camp for Militia and other corps going to the front. In 1902 he received com-

mand of the North-Western District, with headquarters at Chester. The climate and the work—there were few regular troops in the command—did not suit him, and although only fifty-five, and a Major-General of five years' standing, he reluctantly decided to retire.

Parr's military career, in the strict sense of the term, here came to a close, but was revived again when, in 1910, on the death of Major-General England, he was appointed Colonel of his regiment, the Somerset Light Infantry. Later on he was also a very active member of the Territorial Force Association for the County of Somerset (being Chairman of its horse-purchase sub-committee), Commandant of the National Reserves in the County, and Chairman of the National Reserves Sub-committee. He was also instrumental in initiating and organizing the Old Comrades' Association of his regiment, and was its first president.

Many interesting details, necessarily omitted from this short sketch, will be found in the following Recollections, Correspondence, and Memoir.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HENRY HALLAM PARR, K.C.B., C.M.G., ETC.

CHAPTER I

THE FAMILY OF PARR¹

A warlike race—Saved from a holocaust—Veterans—Letters from Minden—A friend of Wolfe—Life in Halifax, 1782-7—A royal visitor—Loyalist refugees—A conscientious governor—A brutal assassination—Perils by sea—Modern times.

FEW English families could present, during the last two centuries and a half, a record more strikingly full of continuous military service and stirring adventure than that of which the late Sir Henry Hallam Parr was a member.

During the last seven generations only five of its eighteen male members who grew to maturity have adopted civil careers. Of the thirteen soldiers, nearly all saw a great deal of active service, five were wounded, two were killed in action, and four died on service. Of those who were not soldiers, one was assassinated at the post of duty in

¹ This chapter is compiled from materials collected and arranged by Sir Henry Parr from various sources.

26 MAJOR-GEN. SIR HENRY HALLAM PARR

Sumatra, and his wife and two of his children were drowned at sea.

The family claims descent from Baron Parr, of Kendal, in the fourteenth century,¹ and from Sir William Parr, the brother of Katharine Parr, the sixth wife of Henry VIII, who was created Marquess of Northampton. The latter nobleman, in humble imitation of his royal master, obtained an Act of Parliament, the effect of which was (*inter alia*) to deprive his descendants of his title, after which some of them appear to have settled in Ireland, in County Cavan, at a place called Parr's Green. Life in Ireland in those days was stormy and romantic, and the modern history of the family begins with a scene in the lurid light of the great rebellion of 1641, when the entire family, along with many others of the English garrison, were shut up by the natives in the church of Beltarbet, which was then set on fire, the only survivor being John Parr, a babe of one year old, dropped from a window in the burning building into the arms of a faithful servant, and so saved from destruction when the whole of the rest of his family perished in the flames.

His son, John Parr, fought for William of Orange, at the Battle of the Boyne, and also under Marlborough at Blenheim (1704) and under Prince Eugene.² He lived to the age of ninety-two, dying in Dublin, December 1764.

¹ There is in the beautiful old parish church of Kendal the Parr Chapel, full of tombs and still bearing the hatchment of Parr: argent, two bars, azure, within a bordure engrailed, sable.

² His name appears as Ensign in Colonel Tatton's Regiment of Foot (now the 24th, or South Wales Borderers), Lieutenant 1709, and in the Blenheim Prize Rolls 1704. He became Captain before 1724 (see Dalton's "Commission"), and was admitted as a decayed, maimed, and ancient officer at the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, October 1739. He married Helen, daughter of Daniel Clements of Rathkenny, co. Cavan.

He had three sons, Peter,¹ Samuel Clements,² and John—all in the Army.

Of these three, John, great-grandfather of Sir Henry, was in many respects a remarkable man. He entered the 20th Foot (Wolfe's) Regiment in his eighteenth year, was at the Battles of Fontenoy, 1745, Culloden (where he was wounded), Warburg, and Cassel, and was Captain of Grenadiers at the Battle of Minden, where he was severely wounded. Two letters written by him a few days after the battle have been preserved—

MINDEN, *August 10, 1759.*

MY DEAR HOLT,

I should not have been so long without writing to you after so important an action,³ had I been master of my arm or able to dictate. I have got a shot through the right arm which prevented my inclinations; the ball went right through without fracturing the bone, so that in a month or two I hope to be able to handle a pen, when you may be assured to hear from me. The papers will be full of the particulars, but whatsoever they say, they cannot be too full of the praises due to the British infantry, for troops never could in this world behave better. Our regiment is entirely ruined; it is at present with the army, but does no duty in the line.

MINDEN, *September 17, 1759.*

MY DEAR HOLT,

My wound is healed up. Some of the sinews and a good deal of the flesh being cut hinders me from making any use of my

¹ Born about 1707. Served in the 32nd, 18th, 4th, and 58th Regiments. Died, 1767, as Lieut.-Colonel of the last. Married Mary Charlton. He had two sons, also in the Army, namely (i) Peter, who served from 1755 to 1785 in the 18th, 56th (in which he was wounded at Minden), and 53rd Regiments; he retired and died unmarried in 1785; and (ii) Charlton, 107th Queen's Own Royal Regiment. He died in 1790, his wife and two children having predeceased him.

² Born about 1709; he was a Lieut.-Colonel in the Army, and died at Havannah, in the great mortality, in 1750.

³ Minden, fought August 1, 1759.

arm, but in a short time I hope it will be as strong as ever; had it been cut off, I should not have bemoaned my fate for having lost it in so glorious an action, a victory where the English were so much concerned, and the consequence of which has so much changed the face of affairs in this part of the world, from being almost swallowed up by a superior army to beat them and pursue them 150 miles!! As it will give you pleasure to hear how much the English were concerned, I must tell you that our six battalions with two Hanoverians marched at the enemy for a mile and a half as fast as we could lay legs to the ground and attacked the body of the French Army, consisting of twenty-eight battalions and thirty-six squadrons, their cavalry the best in their Army. We beat them, we drove them off the field. My escaping as well as I did was miraculous. I was knocked down within seventy yards of a Saxon battalion by a shot which struck me on the ribs: two soldiers of my company immediately lifted me up. As they were carrying me off the field, one of them was shot through the head by a musket-shot, the other soon after was killed by a cannon-ball while I was in his arms. I was then exposed for half an hour under a continual fire of the enemy, but fate I hope has preserved me to pass the remainder of my days at home. God bless you, my dear Holt, and believe me to be most sincerely yours,

J. P.

PS.—Our regiment is but the shadow of one; my company brought out of the field only twenty-three out of sixty-eight,¹ the rest killed or wounded. All the Lancashire lads behaved well; ² some of them I enlisted at Wigan. Should you ever visit Naples I can give you an introduction to a very old friend long resident there, and he was on intimate terms with the late King. The last time I was in Naples I spent six months at N.'s brother's house.

John Parr became Adjutant to the regiment in 1755 while

¹ In August 1914 George Parr (his great-great-grandson) at Le Cateau held a position with his platoon for five hours, losing thirty-seven killed and wounded out of forty-nine.

² It will be remembered that the Lancashires have been among the stoutest fighters in the present war.

it gained, under Wolfe, its brilliant reputation in quarters and in the field.

Two letters written to him by his chief of immortal memory (printed in Willson's "Life and Letters of Wolfe," pp. 344 and 404) show the friendly and familiar relations which existed between them.

After following the fortunes of the 20th Foot for twenty-six years, ending by commanding it for several years, John Parr retired in 1776 on half-pay. From 1778 to 1782 he was Major of the Tower, and in 1782 was appointed Governor of Nova Scotia. He arrived at Halifax in the transport *St. Lawrence*, and was sworn in as Governor and Captain-General on the 19th of October in that year.

Two letters to his brother-in-law, Mr. John Walmesley, of the Hall of Ince, near Wigan, in Lancashire, show something of his disposition and of life in Halifax at that period.

HALIFAX, *December 3, 1786.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,

It is almost an age since we have heard from Preston, the ship that usually brought our letters about the beginning or middle of October being not yet arrived, and probably will not come here this year, which will throw us far back in our intelligence, as we may not hear from home before next May. This is the most disagreeable circumstance attending this part of the world, which you will say is but a small one, compared with many others in life. I really do not know a pleasanter or cheerfuller place, especially situated as I am. Our climate is delightful. Very few disorders—the chiefest is that of old age. We have had as fine weather for six or seven months past as ever was seen. The winter is now beginning to set in cold and clear, but never lasts long at a time. We are well prepared with Cannel, Lancashire coals and wood, with as good port, Madiera (*sic*), etc., as Europe or any part of the world produces, and great plenty. Our markets are well supplied with good beef. I have opened our ports for foreign cattle in British

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bottoms, which preserves our own young stock and keeps down the prices. The farmers and other people interested opposed me and murmured against it at first, but now everything is quiet upon that, as well as upon many more subjects of their complaints; and now I begin to enjoy myself in peace and comfort after a very troublesome time. . . .

HALIFAX, *November 26, 1787.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,

Notwithstanding I spend nearly £2,000 a year, I contrive to save my private income, which every man should do who goes abroad, at the same time live well and with credit. We have lately had a royal visitor, Prince William Henry. He stayed this last time seventeen days, kicking up a dust the whole time. It was very fortunate for me that he did not stay longer, for I cannot now go so well through that drinking and sitting up work which you knew me remarkable for formerly. We have at most times too much conviviality here, especially in winter.

He appears to have given the Government satisfaction, being offered a baronetcy, but he declined it on the score of want of means.

There is a tradition in the Walmesley family that he was exceedingly severe with his sons, and on one of them stopping out late he had the house locked up and would not let the unlucky youngster come in, but flung his clothes to him out of the window, and told him to go and sleep elsewhere.

Professor A. J. Macdonald, of Halifax, in a lecture given in 1907 to the Nova Scotia Historical Society, gives some additional information from local sources. He says—

Parr was described as almost insignificant in appearance, of small, slight stature, withered in face, but erect, with an uncommonly bright eye, sharp metallic voice, and quick, jerky walk, with the look of one who had passed through many difficulties, and had sur-



JOHN PARR.

Born 1725 ; died 1791. Colonel XX Regiment. Governor of Nova Scotia, 1782-1791.

(From a miniature presented by Lord Dalhousie to M. Richardson, Esq., of Halifax.)

mounted them. The Halifax people of that period, quick at taking stock of a new man, at once named him "Our Cock Robin," which stuck to him until they buried him ten years afterwards under Old St. Paul's Church.

Scarcely had Parr got settled in office when peace was proclaimed on the conclusion of the war of American Independence, and a large fleet of men-of-war, transports, and other vessels arrived at Halifax with thousands of Loyalists from New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and Parr's work began.

Winter had set in, and the sufferings of these people, with insufficient clothing on board these vessels, cooped up like cattle was indescribable. The streets, churches, and tents erected on the side of the Citadel and on the beach were filled with them. Thousands were fed on the streets, provisions cooked and distributed to the people for months, before the season opened so as to enable some of them to be sent into the counties where lands were provided for them. Parr with his council worked night and day for nearly three years, before they were finally located.

Governor Parr died, after a short illness, on the 25th of November 1791, aged sixty-six, and was buried in St. Paul's Church, Halifax, after a public funeral, his own regiment—the 20th—attending as well as all the principal officers of state, military and civil.

There is on the walls of the St. Paul's Church, Halifax, a hatchment bearing the Parr arms. There is no memorial or monument of any kind.

Governor Parr married about 1761 Sara, daughter of Richard Walmesley, of the Hall of Ince, Lancashire, and, like his father, had three sons,¹ John, Thomas, and William Shelborne.

¹ He also had two daughters, one of whom, Anne, married to Lieutenant Dering Richard Walker, R.N. (who was killed in action in the Mediterranean), lived to a great age, dying at ninety in 1852. A good many of the facts above related are taken from an autograph statement left by her.

Of these John¹ and William² entered the Army, while Thomas (Sir Henry's grandfather) chose the East India Company's service.³ About 1806 he was appointed Lieut.-Governor of Fort Marlborough or Bencoulen, Island of Sumatra—now a Dutch possession. To judge from his correspondence⁴ his mission would seem to have been of a very special and delicate kind—namely, to reform abuses in the administration of the island. He writes in one place of the "irksome and herculean labour of cleansing an Augean stable of its corruption," and in another, "the results of the accounts of 1806-7, being one complete year of my administration, gives a decrease of 100 per cent. on the charges of the lowest year antecedent, and is upwards of £150,000 under the average annual charges of the government."

The important reforms which Mr. Parr had brought about excited at last the violent animosity of certain Malays, who planned and only too ably carried out his assassination.⁵

The account of his death is best told by the brave wife and mother, who nearly died at her husband's side, in

¹ Served for some time in his father's regiment, the 20th (1779), and afterwards as Major in the 22nd (July 1786). Later he joined the 97th. His name appears in records of the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, 1794. He married Helen, daughter of Captain Henry Clements, of Fort Henry, co. Cavan, and died without issue in 1825.

² Major in the 22nd Regiment. Died at Balason, East Indies, during the Mahratta War. Unmarried.

³ He married in 1797 Frances, sister of J. R. Roworth, Esq., of Coombe Lodge, Blagdon, Somerset.

⁴ An interesting series of letters to his uncle, John Walmesley (his mother's brother), from 1802 to 1807, showing many features of the life of an Anglo-Indian of the period—including the risks of capture by French warships and privateers on the ocean routes, the terrors of being becalmed, the slowness of travel, six months from London to Calcutta, etc.—is still in the possession of the family.

⁵ The assassination took place at 11 p.m. on the 23rd of December 1807.

a letter to her brother, Thomas Roworth. It runs as follows—

MARLBOROUGH, *January 16, 1808.*

I am yet spared to tell my brother that my beloved husband was, on the night of the 23rd of December, torn from his bed by Malays and murdered in my sight, but do not believe that Parr's wife, and your sister, endeavoured, like a coward, to save herself by flight until she had used her weak efforts to assist the father of her children, the dear valued friend and husband of her heart. Not, my brother, until I had my hands and body stabbed did I think of my poor infant boy in the next room.

.

My dear, dear brother, Mr. Murray was a second Parr; can I say more? But his manly heart burst with anguish, he became almost frantic at seeing the beloved form of his friend cut to pieces. Yes, they cut off the head of my Parr to take to their chief. Blessed head! blessed face! But his last breath was mine. He saw me struggle with the first monster who came into the room, to seize his creese that I might gain it for him to defend himself with—all would not do. My hands were cut to pieces, my bosom had four stabs, and I was stamped on and kicked to the other end of the room.

On the 13th arrived a country ship from Bengal. Two letters so flattering from Lord Minto to my lost Parr, offering him to be the head of the servants to be sent to Madras to inquire into the Nabob's business or to succeed to Mr. Colebrooke.

My hands are cut to pieces. I with difficulty hold my pen with two fingers. You will judge by my writing. Mr. Murray writes in duplicate. My wounds are doing well from his care. One of them was serious; but I hope the worst is over. How I should have boasted of them had my Parr's life been spared, and he would have so flattered me for my activity. Why did I not always make him keep arms. But he was displeased when I ever urged it, and asserted: "I never did an injury to any man, I have nothing to fear." From a revengeful assassin he had everything to fear.

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After having taken two towels from my dressing-room and wrapped the head of your friend and brother in them, they were obliged to leave it in the nursery, and took only his watch, the case of which I suppose fell off, for it was found dropped from the chest of drawers where they took it from. Not a thing besides was touched, although many articles of value were in the room. A Malay who was known to be of the party that night at Mount Folia has declared before Mr. Martin that the head was to have been taken to Dion [a Malay chief], but they could not escape with it, so they took the watch to confirm their assertions that the deed was done. The watch was taken to Dion before daylight.

God bless you my brother. Love and protect my children. I am fatigued by this exertion, but I am in all situations your grateful and affectionate though wretched sister,

FRANCES PARR.

His epitaph, officially composed, described him as—

A benevolent friend to the Malay inhabitants, and solicitous to improve their freedom and prosperity by the prudent and gradual introduction of spontaneous industry.

The Governor-General in Council wrote to his widow—

That the records of the Government bore ample testimony of the zeal, talents, and integrity manifested by Mr. Parr in many situations of important public trust during a period of nearly twenty-five years of meritorious services in India, and the estimation in which his character had been universally held was well known to the members of the Administration.

His successor wrote to the Court of Directors—

Specially selected on account of his personal qualifications for the invidious office of reforming abuse and retrenching expenditure,



FRANCES PARR (NÉE ROWORTH).

Wife of Thomas Parr, Lieutenant-Governor of Bencoulin.

(From a portrait by Romney, about 1800, now in the possession of Major Clements Parr.)

his attention was not for a moment diverted from the leading objects of his appointment. To fulfil them he threw aside all personal considerations, and while the public interests engrossed all his thoughts and his time he forgot himself. His health had a long time previous to his death been greatly impaired by the unceasing pressure of his official labours, and his life ultimately fell a sacrifice to a measure adopted from considerations of public duty.

To complete the tragedy, his brave wife, with her two eldest children, Emily and William, was drowned at sea on board the East Indiaman *Georgina* in 1809 off the Cape of Good Hope on her way back to England, leaving a daughter[†] and a son, Thomas Clements Parr, who had been sent home earlier.

Thomas Clements Parr, father of Sir Henry, was born in 1803. He was educated at Eton (Cooksley's) and Christ Church, Oxford. He was called to the Bar, and was for some time employed under the Ecclesiastical Commission. He married in 1836 Julia Elizabeth, elder daughter of Sir Charles Elton, Bart., of Clevedon Court, Somerset. Sir Charles Elton (Sir Henry's grandfather) entered the 48th Regiment at fifteen, and saw active service in Holland under the Duke of York. He was afterwards Lieut.-Colonel of the Somerset Militia. He was a man of varied tastes, and later produced many scholarly works, including translations into English verse of Hesiod and other Greek poets and a history of Roman emperors. Sir Charles's sister, Julia Maria, married Henry Hallam, the historian (whose son, Henry Fitzmaurice, was Henry Parr's godfather), and his eighth daughter, Jane Octavia, married W. H. Brookfield, Chaplain-in-Ordinary to

[†] Frances Harriet Goodlad, born August 7, 1801. Married the Rev. Roger Carus Wilson, Vicar of Preston, and died without issue 1842.

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Queen Victoria, etc. His son, Sir Arthur Hallam Elton, Mrs. Parr's brother, was also in the Army (14th Regiment) when young, and represented Bath in the House of Commons from 1857 to 1859. He, too, had a strong leaning towards literature, and Clevedon Court in his time was visited by Tennyson, Thackeray, and other well-known men of the mid-Victorian epoch.

Thomas Clements Parr had three sons and five daughters. One of the sons, Arthur Elton, died in childhood, and the other two, Thomas Roworth and Henry Hallam (the subject of the following memoir) reverted to the family preference for a military career.

Sir Henry's elder brother, Thomas Roworth Parr, born December 21, 1836, served in the Rifle Brigade and 3rd Battalion Somerset Light Infantry, and attained the rank of Lieut.-Colonel. He married first, in 1864, Mary Bridget, daughter of Sir Alexander Downie, who died in 1874, and second, in 1882 Elfrida, daughter of the Rev. George Acklom. By his first marriage he had one son, Clements, born May 1865, who served in the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, to which he was gazetted Lieutenant on the 29th of August 1885, Captain 16th of January 1893, Major 4th of July 1904. He was engaged in the operations on the North-West Frontier of India in 1897-8, Mohmand Field and Tirah Expeditionary Forces, obtaining the medal with two clasps. He was dangerously wounded in the Dargai Expedition. Major Parr married, in 1900, Dorothy, daughter of William Stancombe, Esq., of Potterne House, Wilts, and has one child—a daughter, born 1901. He retired 19th of December 1906, on account of wounds received on service. He is now the only male representative of the family.

One of Sir Henry's sisters, Frances, married General Chase Parr, of the Indian Service. Their son, John Clements, born

in 1880, joined the 2nd Somerset Light Infantry in 1899, and was killed in action when marching to the Relief of Ladysmith in February 1900.

Having thus brought the history of the family down to the point at which Hallam Parr himself comes on to the scene, we may stand aside for the present and allow him to tell his own story in his own way.

The following title and quotation from "Gil Blas" were prefixed to the work in the author's original MS. :—

CERTAIN RECOLLECTIONS, A LITTLE FIGHTING, AND SOME
STRAY PAPERS.

Il avait un défaut qu'on doit pardonner aux vieillards ; il aimait à parler, et sur toutes choses de Guerre et de combats. Si, par malheur, on venait à toucher cette corde en sa presence, ses auditeurs se trouvaient trop heureux quand ils en seraient quittes pour la relation de deux sieges et de trois batailles.—"Gil Blas," tome ii, livre lv. chap. i.

On a separate page came this dedication :—

To the Dear Memory
of my Son,
ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM PARR
(Prince Albert's Somerset Light Infantry)

CHAPTER II

BOYHOOD

1847-65. Recollections—Somerville's "Chase"—Scribblers *v.* Buttonholers—A Roman flat in 1857—*Horæ Virgilianæ*—Walks in Rome without Hare—An unreformed carnival—Vetturini and dogs—Temporal *v.* Spiritual—To school at Twyford—A white day—To Eton—"Billy" Johnson—From "Ionica"—Freedom of Eton system—"Leaving books"—To Sandhurst—Education and discipline—Gazetted Ensign.

WHEN one has reached and passed sixty years of age—as the French say more neatly, "*Quand on a dépassé la soixantaine*"—there is in one's life an increasing inclination to look backwards rather than forwards.

As the horizon in front becomes somewhat restricted, one is more inclined to turn in the saddle and look at the view behind—not without a pang of regret now and again, perhaps, at the lovely distant country which was passed when the sun was high and the day at its noon.

Some such thoughts as these were in my head, and I was puzzling out how to make an appropriate beginning to what I was about to write, when I chanced upon an old copy of Somerville's "Chase," with its quaint engravings, including the frontispiece, which represents "William Somerville, Esqre." receiving a lyre from no less a god than Phœbus Apollo himself, with Diana looking on approvingly.

I idly took up the book, and for the first time read the

preface, which so suits my case that I cannot resist setting it down here.

"The old," says Mr. Somerville, "have at least the privilege that they can recall to their minds those scenes of joy in which they once delighted, and can ruminate over their past pleasures with a satisfaction almost equal to the first enjoyment.

"The amusements of our youth are the boast and comfort of our declining years. I hope therefore that I may be indulged, even by the more grave and censorious of mankind, if at my leisure hours I run over in my elbow-chair some of those chases which were once the delight of a more vigorous age."

Mr. Somerville finishes with a sentence which is not apposite to the present context, but which is so quaint that I again cannot resist putting it in. He winds up his preface with the following warning—

"That gentlemen, who are fond of a gingle at the close of every verse, and think no poem truly musical, but what is in rime, will here find themselves disappointed."

Mr. Somerville (some may think) has rated too highly the pleasures of retrospect, yet it is doubtless some such feelings which influence those who, when their more active share of life is over, take to writing about the past.

With regard to old soldiers (who are great writers of recollections and reminiscences) my own view of the matter (arrived at after some little consideration) is that old soldiers are less garrulous than we used to be, and that we are becoming more inclined to fill up any idle hours, which we may find, by scribbling rather than by buttonholing our acquaintances.

This change should be heartily welcomed, and the scribbling

buttonholer (he that runs over his chases in his easy-chair) should, I would submit, be viewed with distinct favour by a long-suffering public as being but little dangerous to the "King's peace."

I advance this view with the diffidence that all new and important theories ought to be unfolded to the world, but certainly in my youth I seem to have been continually forced to listen, more or less against my will, to long stories which I didn't want to hear, and to have frequently seen fellow-sufferers undergoing a like infliction, and now (while making allowance for the fact that my time for being buttonholed, or buttonheld, is past, and my time for buttonholing has arrived) there seem to be fewer cases of this malpractice than in the old days.

And where ought one to begin one's recollections?

A grave problem truly, lest at the commencement the audience take offence at the first words and make off, telling every one to beware of the prosy buttonholer, who is lying in wait for them under such-and-such fine sounding title.

In mercy then to my audience I will not look back more than fifty years ("quite a fair glance at the past," some of the younger amongst the audience will murmur).

I see a small boy about ten seated disconsolately in a gorgeous saloon in the old Via delle Quattro Fontane in Rome.

The saloon (although gorgeous) isn't very big, being, as a matter of fact, the last of a suite of rooms in a flat—furnished (as was the custom years ago in Italy) each with increasing splendour and discomfort, in order to overawe the guest as he passed through them to find the hostess, resplendent herself in the last one, surrounded with (as the case might be) crimson and gold, green and gold, or blue and

gold furniture—all the chairs and sofas very hard and slippery.

The small boy would be alternatively looking out of the window, fidgeting with the furniture, and occasionally staring at a Virgil, well worn, but evidently not a school book.

The small boy was myself. My father, in 1857, had taken his whole family, consisting of his wife, four daughters, and myself, his second son (my elder brother being with his regiment), to Rome for the enlargement of their minds.

In those days travelling abroad partook rather of the character of a grand tour than of the hurried Cook's excursions, according to which we are inclined nowadays to map out our travels.

Thus we had to cut ourselves adrift from our home for a year or more, and (by way of making ourselves comfortable) had taken with us two old-fashioned servants Wesleyans, and utterly opposed to any foreign ideas, and we had also a spitfire of an Italian courier, butler and valet, called Brusquetti, which name expressed the man, and we all settled down for the winter at Rome.

To keep up the idea that I was not wasting my time, and that I was progressing in my studies, my father used to give me an hour's Virgil every morning. I went to the splendid green and gold saloon so as to be out of the way, and so be able to give my undivided attention to the classic poet, as nobody entered the room except on special occasions.

My attention was, however, wandering far afield amongst Roman ruins and Roman stories and romances, and I was always longing to escape on my expeditions and rambles, so that when my long-suffering father came to hear me render Virgil into English I generally made very bad weather of it.

My father (an old Eton and Christ Church man of scholarly traditions and tastes), after listening to my squalid rendering of fine bits of Virgil more or less patiently for some time, usually ended by taking the book out of my hand and rolling out the translation himself to our mutual solace and satisfaction, and the interval ended by his telling me to go about my business.

My business? How delightful was not my business in those happy days.

Those who know modern Rome (modern Rome with its crowds, its trams, its huge hotels, and its electric light) can with difficulty picture the Rome of the fifties and sixties.

Rome was in those fair days a very silent city. The big thoroughfare now teeming with people and vehicles, which joins the three great basilicæ of Santa Maria Maggiore, San Giovanni Laterano, and San Giovanni fori le Mura was empty, silent, and in parts grass-grown. Outside the walls there was absolute silence (for Rome had not become too big for her girdle in those days), a silence only broken (except on the great roads) by droves of wild-eyed cattle and buffaloes, driven by the mounted herdsmen of the Campagna as wild-looking as themselves.

But in the places, notably the Piazza del Popolo, where there was a crowd, it was a picturesque crowd indeed.

The lumbering coaches of the princes of the Church, sometimes with a jangling escort of Papal dragoons, the men of the Guardia Nobile (never seen now in uniform outside the precincts of the Vatican) swaggering about in their fourteenth-century costume rubbing shoulders with the soldiers of the Army of Imperial France; a detachment of French infantry marching behind the drums, whose rattle and roll sent a delightful thrill through one; the

handsome Contadine with their escort of a peasant in a sheepskin coat ; the numberless monks and friars in different colours, and the priests and ecclesiastical scholars in black ; no less numerous hordes of beggars, many of them showing abominable sores and diseases ; and last, the mounted herdsmen of the Campagna, mounted on wiry little horses ridden on the long-cheeked bit, and carrying their long goads with a martial air as if they were lances—all this formed a picture not easy to forget, and which is certainly still vivid in my memory.

It was to such a Rome as this that I betook myself on being given the key of the street, and into such surroundings as these would I wander forth sometimes without any plan, sometimes with some romantic and delightful project in my head which would lead me into mischief and to out-of-the-way parts of old Rome, each one seemingly more fascinating than the other.

Thus I perforce kept, I fear, very irregular hours, and often caused my mother pangs of anxiety as to where I could have got to. On these occasions Brusquetti used to be sent out to look for me, which resulted in "words" between us, as the short-tempered man did not see the fun in having to hunt about Rome for me instead of sitting by the fire yarning, or scolding Cesare, his subordinate.

As with all pleasant things, our sojourn in Rome had to come to an end, but it ended fitly in the delightful bustling week of the carnival. (Alas and alack, how times have changed, and the point of view !)

A few months ago I was at a carnival at an Italian town and instead of enjoying it what a hopeless drivel it seemed and how I banned the population for yelling and squealing into the small hours.

Day after day for a week there were delights of all

sorts on the Corso, and sometimes in a carriage, sometimes from a window, sometimes (when I could evade my guardians—especially Brusquetti) in the street by myself, did I enjoy the pleasures of vanity fair.

Confetti throwing, encounters with masques, shows of different kinds, the day winding up as far as I was concerned with the race of the "Barberi," or riderless horses, which was run down the Corso.

First, a half-troop of the Papal dragoons, big men on heavy horses, would clank down the length of the Corso to clear the road, then a dozen horses or more, wild with fright, being urged on by crackers and flying spurs attached to them, dashed down the cobbles of the street. I can remember, even now, the peculiar swish and swirl with which they went by. The horses, poor creatures, were caught in sheets at the end of the Corso, but generally not before they had some of them been damaged, and had generally damaged some of the onlookers. It was a dangerous and cruel proceeding, and was very properly put a stop to years ago.

The last night of the carnival was the night of the Mocalletti, for which I was allowed to stay up. Every one provided himself or herself with a candle, which had to be lighted and kept alight as long as possible, while it was blown at by passers-by.

This was delightful, and I retired to bed on that night almost satiated with pleasure and more or less covered with candle-grease.

After this, packing up previous to our departure from Rome had to be begun in earnest, and the arrangements made for our return journey to Florence and Genoa.

Instead of merely sauntering, as we do now, to the nearest Cook's office and taking railway-tickets, a good deal more

had to be done. The only railway working in Italy in those days, if I remember rightly, was the line between Leghorn and Genoa. The general public went by diligence. Rich people and English milords travelled in their own carriages, with post-horses. Humbler folk, such as we were, did not want to travel by diligence, and couldn't afford to travel post—contracted with a vetturino to take them on their way. A solemn agreement was drawn up between the intending traveller and the vetturino. The journey was to be done, by the grace of God, in so many days and by such and such a route. So many persons were to be of the party. The vetturino was to supply so many horses, and was to be ready to start at such and such a time.

The vetturini were, as a rule, I think, good fellows, but they were only human, and would take an advantage where they could—for instance, produce three horses instead of four, go by a road that suited them better than it did their employers; but they were a cheery lot, and any number of them could be seen and hired in the Piazza del Popolo, where they used to pass their pleasant day, each with his Spitz dog.

The Spitz dog of a vetturino was a useful and business-like animal, who spent his time, when on duty, at the top of the vettura, and woe be to any one who tried to meddle with the contents of the carriage or with the baggage. But off duty the Spitzes unbent a good deal, and in the Piazza del Popolo one of their amusements was to obey a hidden signal from their master and race after some monk or harmless friar in sandals and nip his bare heels, to the terror, discomfort, and indignation of the holy man.

Our last day at Rome then came, and after a truly heart-rending farewell with our Italian servants (which even

affected our stolid English followers) we sallied forth in two vehicles, I, after a pitched battle with my deadly enemy Brusquetti (who had insisted that a courier must of needs travel on the first carriage), triumphant on the box of the first vettura.

I had most excellent reasons for going with this carriage, much better ones than any Brusquetti could possibly advance to my father: firstly, I had already made friends with the vetturino, and hoped that I should be able to induce him to let me take the reins now and then; and secondly, I had, by dint of a free distribution of biscuits, made friends with his dog, a big and seemingly nasty-tempered yellow Spitz. We had three horses to the first vehicle, which was the light one. The vetturino pointed out with pride to me that the leader (who was a vicious-looking ugly chestnut) was, he had cause to believe, beyond all doubt an English horse, and doubtless "*Cavallo di caccia*" (hunter).

On a lovely day early in the year, then, we sallied forth from the Piazza del Popolo on our way to Florence, and I turned long and lingering looks on the ancient city where I had been so happy as we went away.

It was to be many years before I was to see Rome again. Before I did the crisp French drums would have played the red-legged infantry away down to Ostia to embark in order to attend to more pressing matters nearer home, and they would have been replaced by that Italian Army, which surely has carried out as noble a work (albeit a peaceful one) as ever army did—to wit, the teaching of the Venetian, the Piedmontese, the Tuscan, the Roman, and the Neapolitan that they were all Italians and not merely Provincials, thus helping on the spirit which has again made Italy a nation, and not a collection of small states with petty aims and selfish aspirations.

Before I was to see Rome again war, alas! would be declared in Rome between "Black and White," to the infinite danger of Italy and the Italian—a war which must go on until a conqueror arises in the Vatican, a conqueror strong to crush down within the walls of the Vatican all intriguing against his policy and capable enough to hold his own against the unscrupulous, keen-witted, and ambitious ecclesiastics, generations of whom has separated the policy of the Vatican from the simplicity of religion and morals.

I write as a fool, but there are many thoughtful and far-seeing men who consider that when the Papacy can give up its claim to the temporal power once and for all, a great access of strength and influence will accrue to that branch of the Christian religion which looks to the Holy Father as its head on earth. They think that what it will lose is infinitesimal compared with increase of influence to what many hold is the most logical and comforting exposition and rule of the Christian Faith.

Be that as it may, there is no doubt that the present state of things is a terrible drawback to the progress of Italy, and if the Roman Church would gain by the cessation of hostilities, most assuredly the civil power would gain many a private Italian household now divided against itself.

A delightful journey indeed I had behind the evil-looking chestnut, with the yellow spitz and the cheery fat vetturino.

We parted at the foot of Mont Cenis with, I trust, mutual regret, and I went with my parents to England and to school.

I was sent to a good old school at Twyford, near Winchester, where I at once got into hot water because I could not or would not observe boundaries and give up my wandering habits, besides being extremely sketchy as to school hours and callings over.

But it was there that I passed the one happiest day of

my life. It stands out so by itself that I never have had any doubt of the day being *the* white day of my existence.

Imagine a fine spring morning, with everything calling you out of doors, and being pent up in school in one's oldest and most inky jacket, doing the most disagreeable lesson of the day, three hours before release.

Suddenly the head master was called out hurriedly, and remained out for half an hour. On his return he announced that he had to tell us with regret that Johnson was taken ill with scarlet fever (O joyful news! O happy day!—how we did for the moment love Johnson and hope he wouldn't get well just yet!), and that the school would have to break up.

Boys must go and pack up at once. Any boys who lived near Twyford might go that day. I was over my desk in a moment, explaining breathlessly to the head master that my brother was in the Rifle Brigade at the Winchester barracks, and that I could go to him at once, and that he could easily forward me home.

And so it was permitted. I could hardly believe in my good luck, but leaving the harassed and perplexed matron to forward after me what she liked in the shape of baggage, I got on some decent clothes and nipped out of the gate, lest any change for the better in the state of Johnson or any change for the worse in the decision of the head master might dash away the delightful vista of freedom which was unfolding before a schoolboy's eyes in the middle of the term. I fairly danced along the three miles of road to Winchester, and found my brother, having got through the orderly-room. Directly he heard my story he saw, as a sensible subaltern should, where he came in, and promptly asked his Colonel for three days' leave to see me safe home.



HENRY HALLAM PARR WHEN AT ETON. 1850.

His tour of escort duty was not a very long one, and I am inclined to remember that he managed to put in two and a half of his three days' leave looking after his own affairs rather than mine.

In 1861 my father moved me to Eton, to my great delight. I don't know that it was exactly for my good ; I felt, however, the restraints of a private school more than many boys, and when I got to Eton the freedom was delightful.

To have one's own room and get one's own breakfast and tea when and how one liked seemed dazzling.

I had been taken down to Eton by my father, who showed me where he boarded when he was there and all the changes which had taken place since his time.

He was at the house looking into the cemetery, which was "James's" when I was at Eton and "Cokesley's" in his time.

Gladstone, he told me, fagged for him at one time, and I found that subsequently I was fagging for Stephen Gladstone, Mr. Gladstone's son.

I was to have gone to Evans's, where my brother had boarded, but Evans's was always as full as it could hold, so my tutor, William Johnson, advised me that I should go to Vidal's instead.

My tutor, William, or (as he was always called) "Billy," Johnson, was indeed a curious mixture.

Practical and romantic, kind-hearted and impetuous, he was loved, feared, and laughed at by the boys. His extreme short-sight, which caused him to sometimes ink his nose when he was writing, was a dreadful drawback to his maintaining discipline.

His blindness made him extremely suspicious, and if he thought that we were up to a game in the pupil-room (as

indeed we often were), he used suddenly to jump up from his chair in the inner room (his library) and ejaculate, "O wretched howlers" (his name for boys under the fifth form), and distribute punches and kicks indiscriminately, and thus restore order in an effectual if in a rough-and-ready manner, in one which left us gasping and subdued, at any rate for the moment.

He was one amongst a select few of the Eton masters who saw the necessity for reform, and wished boys to get an education more calculated to arm them for their struggle for existence than the round of Latin and Greek with a little mathematics thrown in.

On Sunday afternoons he would give talks on general subjects and teach some of us music. He was always endeavouring to open our minds and induce us to take an interest in general subjects, and in what was going on in the world.

A characteristic letter from him lies open before me, written when he had to leave Eton in the middle of the half on account of his health.

KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

November 23, 1862.

MY DEAR PARR,

I sent you a message, at once urgent and affectionate, requesting you to write to me, which you have not done.

I want to hear :—

Firstly, How your father is ?

Secondly, Whether you have got on quite smoothly with Mr. Thackeray ?

Thirdly, What Hartopp does ?

Fourthly, What does Oswald do, i.e. in the way of shooting or going to Mr. Dalton, or satisfying Mr. Tate ?

Fifthly, Who is going to leave the house or the school ?

Sixthly, When the new school-rooms are to be opened ?

Seventhly, What does Tiny [Everard Primrose] do about singing. He might as well write and tell me all about the music.

Eighthly, Whether Dawson is going to be at Torquay for the holidays, for if he is, I shall expect him to come and do Greek Iambics with me at my lodgings. I shall be there nearly all December.

Ninthly, How do you go on with Mr. Ottley?

Tenthly, How poor Croft goes on?

That's about enough for one letter.

Finch-Hatton is getting to be a regular invalid, and I advise his being kept at home till Mr. Cornish has a house, and then going to him. I know him at home too well. He is a clever child, but clever ones hardly ever have the right of body.

Don't send me any football gossip. I am deluged with it, and the sound of it. I do not much relish the prospect of liberty, as I shall have no one to speak to at Torquay.

I must advertise for one or two clean boys that want to get some lessons for nothing. But I am ready to do anything to get back to work in January, and if I can last out until election, I don't much care if I have to give in then.

Pray take pains to give no sort of trouble to Mr. Thackeray, and be (with the amiable Hartopp) a peacemaker at football and elsewhere.

Yours sincerely,

W. JOHNSON.

William Johnson was a man of strong intellect, and although a great student, as far as possible removed from the "dry as dust" type. He was steeped in Greek culture, which much influenced his general outlook, but yet was as eager as possible to move onward with the modern thought and knowledge.

He used to talk to us of the deeds of the Army and Navy, in a way which would rejoice those who are now endeavouring to keep high ideals of duty to the Empire

before the youth of the nation. His pupil-room was in the old Christopher Inn, which had become my dame's (Vidal's), and if he were in pupil-room when either the Household Cavalry or a battalion of the Foot Guards from Windsor went by, he would say, "'Howlers,' or 'Brats,' let's look at the Army!" And nothing loth we used to troop out to the Archway to envy the position of the young subalterns, who passed in resplendent dress while our tutor simply beamed at the troops through misty glasses.

Johnson had a delicate and true poetic taste, and has left a book of poems, which has lately been republished, called "Ionica."

I cannot resist transcribing a couple of short verses, in the hope that some who may reach thus far in my book may be tempted to send for the volume: "Ionica," by William Cory (George Allen, 156 Charing Cross Road). This is the third edition, and is rendered more interesting by a notice of William Johnson's Life and views by Mr. Arthur Benson.

On leaving Eton in 1872, he changed his name to Cory, but to Etonians of a past generation he will ever be remembered as Billy Johnson. He died in 1892.

HERACLITUS.

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear, and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remembered, how often you and I,
Had tired the sun with talking, and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales awake;
For Death he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

They seem to strike chords on the heart, like, shall we say, the verses in "In Memoriam" ending "Behind the Veil," or the music of Glück's "Che faro senza Euridice," or Schubert's "Adieu."

They are a translation from the Greek. The verses which follow were written by Johnson first in Greek and then turned by him into the following. They embody his passionate desire not to "rust" in old age—

Guide me with song, kind muse, to death's dark shade ;
Keep me in sweet accord with boy and maid,
Still in fresh blooms and truth arrayed.

Bear with old age, blithe child of memory ;
Time loves the good ; and youth and thou art nigh
To Sophocles and Plato, till they die.

Playmate of Freedom, queen of Nightingales,
Draw near ; thy voice grows faint, my spirit fails,
Still with thee, whether sleep or death assails.

There were many boys at my tutor's who have become men of note in the world—Lord Halifax, the Lytteltons, Lord Rosebery, and others. I expect that they would admit that they were influenced for the better, although perhaps in different ways, by our tutor's vigorous intellect and broad views.

What seemed so delightful to a boy of my temperament arriving at Eton was the absence of regulations and rules. So long as you kept time in pupil-room and school no one interfered with you, and you might practically lead your own life.

I don't advance that this was at all a good thing, but mention it as a fact. It wasn't good for me, as I was a

dreamy, unpractical boy and wasted a great deal of time doing nothing in particular, and was very happy doing it.

But Nemesis was limping after me when I was about fifteen. My tutor's reports as to my work became worse, and my father, whose health had been failing for some time, came down for a few weeks to Botham's (the old coaching inn at Salt Hill) to look into matters.

My father for the first time asked me what I intended to be, and when I pronounced for the Army, he decided that I must leave Eton at once and go off to a crammer's, for easy as the examination for the Army was in those days, but few schools thought it their duty to enable boys to start life from their doors.

At Easter 1862, then, I took leave of Eton, and arrived at home in company with sixty or seventy "leaving books," which for a boy in "Upper Remove" was considered rather a large number.

The system of leaving books has very rightly been discontinued and forbidden by authority. The theory was that when a boy left Eton his friends wanted to give him a book as a memento. It resulted in unfortunate parents paying so many guineas a year to enable their sons to give away expensively bound books to boys whom sometimes they did not know. The formula to your tutor was, "Please, sir, may I have a leaving book order?" A careless or supine tutor didn't even ask the name of the boy to whom the book was to be given, but wrote on a slip of paper that So-and-so might purchase a leaving book.

The recipient of the order accordingly next day after twelve repaired to the College bookseller, and there found spread before his dazzled eyes books of all sorts, in gorgeous binding. They were of all sorts, but all sorts of rubbish—

outside they were splendid, but inside the paper was often bad. They were, with a very few exceptions, the sort of book which Macaulay speaks of as being of service chiefly to the trunk-makers for lining trunks; books that wouldn't sell, to their own astonishment, bound up in gorgeous binding, and sent down to Eton as leaving books.

I often think with regret what a waste of money and opportunity were winked at by the College authorities, as under proper supervision of the quality and calibre of the leaving books, many boys would have gone away with the foundation of a valuable and useful library instead of books which never could or never would be opened.

However, it's a past abuse. Let us hope that the fortune the worthy bookseller must have made over the traffic hasn't done him any harm.

On leaving Eton I went to a crammer's near Woolwich, and, when I felt I had something definite to work for, fell to, and by dint of working nine or ten hours a day for ten months I managed to pass creditably into Sandhurst when I was a few months past sixteen.

Sandhurst was a new experience indeed. I remember well the first parade of the recruits and the extraordinary figures some of them cut. My right-hand man (in open order I was thankful to find) was a young man who nearly answered the description of Bob Sawyer in "Pickwick," except that any balance of respectability was on the side of Bob Sawyer. He was very dark and badly shaved, probably because his complexion consisted chiefly of red and black spots. He wore no collar, but a black silk scarf. In fact, nowadays the recruiting officer would look much askance at such a recruit, unless he was able to produce some strongish testimonials to get over the drawbacks of his personal appearance.

There were other queer fish amongst us, but none to come anywhere near the cadet whom I have described.

Where some of the young men came from it would be hard to say, but there was no doubt that some curious customers managed to get commissions in the old days, and it is quite erroneous to suppose that the doing away of the purchase of commissions had anything but a good effect on the class of young men who competed for entrance into the Army.

The system of education (considering it was in the sixties) was far from bad, and many of our instructors were able and talented men, but the system of discipline was extremely faulty.

The company officers knew nothing, and cared little about their companies, and the appointment to a company of gentlemen cadets (instead of being given to officers calculated to influence young men in their career, and who would be examples of all that an officer should be) were filled by men who were inclined to regard their appointments as rather soft jobs, and who were all married men.

The system was at fault as much as, or more than, they, and the authorities were always touchingly grieved and astonished at the depravity of human nature in general, and of gentlemen cadets in particular, when one of the periodical outbreaks against discipline took place, and they found that there was no one with any real authority or influence over the cadets.

As a matter of fact the pernicious system of the officers of the cadet companies not being made really responsible for what appertains to the military life of a cadet has only recently ceased.

Now matters are different, and I venture to submit that under a proper and sensible system young men who are

about to become officers should be as easy to manage as any young soldiers.

My only distinction at Sandhurst was that I got mixed up in no row (which might be said to be rather a distinction in those days), and that I was leader of the "Board Ride," or the ride of the cadets, which was inspected by the Duke at the end of the term.

I was always happy when I could get near a horse for any purpose, and I learned a great deal of useful riding from the fine old sergeant-major of Carbineers who did most of the riding instruction at the Military College.

I learned how to break a horse to the "bit and leg" accomplishment, which was not so common even amongst cavalry officers then as it is now in these days, when polo has taught Englishmen that their legs were given them to guide their horses with.

When my time came, I passed out pretty creditably, and was soon gazetted to the 13th Light Infantry stationed at Aldershot, and joined soon after I was eighteen.

CHAPTER III

"GARE AUX PEKINS"

"Les Bourgeois sont priés de ne pas entrer dans les chambres."

Civilians beware—The county regiments—Causes of decline in the reputation of the private soldier since the seventeenth century—Miss Austen—Hogarth—Effect on enlistment—Compulsory service formerly the law of the land—The Militia Ballot—The Militia in the Peninsula and at Waterloo—The Haldane Scheme.

I DO not wish that an indulgent public should read any portion of this book under a misapprehension, therefore I feel constrained to warn all except soldiers that they may find this chapter rather too professional for general reading.

At the back of my mind there is perhaps the same idea that induces certain ingenious advertisers to turn their advertisements upside down, or to print "Don't read this" at the beginning of them.

This warning may not prevent some glancing at this chapter, as knowledge about and interest in the Army has hugely increased amongst all classes during the last quarter of a century.

It is about fifteen years ago when, to the question of a cousin as to what regiment she should send a boy into, I said, "But why not send him into the county regiment?" and when she asked what regiment that was, I had to reply

(to her confusion) that it was the regiment commanded by her kinsman.

Matters have improved since then, and there has sprung up since the South African War a very genuine feeling between counties and their regiments. This is a most valuable asset in the military organization of the nation, and, moreover, this feeling has done much towards raising the position of the soldier in the eyes of the village and the country-side.

It may be a puzzle to some why the status of the soldier was regarded as so unworthy a one in the eyes of the working-man, and as especially degrading in the opinion of the agricultural population.

When and why did the soldier forfeit the high respect in which he was held at the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Cromwell's Ironsides allowed themselves to sink quietly back into civilian life, and were only remarkable amongst other civilians by their excellent citizenship? For we have to go back to Cromwell's time in order to arrive at a time when the soldier was treated with the respect due to him who draws sword in the defence of his country.

The reason is that we have been suffering for the sins of our fathers: our fathers chose to eat sour grapes, and their children's teeth are set on edge.

For two centuries and a half, dating from late Stewart times, it was a common habit to cause the prisons to vomit their contents into the Army, and magistrates were accustomed to sentence ruffians and criminals to wear the King's coat and serve His Majesty in defence of their country as punishment for the worst crimes. Any man, so long as he was bodily sound, was good enough to serve the King as a soldier, although his moral qualifications were of the worst description.

The effect of a detachment of an Army partially recruited under such conditions arriving at a country village in the eighteenth century must have been, indeed, disastrous; and no wonder in the old days petitions from towns and villages not to have troops quartered near them were common.

There was no set-off against the reputation of wickedness and general bad behaviour possessed by the troops in those days.

In those days there were no daily papers to chronicle the gallant deeds of the British soldier. The deeds which in the twentieth century thrill their descendants when they read of them did not, as a rule, much disturb the steady current of our forefathers' blood, except when there was something going on very near home, as when Napoleon was threatening the national existence.

The "deeds which won the Empire" did not disturb the life of the village much; even amongst gentlefolk in the country at the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth it is curious to see how little interest many people seem to have taken in the situation, one which would, perhaps, be somewhat of a strain on our more delicate nerves and developed sensibilities.

Even Miss Austen was not inspired by either Napoleon or Wellington, nor did their doings intrude themselves into her books, which ripple on with their delicate sketches and their delicate humour undisturbed while England is fighting for her life.

The officers in "regimentals" who stroll occasionally into her stories are all officers of embodied Militia, who are holding England in place of the marching regiments; for they with their despised "private men" were busy establishing England's sovereignty over some outlandish country, a

few times bigger than the United Kingdom, or are changing the face of Europe nearer home.

But the village hears little of all this. What the village *does* hear or know about the Regulars is not to its taste.

The last time that the Regulars had come through the village probably, and had encamped near, a number of men had broken out of camp, and had battered old So-and-so's head in when he wanted to protect his inn and his liquor. Had not another lot got into Farmer Such-a-one's farm-house and robbed him of his cash? and had not all the girls to stay indoors after dusk and keep close about the village all the time that the military were at the camp?

To be sure, the men who had been marauding and those who pillaged the village inn were punished. The triangles had been rigged up early one morning and the culprits savagely flogged in the presence of the aggrieved parties. Stories of the details of the flogging were repeated with various embellishments, and it was not forgotten that one of the men (whose head had fallen on to his chest as he was being flogged—before half his sentence had been inflicted) had to be cut down by orders of the doctor.

One may imagine such scenes as these were not uncommon in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries whenever troops (which contained within their ranks so many criminals and so many desperadoes) were marching through the country in order to embark for foreign service or to change quarters, and such did not tend to raise the military in the esteem of the country-side or to gain recruits for the king.

No one has pretended that Hogarth's "March to Finchley" was overdrawn. Nay; to come nearer our own times, one only has to take up the Wellington dispatches in order to see of what desperate material the British Army was largely composed during the early years of the last century.

Be that as it may, from the time of the Stewarts the name of soldier (instead of signifying a steady, God-fearing man who was always on the side of order, and who took the part of the weak against the strong) came to mean, in the mind of the English peasant, a man who had somehow or other lost his place as a citizen, and thus become disreputable and in some measure an outlaw and dangerous. The old soldiers who came back into village life, as often as not, were unpleasant additions to their social circle, and their manners and morals were none of the best.

The peasant mind is slow to receive impressions, but once received it takes generations to eradicate them, and thus it will take, perchance, another generation to entirely eradicate from the mind of the English villager and from that of his wife that a man is on a wrong and risky path when he goes for a soldier.

The result is that, although the pay offered to the soldier is out of all proportion to what the average young man can earn, not only as a labourer, but as an under-gardener, stable helper, under-keeper, or what not ; while the comforts, amusements, food, opportunities for bettering himself, and general amenities of life would, one would think, make men most eager to join the Army, men do not [1911] enlist as they should.

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Englishmen have now almost forgotten that they were by law subject to compulsory service : the Ballot Act for the Militia, a law which proved itself more suited to our English polity than any other form of conscription or compulsory service.

One is constrained sometimes to picture to oneself the efficient state of our Army in the twentieth century (instead

of being the anxiety and despair of each successive Government) had it been realized during the stormy times which followed the French Revolution that our real Army was the Militia.

This, the Militia, was the force (evolved from levies and train-bands) which assembled to repel the Armada under laws of personal service which came down from mediæval times. It was a force which touched the life of the people, which suited its temper, and which was organized up from its smallest administrative unit, the parish.

The Regular Army was really our Expeditionary Force and our Colonial and Foreign Service Army. It was constantly being augmented and reduced according to the exigencies of the moment and the vacillations of successive Governments, and this would not have mattered so much had proper attention been devoted to the efficiency of our real Army, the Militia.

As it was, the Militia supplied to the Regular Army more than a hundred thousand men during the years of our struggle with Napoleon.

One would have thought that having so proved its worth during many years of stress and national danger, the nation would have taken care that such a fine force would be carefully looked after, and its value duly recognized. The contrary was that which occurred, and after Waterloo (Waterloo where Militia dead had lain thick, in their Militia jackets) the force was gradually suffered to fall into decay. It is remarkable that the Great Duke never seemed to see the possibilities of the Militia, whose men were so often hurried out to him to foreign parts in order to make up the numbers of his attenuated battalions when they were wasted by fighting or disease. So far indeed from developing the Militia after 1815, the Duke of Wellington paid

but little or no attention to it, and acquiesced (in return, it was said, for some guarantee that the Regular Army should not be reduced) in the suspension of the Ballot Act, on which not only the efficiency of the Militia depended but which gave the authorities such a lever to work the efficiency of the other parts of our Army.

Had the fatal mistake of suspending the Ballot Act not been made, we should now have a Territorial Army composed of grown men, up to strength, and furnishing a liberal supply of volunteers or "transfers" to the Regular Army.

A pretty picture, forsooth, and one that shows a commendable amount of imagination; but what is the use of drawing it, I hear some one ask.

Perhaps there is *not* much use in drawing it; but yet anything that draws attention to the time when everything was not volunteering and "go and come when you please" may be of use at the present time, A.D. 1911. It is not so *very* long ago since military service was recognized as part of the duty of a certain proportion of the population, and one which could be enforced by law. It was this flavour of compulsory service given by the Ballot Act which was so very wholesome. Would that we had it in some form now! It would give just that grip over their men which is needed in all military bodies.

Happily there are many signs that there is a revulsion of feeling taking place within the nation with regard to the question of compulsory service, and we may hope that it will come in some shape before long.

Thanks to Mr. Haldane's Scheme, we are ready to deal with the men when we get them, and the Territorial Associations will be able to clothe the skeleton of the Territorial Army with flesh as soon as the nation says the word.

CHAPTER IV

FUGACES ANNI

1865-77. The Army in 1865—Contrasts with present day—Discipline and training—Purchase and sale of commissions—Lord Mark Kerr—An unconventional commander—"Fix fiddlesticks"—Company officers—Two paladins—Devonport—The top-hat—Cork—A disturbed district—Gibraltar—Messrs. Saccone—Horseflesh—On the Malaga road—A Spanish inn parlour—Bull-fight *v.* Horse-race—Are the English Christians?—Racing episodes—On leave—Paris in 1869—At the "Français"—Rumblings of the storm—Malta—Reforms not encouraged—Natal—The pernicious *ego*.

WHEN I joined the 13th Light Infantry at Aldershot in November 1865, the conditions of military life, of social habits, and of morals in the Army were as different from those which obtain at the present time as can well be imagined.

In peace-time officers were allowed to do but little work and were suffered to have no responsibility. In regiments (with very few exceptions) the work and responsibilities connected with the drill, discipline, feeding, and well-being of the men was almost entirely carried on by the Commanding Officer in connection with the Adjutant, the quartermaster, and the sergeant-major working through the various troop sergeant-majors or colour-sergeants. Sometimes one of the officials was a much stronger man than the others, and had the most influence in deciding

the fortunes of the corps, sometimes another, but except in the artillery (where the distinct battery organization was the saving feature), the command of the various officers was quite nominal, and the responsibilities of the Captains were limited to those of a financial character, sometimes unpleasantly brought home to him by men deserting with Government articles of clothing or equipment, which he had to make good, or by faulty finance work by his pay sergeant.

The interests of the men were badly looked after, and redress was hard to get, as the men's natural protectors were nonentities in the hierarchy of the corps.

The teaching of the men was done by specialists. The Adjutant, assisted by the sergeant-major, taught the drill; the Musketry Instructor taught rifle-shooting, or rather saw that the regulation number of rounds were fired according to orders issued from the School of Musketry. In mounted corps the riding master taught the riding.

It was an abominable system, which broke down at the first strain put upon it, and it was often hard for a young officer joining, as he had little or no work to do, not to get into loafing, idle, if not disreputable ways.

In my opinion officers were not so clean bred as they are now, and almost every regiment had one or two men of indifferent breeding and habits or antecedents whom they were anxious to keep out of sight. *Esprit de corps* was not what it is now. Indeed, how should it have been when the system of exchanging was so universal and so constant amongst the officers?

All commissions had to be purchased, and merit was the last thing considered when the promotion of an officer had to be arranged: the question was, had he the necessary sum to lodge at the Army agent's in order to purchase the step, and to pay the price of the commission demanded by

Government, "plus" the over regulation demanded in the corps?

The system seems hardly credible now, but it had its enthusiastic supporters, much as the system of rotten boroughs in the national political organization had in a previous generation.

At breakfast in the mess-room a man would come in who was rather out of sorts, and feeling an Indian liver, or who had run up against the Colonel, or had got himself into some complication; he announced himself sick of the Service, and his determination to sell if he could get his money. Amongst those getting their breakfast there were probably the Adjutant and the Musketry Instructor, both doing good work and valuable officers. Perhaps there were as well one or two more subalterns, who were poor men and not for purchase. The announcement made no difference to them, although they were the seniors probably of their ranks; if this step went, it merely meant that one of their juniors who was not more qualified for promotion than they were would go over their heads, and thenceforward be their seniors in the regiment and in the Army; so they went on eating their breakfasts indifferently, except that their reflections possibly did not improve their appetites.

Not so the other officers. Excitement reigned during the morning. How much would So-and-so go for over regulation? How much would each subaltern below him be willing to give? How much the senior Ensign? Such a chance was not to be got every day.

The 1st Battalion of the 13th Somerset Light Infantry in 1865 was commanded by Lord Mark Kerr.¹ He was a curious commanding officer, and commanded in a queer manner. He was a man of great personal courage and an

¹ Afterwards a full General, G.C.B., and Colonel of the regiment.

exceptionally fine and bold horseman. His qualities told much better on service than in peace-time. I think that the men liked him better than the officers. He certainly took more interest in the men's food and well-being generally than was common in those days, and in matters sanitary was much in advance of his time.

Lord Mark, who was very impatient of regulations (which at that time could be numbered by myriads), was always carrying on open warfare with the authorities, and both the Headquarters and Brigade Staff found him a handful to deal with in every way. The consequence was that when the Staff *could* get an opportunity of doing the 13th an evil turn, we used (rightly or wrongly) to think that they took care not to miss it.

Lord Mark generally rode bareheaded, with his shako in his hand, and without stirrups. If he was ordered to put his stirrups down for marching past he would put the off stirrup down for marching past by the right, and the near stirrup down for marching past by the left.

On parade we rarely got any very intelligible word of command, which certainly had the effect of keeping all ranks awake, and Lord Mark frequently had his battalion scuffling after him, each Captain conforming to what he could of the movements of the Captain in front.

The culminating point of all the struggles between Lord Mark and the Staff was on this wise—

Because we were a light infantry corps we always claimed a right to march past at the "trail" instead of at the "shoulder." This claim, it must be confessed, could not in any way be supported by regulation, and it always made the Headquarters Staff foam at the mouth if it was advanced, but if Lord Mark *could* slip on to the "passing line" with his battalion with unfixed bayonets and "arms at the trail" he

always did so. Sometimes he wasn't observed, but generally the Staff were on the look-out. Lord Mark was rather tall, very spare, with sandy whiskers, and a curious habit of sticking out his chin at a person whom he didn't fancy, or who had told him something he didn't like.

On the fatal day in question the Staff were very busy, for the parade was an important one as there was some great personage on the ground. As the infantry came along in the first brigade there was the 13th (having evaded the Brigadier's orders to "fix and shoulder") on the passing line at the trail. Two Staff officers arrived at Lord Mark almost simultaneously. "Lord Mark," said the Brigade Major, "the Brigadier desires that you will 'fix bayonets and shoulder' at once." "Lord Mark," said no less a person than the Adjutant-General of the division, "the General commanding orders that you either 'fix bayonets and shoulder,' or that you march your battalion off the ground."

Lord Mark stuck out his chin at both Staff officers without a change of expression, and after a momentary pause turned half-round in the saddle and in a conversational tone said, "13th, fix fiddlesticks, and be d——d to you!" Fixing bayonets on the march was always a troublesome business, so instead of going by like the traditional wall (which was the admired formation for British infantry in those days) the first few companies of the 13th slithered by in appalling order, trying to fix bayonets; whilst the orders had not reached the rear companies, who went proudly by at the trail.

This was almost too much even in those days, and even in the case of a man so well known as Lord Mark. He soon after the incident went on half-pay, which, however, I fancy had been pending some time, and he not very long afterwards got further employment in India as a General Officer.

Lord Mark was devoted to the regiment, to which he had exchanged in order to command it, on account of an ancestor, another Lord Mark Kerr, having commanded it in the eighteenth century (1725-32). He became the full Colonel, and remained so until he died in 1900.

I got to know him well, and appreciate his many sterling qualities. Nearly the last time I ever saw him in Town was once in Piccadilly. Feet out of the stirrups, Lord Mark was riding a young horse which had no shoes on (such was Lord Mark's fancy riding in London), and on the greasy wood pavement the horse had as much as he could do to keep on his legs. Not that Lord Mark was paying much attention to this, as he was fully occupied in carrying on a lively altercation with a growler on one side and a bus on the other, both of whom he accused of closing in on him.

This is, however, much advancing matters.

When I reached the orderly-room to report myself the day after my arrival, I found that Lord Mark had ordered the old orderly-room clerk into the coal-box (there were in those days large flat wooden coal-boxes in use in offices, mess-rooms, etc.), as a punishment for some dereliction of duty, real or imaginary, and was in the meantime telling off his prisoners in his usual unconventional manner.

He didn't say much to me then by way of greeting, but he said a good deal to me three days afterwards, when he sent for me to the orderly-room to blow me up, very rightly, for hurrying a horse, that had been lent me, home from hunting. He gave me a wiggling which I have never forgotten, and have I hope passed on with advantage, perhaps softened down a little, since that date.

I soon made acquaintance with my company. The Captain was a fat old gentleman of about forty or forty-five, of kindly disposition. He had exchanged from the Ceylon

Rifles, and had been accustomed to be more or less of a butt all his life, and was of no possible use as an officer, either as instructor or as a leader of men. But he had purchased his commission, and thus was considered to have financial claims on, or vested interests in, his position in the Army in consequence. The Lieutenant was a gallant old soldier who had been promoted from the ranks. He had seen a great deal of service, and had a fine record of gallantry in the field. He was extraordinarily stupid, obstinate, pig-headed, and tactless, and used to talk to a fine old soldier with Crimean and Mutiny medals on his breast and the last joined recruit in the same strain, and put them exactly on the same level. He was detested by the men, who called the Captain the "Old Daddah" and me "the little Boyee," I suppose as I was so juvenile looking, but the Lieutenant they called by his name, and I have overheard them pronounce it as if they wanted to spit it out, out of their way.

The most important personage by a long way in the company was "Father" Keegan, the colour-sergeant. He was liked and respected by all ranks, and kept us all straight and out of trouble.

In those days the company never seemed to change; the right-hand man was a fine old soldier called Holt, and the left-hand man a cheery, well-looking Irishman named Jerry O'Sullivan, who when times went against us used to keep the company in good humour by his jokes and quaint wit. On the dreary long parades under the Adjutant, when I was dreaming of the last pretty face, or of the last gallop with the hounds, Holt or O'Sullivan would delicately rouse me to a sense of responsibilities by gently nudging me, whispering, "Change your flank, sir."

Alas, poor Jerry O'Sullivan didn't last long—cheap liquor at Gibraltar proved his ruin, as the following letter will show—

72 MAJOR-GEN. SIR HENRY HALLAM PARR

WATERFORD UNION, 25.11.83.

HONRD. AND RESPECTED SIR,

It is with feelings of grief and thoughts of silent sorrow I am compelled to lay before you the following statement: After leaving the Regt. in 1871 I went to America and remained there until '80. I had the misfortune of looseing my leg 5 years ago. I am now an inmate of the above institution to my sorrow, where I am half starved after all my service in defence of England's greatness [never having seen a shot fired]. And now I have not words sufficient to express my sorrow for leaving the Army [being discharged a habitual drunkard] after serving 19 years. I earnestly and ardently hope, Major, that you will kindly send me a few shillings in this my hour of need and God will reward you in this world and particularly in the next, and for your future welfare will ever pray.

I remain, honrd. sir, your humble suppliant, etc.

Near fifteen years afterwards, when I was on the Nile, I got a letter addressed in a handwriting which I seemed to recognize in a vague manner.

I opened it, and the formula was the same.

SIR,

Cast on the waves, etc.

It was written from some workhouse in Ireland.

I should explain that the Captain in those far-off days was always on one flank of his company or the other (an admirable position for not seeing what his company was doing). He had to be on the "directing" flank, and was therefore always scurrying to and fro from one flank to another.

Holt and O'Sullivan stand out by themselves in my first company, and as types of the stalwart, patient, dauntless old soldiers of the sixties. They didn't know much according to modern notions, but what they knew, they knew well. It was not their fault that the tactical training of the British

Army had not advanced since the lethargy which had overtaken it after the Peninsula.

There is not much more to be said about our life at Aldershot. Compared with contemporary Prussian military life it was lamentably behind the times, and from a social point of view it wasn't interesting or especially reputable.

We were, in 1866, ordered to Devonport, and I remember that our Colonel (the battalion was no longer commanded by Lord Mark, or such a message would have elicited some caustic rejoinder), received a communication from the Headquarters at Devonport to say "that the General Commanding at Devonport desired it to be understood that officers walking out for their recreation in Plymouth were to wear top-hats." This order, which to say the least of it was, as we were still in the Aldershot Command, rather "previous," excited much wrath amongst us.

At the music-halls at that period there was a ditty which was much in vogue called "Champagne Charlie," and it was sung nightly by a vocalist dressed in what was considered to be the height of fashion. The costume included a very shiny low top-hat with a very broad and curly brim. Some of the younger Captains and of the subalterns entered into the plot. We got a very *outré* hat as a pattern, and proceeded to order one apiece for wear at our new station.

The first afternoon after we had settled down at Devonport we donned these appalling head-dresses and proceeded to walk down the main street to Plymouth in them, and created quite a sufficient sensation. We hoped that the matter would come to the General's ears, and we thought that it did, as, in a short time, the tall-hat order was honoured as much in the breach as in the observance, and, unless the General or Admiral were expected to attend functions in person, we were allowed to wear much what we liked.

After a few months at Devonport we were packed off to Cork, Kinsale, and Skibbereen, as the Fenian rising necessitated more troops being sent to Ireland. My fate took me to Skibbereen, where we were quartered in the workhouse and kept fairly busy learning our new weapon (the Snider rifle), and turning out night after night on alarms (generally false) of Fenian raids, risings, and malpractices generally.

It was remarkable of the temper of the peasantry at that time that they never bothered us on hunting days, or interfered with any one shooting or engaged in sport. Nor was there any ill-feeling between them and our men, many of whom, indeed, at that time were Irish.

There was, however, a troop of the 12th Lancers in the workhouse with us, and they did not get on so well, though through no fault of theirs. There had been riots at Dungarvon, a place not very far away, and another portion of the regiment had had to charge the rioters. The charge had been more effective than is usually the case, as the men had stood a heavy cannonade of stones and other missiles for some time, and were rather sick of it. When the order to charge came, it was very welcome, and although the troops did not get out of hand, the streets were effectively cleared; and streets cannot be cleared of a fighting mob by charging cavalry without some one or other being hurt.

Be that as it may, there was no danger of the people of Skibbereen forgetting that the 12th Lancers had something to do with the charge, as the local newspaper used to come out every week with its front page illustrated with a picture supposed to represent some scene during the Dungarvon Riot—one week it would be an officer in Lancer uniform cutting down an aged priest with his arms raised in supplication; another week a Lancer would be represented running his lance into a child, etc.

Thus the want of education amongst the peasantry of the country-side was no drawback to the population getting the drift of what the ingenious editor or manager of the paper wanted to convey.

Why such publications were suffered to circulate amidst an excitable and impressionable people was a conundrum we frequently asked ourselves without being able to find a satisfactory solution.

All things must come to an end, and even our stay in the Skibbereen workhouse was brought to a close in the spring of 1867, when the battalion got the "route" for Gibraltar.

We had known for a month or two before the "route" came that we were bound for Gibraltar, and this had been of advantage to the regiment.

It had cleared out the officers (five or six in number) who had exchanged to the regiment merely in order to serve at home, and who had no special liking either for service or the corps. Most of these retired into private life, and thus a welcome run of promotion was caused, and the young officers who joined expected to do more work, and were more inclined to stick to the old regiment than those who had been bred up under a wrong system.

Gibraltar was then a very favourite quarter, and rightly so. There was plenty to do in the way of shooting in Spain and Morocco; there were three race-meetings in the year (one steeplechase meeting and two flat-race meetings), and the Calpé hounds met twice a week during the cool season. There was a good racket court and a most excellent library.

We were no sooner settled down in our barracks at Gibraltar than a little withered-up old man paid us all a ceremonial visit. He announced to each officer that he was the manager of Mr. Jerome Saccone's banking establishment,

and begged for his honour's custom, and took the liberty of presenting a cheque-book which he hoped would be found useful.

Their honours the subalterns became speedily alive to the advantages of banking with Messrs. Saccone. We all suddenly found ourselves with seemingly an unlimited balance at our bankers, and all went merry as a marriage-bell. All cheques were honoured, and no questions were asked, only when his honour the subaltern was applying for six months' leave to England, the withered-up old gentleman seemed mysteriously to have knowledge of the application, and invariably appeared in barracks in order to effect some sort of a settlement before his honour left the Rock. "Look out, old chap, here's Saccone's devil come after you," was the warning generally to be heard, given to the otherwise happy subaltern with his leave signed in his pocket.

Messrs. Saccone were, however, perfectly straight and above-board, and only wanted the balance squared up. There was no interest to pay, but the firm made heavily on the exchange, as well as by supplying the officers' messes with wine, cigars, and groceries. It may be remarked that in those days the first item was a formidable one, and carried no mean advantage to the regimental wine merchant.

I profited by the means which Messrs. Saccone were good enough to place at my disposal, so far as to buy a couple of ponies. One was a treasure, and I kept him all the time that I was in the Mediterranean. He was a very handsome bay gelding, half Arab and Spanish, and ran under 13 hands. His dam was Spanish, and I found out afterwards was suspected of having a trace of English blood in her, and this, I expect, was why Champagne had such sporting instincts, combined with the gentleness of the Arab and the fire and action from the Spaniard; whether jumping or flat

racing, or as a tandem leader or hack, the little horse could not be put out of his place.

All of us who were light-weights set to work to learn to ride a race, and after I found that I could sit down steadily and had been fairly successful I was ambitious (having Messrs. Saccone at my back) to increase my stud, and get something which would perhaps win a bigger race than little Champagne was capable of doing.

With this object in view, in October 1867, when the weather was lovely, I got a week's leave, and started on a journey to Malaga in order to see what a Spanish horse-dealer in Gibraltar had described as the best horse in the south of Spain, who would assuredly win me as many races as I had a mind to put him in for. This was a dead secret, and only told to the caballero on account of the respect the speaker had for him, and for the honourable way he had been paid for his last horse. Without giving too much credence to the story of the honest horse-dealer (who I felt sure had something of a share in the paragon of horse-flesh which he wanted me to journey and see) I thought there would be something delightfully romantic in going a-horse-dealing in Andalusia all by myself, and perhaps returning with a horse which would turn all the Captains and subalterns in the garrison green with envy. Besides, I had just been reading George Borrow's "Gipsies in Spain" and his delightful "Bible in Spain" (which I fear is shunned by the present generation on account of its name being taken for some sort of missionary publication, instead of being one of the most vivid books of Spanish travels and on Spanish life that ever was written), and thus had my head filled with a mixture of Gil Blas, Borrow, and Don Quixote. This made me wish to explore the country which had inspired such delightful classics.

On a lovely October morning in 1867, soon after gunfire (before which no one can enter or leave the fortress), my Spanish groom, Salvador, and I sallied out of the main gate. As many know, only about half a mile separates the English and the Spanish outposts, so we were soon in Spain.

My first journey in Andalusia was an event never to be forgotten. The lovely cork forest in which we soon found ourselves, the "ventas," or half-farms, half-inns, at which we stopped for our midday halt and sleep, the strains of jingling mules, following their bell-mule with so much docility mingled with intelligence, the curious mixture of aloofness and courtesy of the people, the sombre and martial figures of the inevitable pair of Guardias Civiles with their cocked hats worn *à la Napoleon*, their heavy troopers ridden in a long-cheeked bit and a cavesson—all combined to make a series of delightful scenes. I had picked up a smattering of Spanish (which is a very easy language to commence, and to learn enough to be civil to people in), but I had to depend somewhat on my companion when the conversation became too complicated.

I remember one night we found ourselves in a fonda, or inn, at Antiquera on the Malaga road, and the scene might have been taken from "Gil Blas." Round the fire in the common room were sitting two Guardias Civiles—one a corporeo, the other a private—who were journeying on to San Roque (the little town not far from Gibraltar) to relieve two of their comrades in that town who were recalled—moved to another station—a couple of peasants, two wild-looking nondescripts who looked like contrabandistas, whom Salvador confided to me that he didn't think were up to much good, and at whom the two Guardias looked with the same expression as that on a terrier's face when he watches a cat in a sitting-room where the cat can't be touched. There

was also a commercial man who was travelling for some Malaga firm, and my groom and I made up the circle.

Salvador and I had just had our supper—fresh pork and fried eggs, fried with lard instead of oil, and without garlic, in deference to the prejudices of the English caballero (who didn't evidently know what was good). Spanish oil, it may be mentioned, is very different from French or Italian oil, as no care is taken when picking the fruit to separate the rotten olives from the sound ones, and this gives the oil an evil and rancid taste which is very unpleasant to one of an alien race. We had washed our supper down with sound Val de penas, drawn straight from the skin, and had a cup of good chocolate to finish up with, and Salvador had just lit his cigarette, and I my pipe.

The Señor Corporeo commenced the conversation by asking whether we had come far, and on hearing that I was an English officer from Gibraltar rose and saluted. I returned his salutation, and passed him my cigarette case, saying that it was a pleasure to meet the soldiers of Her Majesty the Queen of Spain. After the ice had thus been broken, the conversation went smoothly on, I throwing in a word (more or less incorrectly) whenever I could. I hope that Salvador didn't draw the long bow too stoutly about the British Army and its habits and customs, but his audience were much struck by his accounts of the way the private soldier lived, and the regularity with which he got his pay, and at the absence of peculation which Salvador insisted on was the state of things in the British Army.

It was but natural that the conversation turned before long to the national sport of Spain.

"The English caballero is fond doubtless of the bull-fight," said the corporeo. "It must be a great pleasure to be able to get to Spain for this, as I have heard that the English bulls

won't fight, and that therefore there is not much bull-fighting in England."

I explained bull-fighting was not allowed in England, and that we were fonder of horse-races. "Ah, well," said the corporeo indulgently, "each nation must have its tastes; but give me a seat in the shade, and a good bull of the Marquis of Saltille's breed, with Antonio Garcia as primero espada, and I shall not grumble if I don't see any horse-racing for a long while to come."

And the rest of the company gave a low murmur of assent.

"Of course it wouldn't be pleasant to sit looking on at a bull-fight during fog and snow, and you have very many days of such weather in London, even in summer, have you not, Señor Capitan?" said the commercial traveller, addressing me for the first time, and giving me brevet rank. I was bound to confess that we had sometimes rather bad weather in London.

"Ah! there it is," said one of the peasants, "no bull would fight well in fog and snow; besides, the horses and men would slip. Perhaps horse-racing is better for the English."

"For myself," said another, "I like the English; but I am sorry that they are not Christians, otherwise I have heard that they are good fellows."

"Oh! but you are Christians, are you not, caballero?" said the corporeo.

"Yes, we certainly are, but we believe rather differently from you."

"Can you tell us the difference?" said the peasant, who had regretted the ways of thought of the English nation, "for our priest without doubt told us that the English nation were unbelievers, and would be damned." (George Borrow

should certainly have been here to-night, instead of a British subaltern, I thought.)

"Señores, the English began to differ about their religion now more than three hundred years ago. We say we are under our own priests, and not under the Pope, and we think that our religion is more simple, and more like what it was in the early days. Moreover, we say that every man should be allowed to follow what religion he likes."

"But, caballero, your priests are allowed to marry, are they not?"

"Yes, they are; but, señor, we think that is better, as priests are but men like ourselves."

"Very well," said the broad-minded corporeo, "every nation to its own religion."

"Anyway," murmured one of the suspected contra-bandistas, "for the matter of that I dare say that no more priests' children are running about in London than in Spain."

"After all," said the most talkative of the two peasants, "I say that the English are good fellows, no matter what their religion is. Were not they and the Portuguese on our side when we fought Napoleon, and drove the French out of Spain years ago, when the great Wellington was English commander?"

The conversation was I thought becoming a little complicated; besides I was getting very sleepy, so I saluted my company and went off to bed, to sleep without moving until the morning.

The next day I journeyed on the shore of the Mediterranean to the farm where the wonderful horse whom I had come to see was running. He did not come up to my requirements, and I departed on my homeward journey no richer in horseflesh than when I started.

Although I didn't increase my stud then, I did soon afterwards, and was pretty fortunate with my little stable. Keeping one's horses and oneself in training was hard work, as well as a certain amount of riding gallops for other people, and kept one pretty busy. But keeping my weight down to 9 st. 7 lb. wasn't a good thing to do, and did my constitution no good.

Unfortunately when one is young one pays little heed to what is or is not good for one's constitution.

I had one fall in a steeplechase, which gave me a hurt which has clung to me all my life, and I had three such out-of-the-way accidents in three days' racing at the last race meeting in which I rode at Gibraltar, that they are almost worth recalling, at the risk of boring my readers.

The last race of the first day was a hurdle race, in which I was riding. On my horse rising for the flight of hurdles, which was placed near to what we used to call the "Cemetery Bend," I received what seemed to me to be a tremendous blow in the face. It laid me back in the saddle, and I felt the blood stream from my nose and mouth. I was able, luckily, to pull myself together before the next hurdle, and managed to ride the race out; but I hardly realized until I went to weigh out (rather a grisly object all over blood) what had happened. It seems that a flock of pigeons had been feeding underneath the hurdle, and in rising to get out of our way one of them had flown against my face.

My face presented rather a three-cornered appearance for some days. Towards the close of the next day's racing I was riding in a largish handicap. We started down the straight, and the outside horses were leading by a few horses' lengths. I was close to the rails, pressed close in by some other horses, when just as we had passed the stand, an artilleryman (who had been watching the outside horses, and

forgotten those on the inside) got on to the course. Being locked in, I was powerless to clear him. I had just time to take a pull at my horse when we were on to him. My horse had caught the poor fellow just below the neck, and we all three came down together. I went over my horse's head and found myself practically unhurt, and so was my horse. Not so the poor gunner. He was carried off to the hospital, and died in an hour or two.

Although no one was to blame but the unfortunate man himself, it was an occurrence to take away the pleasure of the meeting; and I could only attend the funeral, and write to his people, by way of feeling that I was doing something for him. He was, luckily, unmarried.

The next day but one was the last of the three days, and I thought that I surely should escape any misfortune, having already had my share. However, for one of the races I was riding a horse who was a notorious slug. I had not ridden the horse before, but his owner told me that he did not mind the spur, and I must use the whip if it came to riding him out.

The owner also said that the horse would stop if I used the whip behind the girth; the only place that he would take it without stopping was on his hind-quarters below the tail.

It was an exciting race; I had all the horses beaten except one, who challenged me half-way down the straight. I found that I should have to take up my whip, and shifted it to my left hand, as I was locked in on my offside.

About a dozen lengths from home I had half a length to make good, and drew my whip, striking the horse on the quarter as arranged. I struck him twice, and he shot forward; the third time I struck him something gave way in my left shoulder; my whip flew out of my hand into the

enclosure. Luckily I had already got my horse's head in front, and won "by a nose."

I got leave to be lifted off, and I weighed out satisfactorily. Then I was put down on the floor in the stewards' room, and it was found my shoulder was put out ; it was then and there put in. Unluckily something had snapped at the same time, which made the shoulder weak, and it sometimes used to catch as I brought my gun up, which has always spoilt my shooting.

An unlucky race meeting indeed.

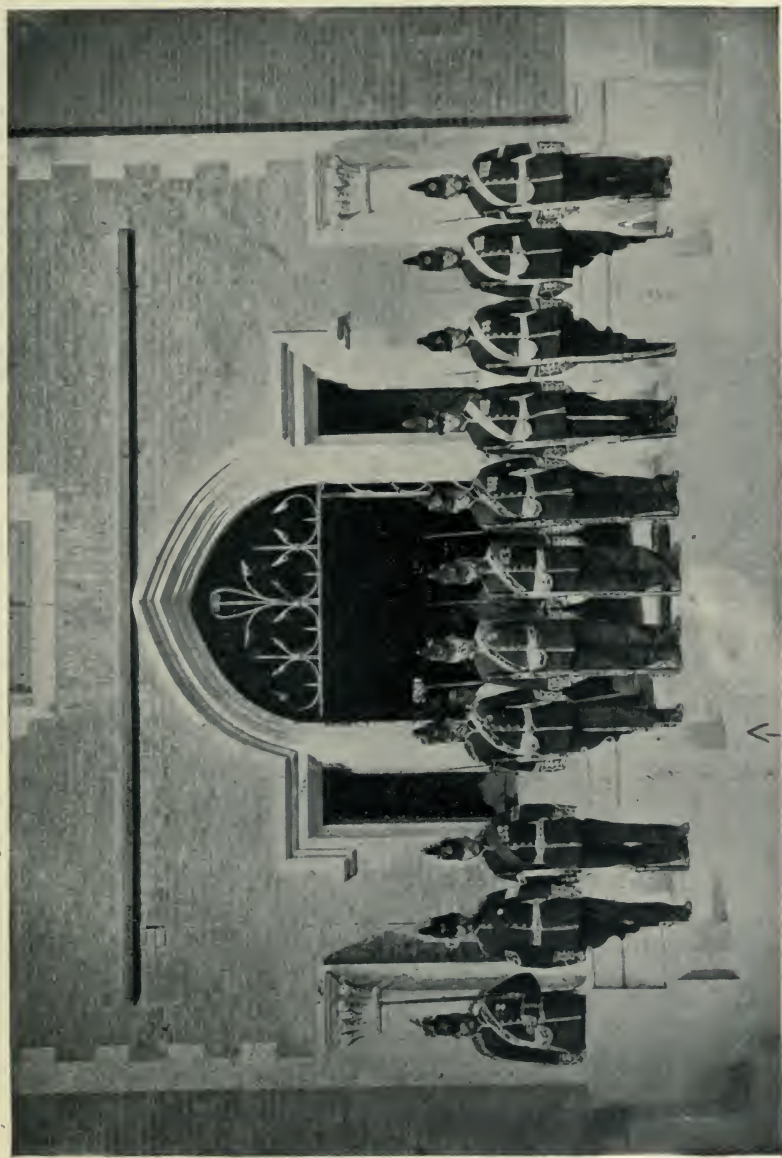
But enough.

I must not dwell too long on the cheery years spent at Gibraltar lest I frighten my readers by long-winded tales of garrison life. There was no soldiering as we understand it at the present day. Our military duties consisted of going on guard. The guards came round pretty often, sometimes three a fortnight ; and the men sometimes had to go on with two and three nights in bed, in military parlance, that is, two nights in barracks to one twenty-four hours on guard.

I made the time pass quicker on guard by having an old officer of Napoleon's in to talk French with me. He was badly wounded towards the end of the fighting in the south of Spain, and had lain in hospital for a long time. He had then drifted to Gibraltar and married a Spanish wife, and eked out his pension these many years by teaching French.

He had risen from the ranks and got into the "habilement." I don't think that (bar his bad wound) he had seen much fighting, but his reminiscences of his life were interesting, and I managed to gain a good deal of French, mixed with a few lessons in cookery, which stood me in good stead pretty often.

We were able to go on leave for six months after passing eight months at Gibraltar. In the winter of 1869-70 I went



13TH LIGHT INFANTRY, "THE CONVENT GUARD," GIBRALTAR. 1868.

The Governor, Sir Richard Airey, was so struck with the appearance of this guard—composed of fine men, all decorated—that he had them photographed on the spot. On the left of the picture is P. Caulin, V.C.

to Paris to get on with the language, and to hear what I could about the struggle which even then looked big on the horizon.

I spent a very pleasant winter, but from a soldiering point of view I was twelve months too soon.

Every one felt that a war between France and Prussia was in the air, but how soon, and what would the sides be? How about Saxony and Bavaria?

The questions were discussed and discussed again in French military circles, but all ended in talk, and no serious effort was made by the Government to put an end to the corruption which was eating away French efficiency, or to curb the rapacity of certain officials, or to fill the magazines and improve the dreadfully faulty mobilization arrangements.

When the handwriting on the wall was forgotten, Paris, at the time of which I speak, was indeed a pleasant place compared with London. London had not begun to learn how to cook, nor were her theatres as good as they are now. Paris burned no coal in those days, and she was not then afflicted with fog. The boulevards and principal streets were exquisitely clean, compared with the then London streets, and infinitely pleasanter.

The Comédie Française was at its zenith. Insubordination and desertions from its ranks had not, I think, then begun.

How delightful it was after a pleasant dinner in the neighbourhood of the theatre to take possession of one's stall at the Française and spend the evening with Got, Bressant Delaunay, the two Coquelins, and Mesdames Favart, Reichembourg, and many others who composed the Comédie Française at that time.

On a Molière night there was a fascination to think that the scene was laid precisely in the same way, nay, even, it

may be, with actually the same furniture and properties as it had been when the great dramatist had been present in person.

The traditions of the great theatre insisted that the "business" of the scenes should be the same, and that no innovations should be introduced without serious consideration and due authority.

It was a study to observe how every rôle was kept in its place, and how careful the most eminent actor was (when taking a subordinate part) not to play up and give his rôle more weight in the part than good taste warranted, and how "playing to the audience" was unknown.

Amongst other letters of introduction I had letters to Madame Mohl, and had the entrée to her evenings once a week.

I must confess that being only just twenty-one (although it was very interesting to see some of the well-known people who came to pay their respects) I did not appreciate the privilege as fully as I should have done a few years later. I remarked, however, that in all mention of the political situation, it was the decided opinion that the existing régime could not last much longer, and that War or Revolution were the two solutions of the situation.

I used to go and speak French with and get information on French subjects from a French professor, who had been out during the days which culminated in the "deux Décembre." The professor had had some of his friends shot by the troops, and narrowly escaped sharing their fate. To hear him speak of "ce Monsieur Bonaparte" (as he always called the Emperor Napoleon III) was something to remember.

Sometimes on fine afternoons in the Bois de Boulogne I used to see the object of his hatred lying back in his chariot

à la daumont,¹ surrounded by a brilliant escort of "Cent Gardes" or "Chasseurs à Cheval," with the Empress (a vision to remember) by his side. The Emperor was even then in the grip of the terrible disease with which he was obliged to take the field nine months later, and whose tortures he bore with so wonderful a stoicism.

It was a pleasant and interesting time, and gave me some idea of the ways of thought and the point of view of Frenchmen, which I found later of much use to me.

In the spring of 1872 the battalion moved to Malta and I became its Adjutant. I had been acting as Adjutant for some time, and when a new Colonel arrived he confirmed me in the appointment.

But I was not to last long. I was much interested in the work, and was loth to give it up, but I was bitten with the desire of seeing Captains in the British Army reinstated in their proper place in the hierarchy of the Army, and had already, with the approval of the officer who had been in acting command, taken various steps with this object in view. These were not at all in accord with the idea of the new commanding officer, who wished that every responsibility and initiative should be concentrated in the hands of the Colonel, the Adjutant, the quartermaster, and the sergeant-major of the battalion, while the company officers were ignored, or had merely little tiresome bits of irresponsible work to do. No wonder in those days officers took but little interest in their work.

I felt that I couldn't go back to the old system, and parted good friends with the Colonel, who gave me six months' leave, at the end of which time the battalion was placed under orders for embarkation, and I was told to embark

¹ A high slung carriage with no box drawn by four horses with postilions, introduced by the Duc d'Aumont under the Restoration.

with drafts at Woolwich for the Cape, in order to join the battalion, which had been ordered to Natal.

On re-reading these first three¹ chapters of this book, I must confess myself considerably dissatisfied with them, and somehow urged to offer an apology to my readers for being so egotistical.

The pernicious "ego" springs to the eyes at almost every line; and then how difficult it is to avoid this in writing an autobiography! (to give a somewhat fine-sounding title to a volume of stray recollections).

I must console myself with the fact that egotism must needs be a common fault in books of this type, and also with the hope that in succeeding chapters I shall be able to keep myself more in the background and not force my company so upon my readers, but instead to bring to their notice personalities and occurrences of more general interest than the more or less commonplace experiences of a subaltern of Foot.

¹ In the original MS. this would have been Chapter III.

CHAPTER V

SOUTH AFRICA

1877. Embarkation—Unfatherly Neptune—Table Bay—Maritzburg—Staff Officer of Natal—Sir Garnet Wolseley—Sir Bartle Frere, High Commissioner—His character—Cape politics—Military Secretary—Travelling at the Cape—Impending war—A gallant Irishwoman—King William's Town—A state of defence—A good wagon-driver.

THERE is no place more cheerless than Woolwich Docks in winter, on a bitterly cold, drizzly day in November. Add to the weather a knowledge that you are going to the other end of the world in a small steamer with three or four hundred raw recruits, and that you have taken leave of various people whom you did not want to leave, and who did not (you fondly imagine) want to lose you; that your favourite haunts will know you no more for many months—given all this, any one who is not a trifle low-spirited must be a Mark Tapley indeed.

On this 25th of November 1874 I think my brother officers and I were a little depressed; but the *Elizabeth Martin* was to start in an hour and the draft which we were in charge of was to be embarked at once, so there was no time for reflection, and when the men were got on board it was time for the smart Staff Officer superintending the embarkation to wish us good-bye and get on shore. "Well, good-bye, and good luck," said he jauntily. "Charming little

ship, isn't she? First-rate mess; good wine; plenty of ice; and, I believe, a cow."

How often did we repeat to ourselves during the voyage, with many imaginary marks of exclamation, the above speech. The mess was not at all first rate; the wine was not particularly good; there was no ice, and there was no cow.

However, this we had not discovered as we grimly eyed the above-mentioned Staff Officer mount his horse and canter away in the direction of his snug quarters.

Though I betray a bitter and unforgiving temper while I write of the preparations for our comfort on board the transport, I will speak of the good ship herself and of Captain Duncan, her gallant skipper, with the utmost respect. Had they not both been the best of their kind these lines had surely never been written.

Three days after leaving Woolwich we were in a furious storm. The skipper said cheerily enough to the two or three ladies on board that it was bad weather, but would probably soon clear; but to the men he only said that we were all right as long as "things stood."

We devoutly hoped they would, and as we held on by our eyelids and watched the ill-fated *La Plata*, a telegraph ship, heavily laden and encumbered with deck hamper, we thanked our fate that we were light in the water.

Things did stand (though neither we nor any one else ever saw the poor *La Plata* again after sundown that evening), and three days more found us off Funchal, looking rather knocked about, but safe.

The remainder of our voyage from Madeira to the Cape was very monotonous. The little steamer was so light that if there was the least swell her screw was as much out of the water as in, and we could only potter along at four or five

knots an hour. The cooking was worse than indifferent ; and to add to our trials a malady broke out among the men, and it was discovered the only remedy which we had to grapple with it was very limited in quantity.

However, by energetic precautions the plague was stayed, and after thirty weary days we dropped anchor in Table Bay, and gazed up delighted at Table Mountain, and drank in the scented breeze which blew to us from the land.

How few there are who know or think of Table Mountain as a beautiful mountain. The prevailing idea regarding it is that it overlooks Table Bay, and that it has a flat top.

Yet there are not many places more striking in scenic effect than Table Mountain, with its ever-varying lights and shades, its cloud tablecloth, its pines and silver trees, and its rushing streams ; the lower slopes, too, of the mountain, over which the old Dutch blockhouses posted high up still stand sentry, complete a picture which once seen is not easily forgotten.

Lovely sugar bushes with flowers of every imaginable shade and colour, and delicate wild flowers and heaths which in England would be treasured in hothouses, grow in profusion ; and lower down still come picturesque villages nestled among pinewoods—the cottages with deep, snug porches, lattice windows, and steep-pitched thatched roofs.

The air is heavy with the perfume of water-lilies and wild flowers and orange-blossoms. The atmosphere is so clear that the outline of the blue mountains (whose highest peaks are tipped with snow) stands out against the deep-blue sky with fascinating distinctness, and forms a most perfect background to the picture of the old white-gabled farm-houses, surrounded by their vineyards and orange groves.

On reaching Cape Town, I was to my delight offered the post of District Staff Officer in Natal, and proceeded at once

to Maritzburg to take up my duties. When I first knew the pretty little town, with its streets lined with trees, with its streams of water, more or less clear, with its tiled houses, and general snug and stay-at-home appearance, it was a very different place to what it was in later years.

Then we had a mail about once in five weeks, and its arrival did not excite us very much. We had no telegraph with the Cape or any other colony; we had a telegraph line to the port at Durban, which was very useful when it was not knocked out of order by oxen rubbing themselves against the telegraph poles—an occurrence which took place nearly every other day.

There was a scandalous rumour set afloat by evil-disposed persons to the effect that when the telegraph clerks wanted to sleep, or smoke, or play chuck-farthing, or what not, they said, "The trek bullocks have put the line out of order"; but this report was most properly discredited by all supporters of Government, and our telegraphic messages from Maritzburg to Durban continued to go as quickly as, if not quicker than, letters did by the post-cart.

We used to speculate vaguely how long it would be before the Zulu question would have to be settled, and what would become of Natal if Cetywayo did not give us time to prepare. It was a quiet, pleasant place, where people took it easy, and did not "hurry up" at all.

The Staff Officer of Natal was expected to be a sort of handy man. Besides the routine duties of a General Staff Officer, he was in charge of a military prison, and when the artillery officer in command went on leave was expected to take charge of a section of two field-guns, which constituted the artillery of the district.

On arrival I was assailed by bitter complaints from the colonial officials and the people of the country-side, all of

whom seemed to depend on the nine o'clock morning gun from Port Napier (the military headquarters at Maritzburg) for their time, and found it vary from five to fifteen minutes every day or so. On investigating this phenomenon with the garrison gunner, I found that the chronometer of the military authorities was an old seven-and-sixpenny timepiece of venerable aspect, which was gallantly doing its best in its old age to set the time of day for one of Her Majesty's colonies.

I had barely settled down to these and other duties when Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived in order to take over the civil and military command of the colony.

As far as lay in his power Sir Garnet carried out the work that he had been entrusted with. The Government had the military situation carefully explained and unfolded to them—not that it had any visible effect; and the Legislature was altered so as to ensure the Government getting a majority whenever it was essential.

This was all that Sir Garnet (in the thoroughly unsound state of both the military and civil situation) could do, and after five or six months in the colony he returned to England.

As regards myself, I had much benefited by working on the Staff of such a man as Sir Garnet, and should have been a dullard indeed had I not gained by association with such men as Pomeroy Colley, Henry Brackenbury, and William Butler, who were amongst those keenest at that time for what may be termed "bringing the Army up to modern requirements."

On leaving Natal, Sir Garnet was good enough to mention me to Mr. Froude (who had come out armed with a sort of roving commission from Lord Carnarvon) as a possible private secretary at the conference which it was hoped would assemble at Cape Town to discuss the question of confederation. I

had already met Mr. Froude at Natal, and was looking forward with much interest to the work, when the news arrived that the Cape Government (which had been much annoyed by injudicious speeches of Mr. Froude on the subject of confederation and considered that it was being dictated to by the Home Government) refused to join the conference, and the scheme of confederation (which no one in South Africa much wanted, and which was in every way premature) was, as was best, laid by for a time.

Lord Carnarvon persisted, however, in his idea, and on Sir Henry Barkly's term of office coming to an end pressed Sir Bartle Frere to accept the appointment of High Commissioner and Governor of the Cape, in order that he should bring about confederation and become the first Governor-General. This work Lord Carnarvon hoped (in 1876) would not take more than two years.

Sir Bartle Frere felt that he must respond to the call, although he had not intended to take any such active work again, and sailed with his family in March 1877 for the Cape, and I accompanied him as aide-de-camp.

His private secretary was William Littleton, a son of the then Lord Hatherton, in whom I found the truest and most unselfish of comrades.

I considered myself indeed fortunate in obtaining an appointment on Sir Bartle Frere's Staff in such stirring times as then promised, but I did not realize *how* fortunate until I had begun to know Sir Bartle and recognize the calibre of the chief whom I had the honour to serve and his delightful personality.

The Cape Ministry were in a suspicious and, one may say, "contrary" mood at the time when Sir Bartle arrived; but before long Sir Bartle's courteous tact, constant consideration for those around him, and serene and even temper, combined

with rapid grasp of all subjects placed before him (which he was ever accustomed to view from a broad and unprejudiced point of view) had their due effect, and matters became more pleasant.

Sir Bartle was the most accessible of men, but few of the many who saw him realized that under the most gentle and kindly, albeit straightforward manner there was hid dauntless courage, iron will, and exceptionally steady nerves.

Sir Bartle read most men like an open book, and his comments on some of his visitors would have startled them a good deal.

It is curious to remember now that one of the first dispatches Sir Bartle wrote was to advise the Government of German aspirations in South-West Africa, which then had not at all been realized. He also at once took up with great energy the question of the defences of Cape Town, which at that time were in the most hopeless condition, without a single gun which could have kept out a second-class cruiser.

As to the question of confederation, there were other matters coming on which drove "confederation" out of everybody's head for some time to come.

When I arrived at Cape Town my appointment of aide-de-camp had been changed to that of a military secretary, who besides the ordinary work of a military secretary was in charge of the Staff duties of the Volunteer forces of the colony. There had previously been a good deal of friction in my office, and to pick up the threads of the work and gain the confidence of the force scattered all over the Cape Colony, with which I found myself unexpectedly connected, required time.

Further, the Cape Ministry were extraordinarily suspicious at that time of the military authorities, and it was my duty to act as a buffer between the Colonial Government and

military authorities, and endeavour to prevent them treading on each other's toes.

For these reasons I found it impossible to leave with my chief, but proposed to take a month or so in working at various matters in Cape Town before joining him ; but when it was evident that war¹ was coming, this scheme had to be thrown aside, and I formed one of the crowd of passengers leaving that day for Port Elizabeth.

There are many uncomfortable positions in which a man may find himself without being in actual danger or positive pain.

The following has its merits : A blazing sky, a blinding dust, the possession of the third of a box-seat of a Cape cart intended to hold two persons, the two other thirds of the said seat being occupied, the left-hand third by a Hottentot boy armed with a cudgel and a cow-hide, the right-hand third by a Hottentot driver who had been pitched out of the mail-cart the day before and half-killed. Both "Totties" (as they are called at the Cape), being dressed in old corduroys—and old corduroys and old Hottentots are very overpowering at close quarters.

This was not pleasant, yet when I felt inclined to break from concealed irritation into open wrath, the sight of the poor old Totty driver patiently urging on his four miserable horses, bandaged up and plastered, one eye entirely concealed, and the blood oozing from a wound in his head, kept me silent.

Six hours of jolting, flogging, and harness-snapping, of dust, sun, and hot wind, had passed before the poor, worn-out horses had brought the Cape cart to the hill above Graham's Town, and before the journey from Port Elizabeth, two-thirds of which had been accomplished by rail, was finished. As the descent of the hill was

¹ With Kaffirs and, later, Zulus.

commenced, and when the pretty little town came into view in the valley below, it was soon apparent, by the numbers of led horses and Volunteers in semi-uniform who were passing down into it, that something unusual was going on.

It turned out that the Volunteers had been called for, and that a committee of the town was busy buying horses' equipment, etc., for the men who had come forward; and all were busily engaged in organizing a contingent for the front.

On leaving Graham's Town, when I had been able to secure a Cape cart and four the next morning, it was soon evident that the country was deserted. There was nothing stirring round any of the farm-houses; not a white man was to be seen; the farmers had evidently "trekked."

The road from Graham's Town to King William's Town is historic ground, and the scene of many skirmishes and fights in the old wars; and on this subject the driver of the Cape cart, in the deliberate manner of those of Dutch blood, told many a story.

The cart would have caused a good deal of curiosity if it had appeared on the wood pavement of Piccadilly. It was like a cab, not a four-wheeler or a hansom, but the cab which preceded the mail-phaeton, T-cart, and gig, only much larger, and with a low seat in front for the driver; the horses were four wiry little hackneys, the harness plain coarse leather.

Four-in-hand English coachmen might look down on the stolid, stout-built man in a broad-brimmed hat and short jacket, sitting under his horses' tails; and I dare say he would not have looked well on the top of one of the well-appointed coaches which start every summer's morning from Hatchett's, but there was no doubt of his being in

the right place where he was—and how he made his horses travel. Before sundown they had made nearly sixty-five miles, and showed but little signs of distress, and amply repaid their owner for the trouble and care he took of them at every stage, and for the judicious way he handled them on the road.

There was no breakfast to be had at the usual halting-place at Great Fish River. The man at the wayside inn was just "trekking," and his wagon was loaded ready to start, so another hour saw the cart toiling with hungry occupants through the Fish River bush.

It was here that the Kaffirs gave us such trouble during the old wars, for its dense cover gave them innumerable opportunities to attack and harass the convoys and bodies of troops which had constantly to make use of the road running through it.

It was near here, too, that the only real chance of catching the enemy in the open during the war occurred, and it was not thrown away. The 7th Dragoon Guards charged and recharged the enemy, who said that the mounted warriors must be all chiefs, on account of their size and the beauty of their horses.

An empty stomach does not conduce to bright views of things in general, and we could not help thinking that if in the last Kaffir War of 1851-2, between fifteen and twenty thousand troops were required in different parts of the colony, we should be rather short of men now, especially as the Kaffirs were reported to be far better armed than formerly.

It was not very long before our seven-pounder mountain guns and our Sniders showed how prodigiously the weapons of the day had strengthened our hands.

At mid-day the half-way house was reached, and the

hungry travellers were greeted by an old lady of nearly ninety. "You have not trekked then, ma'am?" "Trekking, is it? May God forgive me if ever I trek and run from a pack of cowardly niggers! I an' my sons 'll stop here, an' shame, maybe, 'll strike the cowards who have trekked when they see an ould woman of near ninety standing her ground."

After this I could only hope that the Volunteers and burghers at the front would be animated with a like spirit to this gallant old Irish lady, who kept her word, and she and her sons held their ground, and set an example to the country-side during the whole time of the disturbance on the frontier.

At six o'clock in the evening the halting-place for the night was reached, and at eight o'clock next morning the cart drove into King William's Town, and I found Sir Bartle Frere and Staff installed in part of the barracks.

It was evident that here in King William's Town the gravity of the situation was realized. Every man strong enough to handle a rifle, and who did not already belong to a Volunteer corps, joined the burgher corps then being raised for the defence of the town, and came up to drill twice a day at the barracks until pronounced efficient in the rudiments of drill and shooting; and the manner in which middle-aged and even old men, accustomed evidently to sedentary occupations, stuck to their drill until they had obtained their certificate of efficiency, showed how real they considered the danger to be.

The whole town was crowded with all the white people of the neighbouring districts, and it was pitiable to listen to the stories of some of the farmers' wives who could not afford the expense of lodgings, and had to live on the outskirts of the town, under their wagons—husband and perhaps

eldest son gone to join some Volunteer corps, and house and land abandoned to the mercy of fortune.

The feeling of nervousness and excitement throughout the districts containing Kaffir locations was very great, and was spreading to those comparatively remote from the frontier.

At this juncture, luckily for the colony, it had, as the Queen's representative, a man who was no stranger to perilous times, who twenty years before in another dependency of the Empire had been face to face with dangers a hundredfold greater than those which now menaced the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

The anxiety of the Ministry at first had been to treat the Kaffir rising as merely an affair of police, and they were most anxious not to appeal for help to the Imperial forces, but to settle the matter with Colonial troops alone. This very soon became quite out of the question.

It soon became apparent to the meanest intellect that we were in for an entertainment, which no one could doubt was to be not an ephemeral rising, but a *bona-fide* Kaffir War.

Luckily Sir Bartle Frere's firm hand soon made itself felt.

The General Commanding, Sir Arthur Cunningham, was definitely placed in command of all the Colonial forces in the colony, and in the Transkei Mr. Griffith, a gentleman of considerable experience in frontier warfare, and one who possessed the confidence of the colonists, had been placed under him in command of the Colonial troops.

When I arrived at King William's Town it was decided by Sir Bartle Frere and his ministers that I should, with the title of Colonial Military Secretary, work under a member of the Government, Mr. J. S. Merriman, who had become a sort of War Minister.

Mr. Merriman was a man of great ability, of quick

decision, and a rapid thinker—a man who knew his own mind. He had also a keen sense of humour, a valuable quality in trying times.

Mr. Merriman was struggling with the problem of how to get a sufficient force of burghers, police, and volunteers into the field, and how to keep them supplied with ammunition and food when he had got them there.

There was no Colonial Commissariat Department, and this important department had to be improvised. It was strenuous work.

Supplies came up slowly, owing to the length of time ox wagons took to traverse the eighty-three miles from King William's Town to the advanced depot at Ibeka, and from the number of mistakes from slackness, ignorance, or want of method.

At first some of the store-keepers would load up so carelessly that wagons intended to distribute their contents al along the line of communications would be loaded up with the stores which were intended for the places which came first on the route at the bottom of the wagon.

However, Mr. Merriman infused, after a certain time, a good deal more energy and intelligence into the personnel of his improvised department, and I assisted his efforts to the best of my ability.

I had to travel now and again down the line, and stay with the Colonial forces in the field, so as to see on the spot how matters were working. As my visits were unheralded along the line, this plan proved of considerable use, and we soon got a rough system in working order.

In South Africa there is generally a dreary wait, often with an empty stomach, until the wagons come up; every one brightens up when the advanced guard of their escort comes in sight. Then soon the cracks of the whips are heard,

mingled with the cries of the wagon-drivers urging on their tired spans.

The first quality, it may be remarked, of a good wagon-driver is to be able to swear in Dutch. As French is the language of diplomacy, as Italian is the language of love-making, so is South-African Dutch the language of wagon-driving.

No amount of flogging and English abuse seems to affect a tired team. An energetic and stalwart Englishman may flog away and use tolerably vehement expressions, but the oxen don't care; he does not know their individualities, and they despise him as an ignorant foreigner who does not know their language. The moment the ponderous whip is handed to a meagre little Dutch Hottentot, he gives a crack above his head as a prelude; then follows a volley of the most astonishing guttural and evil-sounding words, winding up with the name of the ox, who shivers with affright and plunges into the yoke. "Blesbok!" Whack. "Ah! ver-brandt Blesbok!" and crack—down comes the heavy lash on the unfortunate Blesbok.

The whole team is suddenly seized with an intense desire for progress, and the wagon, to the delight of those who are waiting for its contents, rolls into camp.

CHAPTER VI

SOUTH AFRICA (*continued*)

1878. Raising a burgher corps—A military settlement—Isandlwana—
Saving the colour—Rorke's Drift.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—This chapter contains a few striking incidents of the Kaffir and Zulu Wars, in which Hallam Parr took a personal part. For a connected narrative of the whole, and some very interesting observations on the causes of these wars and on the South African problems of that period, the reader is referred to his book, published by Mr. Kegan Paul in 1880, from which the following extracts are made.]

ON account of the disturbed state of the frontier and the continual appeals which were being received for arms or protection, the Government decided to send an officer through the most exposed districts to raise burgher corps, organize measures of defence in the towns and villages, and give any assistance that was possible in forming and carrying out projects for resisting attack, in case of a general rising of the Kaffirs.

Accordingly, one morning at daybreak, about the middle of December, an officer was to be seen leaving King William's Town, followed by an orderly in the sombre garb of black corduroy, which distinguished the Mounted Police, leading a spare horse.

It was a pleasant change for the officer (whom we will, for simplicity's sake, and in order to avoid the continual "ego," call the Lieutenant), from a hot and dusty office to the open country, from the chair to the saddle, and he and his companions—biped and quadruped—proceeded in the best temper possible in the direction of the famous Amatola Mountains.

He would have been a surly mortal if he had not been in good spirits on such a lovely morning; the sun appearing above the horizon as a friend and not as a fiery enemy; and though the country around him lay parched and burnt, the beautiful green mountains into whose cool shade he hoped to get the next day, tempted him onwards.

By the afternoon the Lieutenant had arrived at the pretty village of Alice, where he found every man and boy so anxious to be organized into something or other that matters were soon arranged.

Close to Alice is situated the Lovedale Mission station, which the good work of Stewart, Buchanan, and others had made so well known amongst those who took interest in South Africa and its native question. In truth, there had been more done at Lovedale towards spreading civilization amongst the natives than at half the remaining stations in South Africa put together. Lovedale was, in fact, a large industrial school for boys and girls. Religious instruction was combined with instruction in trades, and the specimens of carpentering, wagon-making, bookbinding, printing, etc., executed by the natives were not to be despised.

Departing on his way next day, the Lieutenant soon found himself among the green Amatolas—a delightful change from the parched and weary lowlands, crying out for rain. Here grateful clouds and mists kept the land

green, and great rocks and pleasant breezes kept the traveller and his horse cool.

By sundown Eland's Post (the "*land*" in "Eland" to be pronounced as in Dutch, like the French "*lande*," or the character of the name is lost) was reached.

Now, round Eland's Post there was almost entirely a Dutch population, and these Boers had been demanding arms and ammunition from the Government, and, because this request was not at once granted, there was some feeling of irritation in the neighbourhood.

The Civil Commissioner of the district had called a meeting of the farmers for the next day, at which the Lieutenant was to state the wishes of the Government; "but I don't think they will ever be got to join a burgher corps," said the Civil Commissioner, whose cheery face and good advice had prevented many a scared farmer from deserting his farm. "They have an unconquerable dislike to restraint of any kind, and it is almost impossible to convince them that, if they joined a corps, they could not be ordered away from their own homes; and, though quite loyal, many of the men even hesitate at the prospect of taking the oath of allegiance, saying they have never taken an oath, and that they do not like binding themselves to anything."

Accordingly, next morning the Court House was crammed full of huge, large-jointed, loose-limbed men, with long beards and hair, the latter growing low down on their foreheads, in some cases nearly to the eyebrows, and with stolid and expressionless faces.

When the Civil Commissioner arrived, the list of those men who had applied for arms was called over, and "Ya" was answered to such names as "Jacobus Henricus Nell" or "Fredericus Johannes Marx."

When the roll was finished, after some introductory words

by the Civil Commissioner, the Lieutenant, speaking in English, told his business, the Commissioner translating into Dutch sentence by sentence.

The Lieutenant said the Government wished to help the farmers, and would supply them with arms and ammunition, but on certain conditions. The Government did not want them to leave their homes, nor did they want them to become soldiers; they were required to form themselves into a burgher corps under officers elected by themselves. They must promise not to take the arms out of the district, and to return them in good order to the Government when ordered; and they must attend a certain number of drills and shooting meetings.

When the Lieutenant had done speaking, a huge, wild-looking young man stepped out from amongst the farmers, and said "he wanted to know why all these conditions were required, and why they were wanted to drill. He could ride and shoot with any man, and would fight the Kaffirs to the last drop of his blood, but he would *not* be made a soldier of. He and his fathers had always been free, and he wanted to remain so."

The other farmers did not apparently pay much attention to this man, but when a grey-headed man with a hook nose and an excited eye stepped forward, he was evidently regarded as a spokesman.

He spoke at length, and, as he warmed to his subject, with much energy: "We are all glad Government has sent some one to us to settle about the arms," he said; "but the Government terms are hard. Why does the Government think so much of drill? We know the use of arms as well as our fathers before us, and would fight as well as they did. You, Mynheer" (turning to the Civil Commissioner), "you know us all; you know we are all true men, and would

fight to the death, but we do not want to become soldiers. Our fathers were never made soldiers, nor do we wish to become soldiers. Who knows what would become of us if we once joined a burgher corps! We might be sent away from our wives and children, whom we want to defend. Times are hard; we have lost much cattle, and the drought is doing us much damage. We have to work with pick and hoe ourselves, and to drill twice a week is too much. Will not the 'offizeer' arrange to have a muster once a month? We would all meet and bring our guns, to show that we had got them, and we would have some shooting, but no drill like the soldiers. No! no drill!" and there was a low chorus of "Ya, ya! dat ist goot! no drill."

The Lieutenant then got up again, and told them that "in four or five drills any man who tried could learn the little that was required; that they might have their drills close to them, so as not to take up their time; that they must not think the Government wanted to deceive them, for the Governor and Government wanted to give them as much help as possible, and these regulations had been made for their good. They were not wanted to leave their farms, nor had the Government any power to make them, but they were wanted to stay near their own homes, and to guard them and to fight together for their wives and children."

At this the spokesman said, "Ya, ya! to stay near our homes and fight for our wives and children! What the 'offizeer' says there is good." And all the other Boers murmured, "Ya! dat ist goot!"

After a few other questions as to whether the "offizeer" could promise that they would not be ordered away from their homes if they formed a burgher corps; whether they might form a "laager" (place of defence) where they liked within the district, and after receiving satisfactory answers,

the spokesman asked that the burghers might have "dree minuten" to make up their minds. On this the Civil Commissioner and the Lieutenant retired; and when they returned to receive the decision, the spokesman announced that the burghers had agreed to the Government conditions, the detested drill included.

The Civil Commissioner then administered the oath of allegiance to each burgher (as is the custom before any man is admitted into a Volunteer or burgher corps); and very solemn about it each Boer was, as if he was selling his freedom. "Ik, Henricus Johannes Nell, sveer," etc.

At the commencement of the swearing-in, the tall young man who spoke first did nothing but fidget about the room, repeating "that he had always been free and didn't want to be made a soldier of, and would *not* be drilled." However, he pushed in amongst the others before half the men had been sworn in, and eventually took the oath quite cheerfully.

The conclusion of the ceremony was three cheers for Her Majesty the Queen, three cheers for His Excellency the Governor, and even one cheer more for the "offizeer."

"The best of those fellows is," said the Civil Commissioner when departing, "that although it is hard to lead them and impossible to drive them, when they once give their word they stick to it."

Amongst the colonists who came especially to the front to fight for their adopted country, the military settlers of the old German Legion were conspicuous.¹ The German Legion had been raised for British service during the Crimean War, and were composed, if I do not mistake, chiefly of Hanoverians.

¹ These paragraphs, written over thirty-five years ago, are reproduced entire as forming a striking commentary on the events of the present time.—Ed.

On its disbandment at the end of the war a certain number of officers and men were given their choice of settling at the Cape. Those who decided to accept the British Government's offer were given land on the eastern frontier of the Cape Colony between the port of East London and King William's Town, and acted as a useful barrier and safeguard against the Kaffirs in earlier days. The Germans, according to their nature, quickly made themselves at home in their new country, and proved admirable colonists, being orderly, energetic, and hard-working.

When the outbreak of 1877-8 came, one of the old officers of the Legion (the gallant von Linsingen) formed the able-bodied men into a Rifle Corps, which was one of the most dependable and efficient amongst the corps raised during the war.

The above is a good example of what excellent people the Germans are as settlers or inhabitants in foreign countries.

That the Germans require colonies to enable them to expand does not appear to be borne out by fact; and while the English will go nowhere, except under the Union Jack, and will talk no language but their own, the Germans care little under what flag they live, but are content to settle down wherever life is free and promises well, and (while retaining an affectionate but academic remembrance of their Fatherland) at once adopt the ways and language of the new country.

Is not this the method of expansion marked out for the ubiquitous German race? The British Empire, France, the United States, Brazil, and Argentina can answer the question!

The world is the German's, but under a stranger's flag!

Naturally this is not a method of expansion which appeals to the ruling caste in Prussia, but it is the one laid down for the German race, and as far as can be foreseen nothing will modify or change it.

The instinct of a people is a stronger force than the powers of army corps and battleships.

[Passing over the defeat of the Kaffirs and the early stages of the Zulu War, we find Hallam Parr acting as Assistant Staff Officer to Major (afterwards Lieut.-General Sir Francis) Clery, who was chief Staff Officer to the 3rd Column of the British troops under the command of Colonel Glyn, then commanding the first battalion of the 24th Regiment.

On the fatal day of Isandlwana it was his fortune to be a member of the force which left the camp at daybreak to effect a junction with another which had been detached to attack Matyan's Kraal.]

ISANDLWANA.

On looking back to that Wednesday morning, how every little detail seems to stand out in relief! The hurried and careless farewell to Nevill Coghill, who shared my tent, and whose name will not be forgotten while the Zulu War is remembered; my servant, who was to leave for Natal that very morning, saying when he brought my horse, "I shall be here, sir, when you come back; the wagons are not to start to-day, now this force is going out"; the half-laughing condolences to the 1-24th as they watched the troops move out of camp; the men not for duty turning out for the routine work of the camp; the position of the tents and of the wagons—many trifles fixed in the mind serve to make

stronger the contrast between the departure and return to that ill-fated camp.

The intended junction having been effected, and the country in front having been cleared of the enemy, about 1 p.m. it was decided that the camp at Isandlwana should be struck, and the headquarters advanced to a position selected near the conical hill. The troops at Isandlwana were to march on the morning of the 23rd to the camp near the conical hill, and the troops already in the neighbourhood were to bivouac on the new camping-ground that night.

Lord Chelmsford and the Headquarters Staff, after these orders had been issued, started with the mounted men to return to the Isandlwana camp.

At 3 p.m. we marched to the site of the new camp. We had just off-saddled, and many of us were half asleep, thinking, as is usually the case with men living in the open air, of when we should get our next meal. Suddenly (it was about half-past three) some one said, "Hallo! there's a man in a hurry. He ought to have a horse behind every hill if he intends to keep on at that rate." "Who's the man?" said another. "I can't see; have you your glasses?" said the first speaker. "By Jove! it's Gosset" (naming one of the General's aides-de-camp). "I hope nothing has gone wrong." Interest in the rider being awakened, we watched him gallop on up the hill towards us, his horse evidently blown and weary. "Well, Gosset, what is it? You seem in a great hurry." "The General's orders are that you are to saddle up and march on Isandlwana at once," said Gosset, "the Zulus have got into our camp." "The Zulus have! You're not joking?" "I wish I was. Lonsdale met the General about five miles from the camp; he had ridden up close to the camp, and had seen the enemy in amongst the

tents. The General is waiting for you with the mounted men."

"Boot and saddle" sounded, and in a quarter of an hour the force was on its march back. While on the way we tried hard to solve satisfactorily the problem—"The Zulus in our camp, what had become of the force left to hold it?"

Half an hour after we had left our temporary bivouac, Isandlwana Hill came in sight, and with field-glasses we could see the tents still standing. Surely there could not have been a serious attack threatening, or the tents would have been struck at once.

On the march we met two or three Natal Native Pioneers who had been left behind, and who had started late to join their company, and had hidden when the Zulus advanced. These men were closely questioned as we hurried along. "They had seen," they said, "the hills and all the ground near the camp thick with Zulus; they had attacked the camp; there had been much firing; the big guns had fired, oh, many times; the Zulus had got very near the camp, but they could not say if they had got into it." On the whole the matter seemed so improbable, so impossible, that we began to think there must have been exaggeration somewhere, and to hope things might not be so bad after all. "There had been attack on the camp, perhaps a severe one. At the worst the Zulus had got near the camp and had been beaten, and were waiting to resume their onset. We should reach in time to take the enemy in flank and rear, if daylight would only hold out."

Though the men of the 24th, weary as they were, stepped out well, the road seemed a hundred times longer than when we had stepped it twelve hours before, and it was half-past seven before we met the General, whom we found awaiting us

at a point two and a half miles from Isandlwana. Then our new-formed hopes were swept away, and we learnt that the worst news we had heard was only too true, and there was no doubt but that a great disaster had befallen our arms. The Zulus had taken our camp, and we were *en l'air* in Zululand at that moment, without ammunition or provisions, and we must regain at all hazards the road to Rorke's Drift that night.

The General said a few words of encouragement to the men, and was answered by a cheer, and then the force was formed up to advance on the ridge of Isandlwana.

It fell quite dark as we neared the camp, and we could see fires burning near the ridge, where we expected to find the enemy holding it in force. At about two thousand yards the line was halted, while the guns opened and fired two rounds. We advanced to within about twelve hundred yards, and fired two more rounds. Then, with fixed bayonets, we advanced into the camp, and made our way through, men and horses stumbling and falling over tents half upset, broken wagons, dead bodies of soldiers and of Zulus, dead oxen, dead horses, dead mules, burst sacks of grain, empty ammunition boxes, articles of camp equipment; and on the ridge, amongst the dead bodies of our comrades, formed our bivouac.

[This is hardly the place in which to repeat Hallam Parr's detailed description (now matter of history) of the events that had occurred at the camp between the departure and the return of the force sent to Matyan's Kraal—the gradual appearance of bodies of the enemy in the neighbourhood—the moving out of detachments to deal with them—the gradual steady retirement of these in face of vastly superior numbers—and the final envelopment of the whole force in an overwhelming attack from the rear.

But the following paragraphs recording the heroic end of the brave 24th and colonials are too full of feeling and pathos to be omitted.]

Of the desperate hand-to-hand combat now fought out to the last by the old and tried soldiers of the 24th and the brave little band of colonial troops, against overwhelming numbers, we shall never know the exact details. We can only form an idea of what occurred from those who caught a hurried glimpse of the scene while making their escape, and from the accounts of the Zulus themselves, weighing both by the sad evidence afforded by the position of our dead.

When the Umcityu and Nokenke regiments charged the two companies commanded by Mostyn and Cavaye, as they had just reached the camp the ranks turned back to back, and they fought sternly out to the end with the bayonet, without attempting to retire farther.

"The red soldiers who had been out on the left," said an officer of the Umcityu, "they killed many of us with their bayonets. When they found we were upon them, they turned back to back. They all fought till they died. They were hard to kill; not one tried to escape."

One company, it is not clear which, seemed to have determined to cut its road through to Rorke's Drift, and by dint of desperate efforts and losing many men on its way, got on to and past the neck; but, weakened by its losses, it could get no farther, and here a heap of gallant dead marked where its last stand was made.

While this company was fighting its way to the neck, Younghusband's taking up a position under Isandlwana Hill, and Mostyn and Cavaye's being overwhelmed by the Umcityu, the two remaining companies under Wardell were, with the Natal police and Volunteers, struggling

together against the masses of the enemy, almost in the centre of the camp.

The Zulus, with keen and ready appreciation of gallantry, told many tales of the way our men struggled on, fighting to the last, and how hard they struck before they could be subdued.

One tall man, a corporal of the 24th, killed four Zulus with his bayonet, but his weapon stuck for an instant in the throat of his last opponent and the Zulus rushed in on him.

The only sailor in the camp, one of the men of Her Majesty's ship *Active*, was seen, his back against a wagon wheel, keeping the Zulus at bay with his cutlass; but a Zulu crept behind him, and stabbed him through the spokes.

One of the Natal Volunteers, who had been sick in hospital, was found with his back against a stone near the hospital tent, nearly a hundred fired cartridges round him, his revolver empty, and his bowie-knife clutched in his hand.

Another quarter of an hour, at about half-past one, and the scene has again changed. Except on the slopes close below the inaccessible hill, every white man is down among heaps of the enemy. The Zulus who have not begun to pillage have their attention turned to one point.

Below the inaccessible hill, as high up on its slopes as possible, is collected the remnant of the 24th. The company already mentioned as fighting in company square, having drawn to it a few stragglers and one or two officers who until now have escaped the assegai, has chosen the ground on which it means to die.

It must have been quite clear to them that there was for them no chance of escape.

There was only one point from which help could come, and the country could be seen for miles in that direction. Ammunition must have been then running low, and it wa

impossible for a fresh supply to be obtained, while the Zulu regiments were in swarms and in thousands round the hill.

The Zulus (for no white man saw the end) told the story—how firm the red soldiers stood; they describe the officers calling out and encouraging their men; they told how often they charged the little square, till they became, after their heavy losses through the day, somewhat reluctant to attack it; they told how the red soldiers even taunted them by gestures to come on; and then how at last, the white man's ammunition running short, they flung showers of assegais, standing just out of reach of the bayonet, and then rushed in and finished the one-sided fight.

"Ah, those red soldiers at Isandlwana!" many Zulus have said; "how few they were, and how they fought! They fell like stones, each man in his place."

But all the Zulu army was not occupied in breaking the 24th square, or in pillaging. The rugged valley leading to Rorke's Drift was full of them and of fugitives from the camp, mostly natives, mixed up with camp-followers, non-combatants, and mounted men. Down this little valley, which had for years past probably never witnessed anything more exciting than a hawk pinioning a song-bird or a Zulu lad searching for a lost ox, many started against the Zulus in a hard race for life.

On the English side there were but few winners.

SAVING THE COLOUR.

Shortly after noon, when the Zulu right horn¹ showed in the rear of the hill, an effort was made to save the Queen's colour of the 1-24th. Their regimental colour was not on the field, but was at Helpmakaar camp with two companies of the regiment. The colour had been probably in charge

¹ The advanced wings of the Zulu army were called "horns."

of the company which had acted during the morning as a reserve; and now, when the case seemed a desperate one and the camp all but taken, the colour was handed over to Melvill, the adjutant of the battalion, and he started, accompanied by Colonel Glyn's orderly officer, Nevill Coghill, who had been left in camp that day owing to a sprained knee. They managed to cut their way out of camp, and fell into the stream of fugitives and of Zulus in the valley. Here they overtook Private Williams, Colonel Glyn's groom, on a spare horse of his master's.

In consequence of the bad ground, steep and rocky and strewn with boulders, it was impossible to get any speed out of the horses, and the Zulus kept up with the fugitives without much difficulty, and a running fight was carried on the whole way to the river.

Before long Coghill's horse was wounded and his saddle slipped. Private Williams dismounted, and helped him to resaddle and remount his horse, this delay bringing the Zulus very near.

The three reached the river-side close together, Melvill being a little in advance.

Private Williams had to jump his horse where the bank was high and the water deep, and went under water with his horse, being carried some way down stream; and when, after a long struggle, he reached the Natal bank, he saw neither Melvill nor Coghill.

Melvill's horse was shot in the stream, and probably, in endeavouring to extricate himself from the dying animal, the colour got out of his grasp.

Coghill had reached the Natal bank in safety, but on seeing Melvill clinging to a rock in the river, trying to recover the colour, he rode back into the river to his assistance. Here *his* horse was shot.

Not until the Zulus were close upon them did they give up the endeavour to regain the colour.

But it was too late.

They both reached the Natal bank, and struggled together some three hundred yards up the rocky kloof leading from the river, and then found their pursuers gaining on them, and themselves so exhausted by their desperate ride and their struggles in the water, that they could go no farther.

There are, not many hundred yards from the river-side, two boulders within six feet of each other, near the rocky path. At these boulders they made their last stand and fought until overwhelmed. Here we found them a few days afterwards lying side by side, and buried them on the spot where they fought and fell so gallantly.

There is no need of anything to remind Englishmen of their story—while we remember the Zulu War it will not be forgotten ; but that the place where Melvill and Coghill fell should be securely marked, a stone cross was erected, and stands watching the lonely spot.

These words are upon it :—

“For Queen and Country.”

IN MEMORY OF

LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT TEIGNMOUTH MELVILL

and

LIEUTENANT NEVILL J. S. COGHILL,

1st Battalion, 24th Regiment,

Who died on this spot the 22nd January, 1879,
To save the Queen's Colour of their Regiment.

“Jesu, mercy.”

They did not die in vain ; ten days after they fell, the colour was found in the rocky bed of the Buffalo.

RORKE'S DRIFT.

To return to the force bivouacking on the Isandlwana Neck. We were lying in a hollow square, the native battalions being posted on the kopjes on our right and left.

The men were wearied out, and it was a great relief for them to lie down and know that, as the Zulus never attacked until after midnight, they would probably get some rest before they had to cut their way to Rorke's Drift.

For it seemed to us, after hearing the accounts of the overwhelming force of the Zulu impi and its complete success, that the victorious Zulus were only waiting their usual time for attack (shortly before dawn) to endeavour to complete the destruction of No. 3 Column.

The night wore on. Some of the officers took snatches of sleep, some talked in low voices ; the men lay tired out by their long day's marching, during which they must have covered over thirty-two or thirty-three miles.

The first part of the night was very black and dark, but about one a.m. the sky cleared and the stars shone out, and I received orders to serve out the rations of biscuit and tinned meat we luckily had with us.

It was disagreeable work moving about inside the square ; in the dark it was difficult to walk without stumbling over the dead and the debris of all kinds with which the ground was strewn.

After the Regulars and Volunteers had drawn their rations, the officers and non-commissioned officers of the Natal Contingent came for theirs. One officer—I could not see his face and have no notion who he was—asked leave to draw

for six or seven of his comrades, and as he had forgotten to bring a haversack, and could not carry six or seven rations of loose biscuit and tinned meat in his hands, I told him he had better hold out his hat for the biscuit. "Sir," said he stiffly, "I must object to your suggestion. I should prefer to go without my rations than carry them in my hat." As it then seemed highly probable that before long there would not be many of us with either a head to put a hat on or a mouth to put a biscuit into, and as there was not any time to waste, I sent him away to fetch some one else to draw rations; but felt grateful to him for infusing for the moment a slight tinge of humour into the proceedings, a quality which they certainly had lacked.

Just after rations had been issued—not very long before dawn, but while it was still quite dark—a yell was heard from below the kopje on our right, where was posted a battalion of the Native Contingent; then a rush of naked feet and the rattle of assegais and shields, and the clatter of accoutrements and rifles of the men in the ranks as they rose from the ground, and then a confused volley.

It seemed as if the attack we had been expecting had come at last. The men in square were quite steady—the 24th not firing a shot, but merely rising to the knee; the artillery standing to their horses. After a few anxious minutes it was found to be a false alarm, caused by the native battalion on the right running in upon the square, fancying the Zulus were advancing.

When the first streak of dawn gave enough light to enable the track to be seen, the column, or rather the remains of it, resumed its march. It was bitter leaving the bodies of our comrades still unburied, but the living had to be thought of first. Even if we had had ammunition and ration wagons with us, the fires we could see on the Natal side of the Buffalo

showed plainly that the Zulus were in Natal, and we were bound to hurry back to assist in protecting the colony.

Dawn in South Africa breaks quickly, and before the rear-guard, with which my duties lay, left the ridge, there was light enough to show the state of the camp and what had been concealed by the darkness. It was a sight not easily forgotten.

During the first two hours of our march our path lay through broken and hilly ground, and we expected, before we reached the open country, that an attack would be made upon us.

None, however, occurred, and we arrived at the other side of the little Bashee spruit, at which the men were glad to drink and refill their water-bottles.

Till then we had hardly time to realize what had happened; it had seemed so very unlikely that the Zulus would forgo the advantages offered by attacking a tired force bivouacking in an enclosed country, after they had been so completely victorious in their first onset, that we had been speculating on the future more than thinking on the past.

But now, when we got into the open ground and found our way open to Rorke's Drift, we had time to think of those we had left behind on that fatal ridge, and a host of familiar faces rose to our recollection with a tightening of the heart as we rode along.

Soon we saw that the post at Rorke's Drift was on fire, and feared the worst, and made sure that at any rate the ponts had been wrecked.

We advanced on the river, and our scouts, to the surprise of all, reported the ponts standing. The cavalry crossed below them at the shallows, as it had done twelve days

before, and the first files advanced up to where the mission station had stood, at the best gallop their weary and hungry horses could muster after having been under the saddle nearly thirty hours.

We expected to find a repetition on a smaller scale of Isandlwana camp, but as we came in sight of the commissariat stores, a cheer sounded from the top of a wall of mealie sacks, from a man on the look-out, and was taken up by the remainder of the little garrison, and to our delight we found that there was no more bad news to be expected, at any rate at present.

To relate what had occurred here we must retrace our steps.

About 2.30 that afternoon, when the sack of Isandlwana was complete, when the Zulu regiments who had been engaged were scattered all over the camp—some helping themselves to booty and ammunition; some stabbing each dead man, so that the corpse should not swell (the Zulu superstition is that if this is not done, as the body swells and corrupts, the right hand and arm of its slayer also swells and corrupts); some carrying away those wounded Zulus who could be moved, and shooting those who could not; some throwing their dead into holes, ravines, and dongas;—about this time the Undi corps, the crack corps of the Zulu army (which, with the exception of the Nkobamakosi regiment, had been held in reserve), arrived, fresh and eager for fighting, near the camp.

Finding there was nothing for them to do here, and being ignorant that the whole of the column was not destroyed, this corps continued its march in the direction of the Buffalo. After crossing, the corps split up into regiments. The crack regiment, the Royal Tulwana, in whose ranks Cetywayo had fought in his younger days,

and to which he still nominally belonged, advanced to attack Rorke's Drift, accompanied by portions of three other regiments, making up a force of between three and four thousand men. The other portions of the Undi corps dispersed in search of plunder and cattle.

At Rorke's Drift there was stationed, to guard the ponds, stores, and hospital, the B Company of the second battalion 24th, under Lieutenant Bromhead. The ponds were in charge of Lieutenant Chard, R.E.

News of the disaster at Isandlwana reached these officers about 3 p.m., and they began at once hurriedly strengthening the position which Bromhead had already begun to place in a state of defence.

A worse position could hardly be imagined. Two small thatched buildings, about thirty-nine yards apart, with thin walls, commanded by rising ground on the south and west, completely overlooked on the south by a high hill. On the north side an orchard and garden gave good cover to an enemy up to within a few yards of the houses.

The force which was about to defend this position against three or four thousand Zulus consisted of one hundred and four officers and men, and thirty-five sick. Luckily the men were seasoned soldiers and were commanded by two capable and brave officers, who upheld indeed the prestige of the British subaltern.

The commander of the Undi corps, Dabulamanzi, a brother of the king—a fierce, ambitious, and able man—did not give this little force much time to prepare for their reception.

All hands worked hard for about two hours at loopholing and barricading the buildings, and joining the two

houses by parapets formed out of a few wagons, sacks of mealies, and biscuit-boxes. There was barely time to complete these hurried preparations for defence, when the enemy made his appearance round the hill to the south, and the advance-guard charged down the slope towards the parapet, the main body occupying the cliffs overlooking the position. The Zulus got within fifty yards of the wall, but were checked by the heavy fire which met them, and turned off to their right and left—some taking up good positions on the hill for firing into the laager; others, taking advantage of the cover afforded by the garden and orchard, making a determined rush at the parapet.

For the next two hours, fierce assaults on that side of the laager where cover was to be found were incessant, and were repelled by the defenders as much by the bayonet as by musketry.

While the assaults had been going on, the enemy had been attempting to force the hospital, and the sick had to be moved.

In performing this difficulty duty, Privates Williams, Hook, Richard and William Jones behaved with the utmost coolness and bravery, fighting desperately with the enemy from room to room, taking it in turn to hold the doors while the others carried or assisted out the sick. One poor fellow, who was delirious, was twice carried into a place of safety, but ran back and was assegaied by the enemy.

When it was abandoned the enemy set fire to the hospital, which proved of great assistance in directing the fire of the garrison.

Up to midnight the enemy did not slacken in their attempts to carry the position, the officer in command

shouting his orders to his men from under the rocky hill overlooking it.

The bravery and recklessness of death of the Zulus was beyond belief. Men would rush up to the parapet, leap up and clutch the muzzle of a rifle, and endeavour to pull themselves up by it; others would try to pull down the mealie sacks. Again and again assaults were made on the laager from different points, and only repulsed after hard hand-to-hand fighting; the men in some cases actually wresting the assegais from the Zulus, and killing them with their own weapons.

After much desperate fighting, the little garrison, being completely surrounded, had to retire to an inner circle of mealie sacks, which had been formed as a sort of citadel, being obliged to abandon their first line of parapet. Here throughout the night, they maintained their position, and their fire being guided by the flames of bundles of thatch and from the blazing hospital, were able to inflict much loss on the enemy.

About four o'clock the Zulu fire ceased, and they began carrying off their dead and wounded; and when it was light enough to see, the enemy was found to be slowly retiring over the hill whence they had come.

When day broke the scene must have been a startling one. The blackened and roofless hospital still burning, and flames still darting from the heaps of thatch. Hundreds of Zulus still lying round the buildings and parapets in every conceivable attitude and posture. In some places they had fallen in heaps one over the other—some with the most ghastly wounds, from having been so close to the muzzle of the rifle which killed them; others having been consumed by fire, from having fallen into the flames of the hospital, as they were killed or wounded. The

24th men, all blackened, torn, and weary, many wounded and bleeding, some dead or dying.

The loss sustained by the garrison of Rorke's Drift was 17 killed and 10 wounded—27 casualties out of 139 men.

There were over 300 dead Zulus lying close round the parapets and buildings. Their actual loss we shall never know ; but it must have far exceeded 500, as very many bodies were carried away and thrown into dongas by the Zulus.

At Isandlwana our own loss in killed was unfortunately too easily calculated ; the survivors could be almost counted on the fingers. Twenty-seven officers of the regular army, 22 officers of the colonial forces, and 775 non-commissioned officers and men were left on that fatal field.

The Zulu losses at Isandlwana are extremely difficult to ascertain, but they were acknowledged by the Zulus to have been very heavy.

Probably it amounted (always including the wounded who died in their kraals) to between 2,600 and 3,000.

The Zulu army began to disperse directly after Isandlwana, many returning straight from the field of battle with their booty to their kraals. This was contrary to orders, but the severe fighting and the amount of booty which had fallen into their hands had entirely disorganized the Zulu regiments.

The Undi—the royal corps—however, preserved its discipline, and after sullenly and unwillingly retreating from Rorke's Drift, marched straight to Ulundi.

The king, according to custom, received them in the grand kraal.

He had only as yet received the news that the white man's camp had been taken, and that "Somtseu's" (Shep-

stone's) column had been eaten up. He had not heard of the repulse at Rorke's Drift, nor was he prepared for the terrible gaps made in his regiments. As the men began to file into the enclosure, he saw there had been very different fighting to that he had known in the Swasiland or against the Amatonga.

The Tulwana—the crack regiment of the royal corps, in whose ranks, as already stated, Cetewayo himself had fought in his young days, and to which he still nominally belonged—was the last regiment, and it filed in and saluted. “Why don't the rest come in?” cried the king impatiently. But the rest of the brave Tulwana could not hear him, for they were lying outside the mealie bags and biscuit-boxes at Rorke's Drift.

We left No. 3 Column on the morning of the 23rd of January, about half-past eight, recrossing the Buffalo River. The crossing this time did not take long. Harness's four guns and wagons, and one mule wagon, which had carried the biscuit, comprised our wheeled vehicles.

By half-past nine, the remains of No. 3 Column had marched up to Rorke's Drift, and were getting their breakfasts round the shattered buildings and temporary parapet, which for twelve hours had sustained so desperate an attack. This over, all hands set to work in putting things to rights; while the Headquarters Staff, the mounted men, and Harness's four guns continued their march to Helpmakaar.

One of the most necessary duties to be undertaken was the burial of the dead and the cleansing of the ground. This had to be taken in hand without a moment's delay, as decomposition comes on quickly under the hot African sun. The superintendence of this work happened to be my duty.

"It's your turn now, comrade, now we've cleared this rubbish out of your way," said a 24th man to a dead soldier, who was found with two or three Zulus stretched almost upon him. "I'm main sorry to put you away, mate," continued he, laying the end of a torn sack gently over the dead man's face, "but you died well and had a soldier's end."

Homely words, but what soldier could wish a better requiem?

The dead of the little garrison were buried where the colonist who gave his name to the drift lies, and the burial service was read over them by the chaplain.

For the first few days the men were rather miserable. We had lost everything at Isandlwana; blankets and great-coats, as well as everything else, had been swept off by the Zulus. We had some wet nights, which, as the men had to lie down on the ground with no shelter, and with nothing more on than they wore in the day, was trying enough.

However, tarpaulin shelter and blankets were obtained as soon as possible from Helpmakaar, a depot of stores on the line of communications, about twelve miles off, and we soon became comparatively comfortable. But Rorke's Drift at best was a rat's-hole of a place, and though vigorous efforts were made to clear and cleanse the ground, there always seemed to be the smell of the dead Zulus in one's nostrils; and this was not imagination when the wind blew from the quarter towards which the line of Zulu retreat had lain.

The first personal communication which I myself had with the outer world came from Sir Bartle.

His note will show how all his thoughts were outside of himself.

P. MARITZBURG, *January 25, 1879.*

MY DEAR PARR,

Only just a line to say how thankful I am you are safe, and to tell you what a relief it was to see your handwriting.

I need not say how valuable your letters are.

Give us all the names you can of both lost and saved among our poor fellows, for you know how anxious hundreds are here and elsewhere for news.

God bless you, ever your affectionate,

H. B. E. FRERE.

I had been lucky enough to waylay the first messenger who went down to Maritzburg with the news of the disaster, and was able to entrust him with a telegram which he was to give Littleton, Sir Bartle's private secretary. I knew Littleton would get it off for me in the Governor's bag, and calculated on all telegrams in the bag getting precedence of press telegrams. This was what actually took place, and my mother and sisters were safely in possession of the telegram telling them that I was safe when the mournful cries of the newsboys rang through the streets.

For the first few days we were waiting hoping to hear of more survivors of Isandlwana. We had heard of some having been seen fighting their way out of camp, and we hoped against hope they might have reached Helpmakaar, Utrecht, or some other point in safety; but none were heard of.

The only survivors who did reach Rorke's Drift laager were the dogs belonging to the camp, who kept coming back one by one, thin and poor, but seemingly overjoyed to get among the red-coats again. Most of them were cut with assegais. There were several terriers left in camp, but these apparently were not able to escape, or probably would not surrender and died with their masters.

Colonel Degacher, of the 2-24th, had left a well-bred pointer in camp, and for some days hoped the dog would find his way back to him. Days passed, and other dogs rejoined their corps, but Slap never put in an appearance. At length, at daybreak on the morning of the 5th of February, a fortnight after Isandlwana, when the entrance to the laager was opened, there was the dog, having swum the river during the night, sitting on his haunches, waiting to be admitted. He was sadly cut by assegais, but seemed not to think about his wounds now that he had effected his escape.

CHAPTER VII

SOUTH AFRICA (*continued*)

1878-1879. Boer advice on the Zulu campaign—Mr. Paul Kruger's—Boer discontent—An armed camp—Sir Bartle Frere's plain dealing with the Boers—Peaceful dispersal of camp—Travelling in the colony—A Dutch interior—Hottentots—Enthusiastic reception of Sir Bartle Frere at Cape Town.

THERE is not much to be said about the action of the military authorities at this critical juncture, as little or nothing was done.

As has been said before, the Dutch burghers always considered that we undervalued our enemy, and that the tactics which we had employed in fighting the Kaffirs would not go far towards getting the better of the Zulus.

The only people who had seen the Zulus fight (and had beaten them) were the old Boer "foretrekkers."

Some of these men (who had come to Maritzburg to interview the High Commissioner) had not been backward in placing their experiences before the Staff. Amongst those who gave their experiences of Zulu warfare, and of the reckless courage of the Zulus, was Mr. Paul Bester, who had formed one of the punitive commando under Andreas Pretorius after the Blau Krantz massacres in Natal in 1838. There was also one (whose name was then not much known to the British public), Mr. Paul Kruger, who also gave his opinion, and it is worth reproducing.

Mr. Kruger (whom the present generation are accustomed to regard not so much as a fighting man as a crafty and somewhat unscrupulous politician) had notwithstanding a most honourable fighting record.

Amongst men of iron nerve and determination he was regarded by his own people as a leader, and he had fought with credit against Dingaan. Kruger was also a great hunter before the Lord. When quite a young man, out shooting by himself with Kaffirs—many a day's trek from home—his rifle burst in his hand. He escaped with a shattered left thumb. He did his best to bind it up and to get it to heal. In this he failed, and the thumb began to mortify. None of the natives with him could, or would, help him. Kruger sharpened his knife, and took the thumb off at the joint, and if the present narrator may express a layman's opinion must have done it very neatly.

The views of such a man should not certainly have been called in question, on account of there being much danger of their erring on the side of timidity. Yet Mr. Kruger was one of those who held that we were dangerously underrating our opponents.

Mr. Kruger laid his views before Sir Bartle Frere, who was much impressed by them, and the High Commissioner desired me to take Mr. Kruger down to the office of the General Commanding, with a message from himself, so as to ensure his getting an interview.

Kruger told (through Mr. Stegmann, Sir Bartle's Dutch secretary) of the way in which the Zulus charged, and laid stress on the rapidity with which the Zulus were wont to develop their attack, and on the ferocious gallantry with which that attack was pushed home. By way of reply, our system of outposts (according to the "Red Book") with which the English troops were accustomed to make their camp safe

against European attack (and which, as far as the General Staff had decided, was to be the normal method followed in meeting the Zulus) was then explained to him. "Ah, well," said he of the impassable countenance, "I dare say it is all right, but yet I would ask His Excellency to order that the wagon-wheels should be reimed [tied together]." "Wagon-wheels reimed? What does he mean by that?" "He means, sir," said Mr. Stegmann, "that the Zulus charge always up to the wagons, and they are so determined that, in order to get into the laager, they pull the wagon-wheels apart by main force."

What Kruger did not realize was that behind the outposts there was to be merely an unprotected camp instead of a laager.

It will be remembered that the annexation of the Transvaal was carried out by Sir Theophilus Shepstone in April 1877. Since that time matters in the annexed territory had been going from bad to worse, although the Transvaalers had been relieved by the British of their anxieties as to financial matters, and as to the threatened invasion of the Zulus—the British Government having taken over both these responsibilities in a most thorough manner.

The events of the Zulu War had not tended to raise the prestige of the English. Many of the regiments which were sent out to South Africa were in an unsatisfactory condition as regards the age of the men and the training which they had received. Besides, the Boers were not slow to grasp the truth of the saying and to apply it—"England's difficulty, her Enemies' opportunity."

The application of this dictum in this case resulted, at the end of February 1879, in the formation of an armed camp between Heidelberg and Pretoria of between three or four thousand men, the numbers fluctuating as the men went and came to and from their farms.

The intention, openly announced, of the Boers was to remain in camp until they had laid their grievances before the High Commissioner, and it was obvious that it was most necessary for the High Commissioner to deal with the situation without delay. It was all the more urgent as the Transvaal had been denuded of British troops on account of the Zulu War, and as the more lawless and riotous of the young Boers were making their presence felt in a disagreeable manner in the country-side and on the Hiedelberg-Pretoria Road by delaying passengers, opening mails, etc.

On the 15th of March, 1879, the High Commissioner left Maritzburg. With him there was his private secretary, William Littleton, the Rev. W. Stegmann (a very pleasant and shrewd Dutch minister, whom we all speedily got very fond of), as Dutch secretary and interpreter, and Captain A. D. Dalrymple, aide-de-camp, and myself.

Those who have recent knowledge of South Africa may be reminded that the Natal railways in 1879 were *in futuro* except a few miles near the coast. The arrangements for the journey of three hundred miles had been, therefore, a matter of no little consideration. All our transport (except our heavy store wagon, which had already been dispatched to Pretoria) was drawn by mules as the most speedy and most dependable animals to employ. Everything had to be taken with us as if on a campaign.

On the road up Sir Bartle was being constantly interviewed by Dutchmen, many of whom, it should be noted, expressed themselves in favour of the annexation, and by his straightforward and sympathetic address made a good impression. By the 9th of April the High Commissioner had reached Klipspruit—within easy distance of the Boer camp—where the administrator, Sir Owen Lanyon, met him. Sir Bartle at once arranged to meet the Boer leaders at

an "accommodation house," or inn, at the next stage towards Pretoria.

The next day, Thursday, April 10th, a letter from the Boer Committee was brought to our camp, saying that information had been brought to the committee to the effect that the High Commissioner, after all, intended not to visit the camp, and recalling the promise on the subject which had been made them.

Sir Bartle was the last person to receive such a letter. However, we were just mounting to go off to Fergusson's so there was nothing to be done.

On reaching the rendezvous Mr. Pretorius, the chairman of the committee, and other leading Boers came up. On Pretorius being presented to the High Commissioner, Sir Bartle would not shake hands (a form of greeting never to be passed by amongst the Dutch), and at once asked "how he and his committee ventured to send him a letter, assuming that the promise he had made could be broken." Pretorius had nothing to say, and with the other Boers looked uncommonly uncomfortable, but summoned up sufficient address to apologize and express his regret. Sir Bartle then shook hands with him and the rest of the committee, and matters went on comfortably.

It was arranged that the High Commissioner should ride on to the camp in an hour's time, and when the time came we all mounted and moved off. It may be imagined that for the High Commissioner's Staff the occasion was one fraught with much anxiety.

We had received many warnings of sinister intentions amongst the wilder and more lawless spirits in the Boer camp, and, while we had every confidence in the good faith of the Boer leaders and of the older men, we knew that they had but an uncertain hold on their followers.

It was arranged that we should be unarmed at the meeting, but I had put a revolver in my holsters, and the officer of the escort had, by my direction, done the same. He had remained with a couple of orderlies at the entrance to the camp, and I sent my horse out to his care so that there should be strict observance of the understanding.

I did not expect that there would be any roughness and improper behaviour at the camp, but I thought it possible that in case the meeting ended unsatisfactorily a few of the worse-dispositioned Boers might be inclined to intercept us when we were riding on to Pretoria, and in such case did not intend to be found totally defenceless.

It was satisfactory to find as we approached the camp that there was no parade or display of force. We learned afterwards that the older men had decided, not without some discussion, against any "turn-out" mounted, as that according to Boer habits would have resulted in the men being also armed.

The camp consisted of Boer wagons arranged in lines, forming three sides of a square—one side being open.

We approached the open side and neared lines of men standing two and three deep, motionless and silent—watching us. Mostly large, loose-limbed men—some few pleasant-looking, but grave, others sullen and gloomy, while some were positively forbidding, dark complexions, with hair growing low down on their foreheads, heavy jaws, and extremely sinister expressions. I make no doubt that the Metropolitan Police of many of our big cities would be able to produce worse-looking men as these last at short notice, but in all probability they would be under proper control, which it was very doubtful whether these men were.

The High Commissioner as he approached saluted with his hand, but not a man stirred or acknowledged the

salutation in any way, not a hat was touched or a pipe removed.

Riding at a walk in deadly silence we came to the far end of the camp, and there met the leaders and representative men of the camp—mostly men past middle age, many neatly dressed, and evidently of a much higher stamp than most of those whom we had seen. These men cannot be said to have been cordial, but at any rate they received the High Commissioner courteously, and acknowledged his greeting. There was a tent with the flies up, with seats, and the High Commissioner (after greetings were over) took the seat prepared for him with his Staff behind him.

Sir Bartle began to speak, his speech being translated into Dutch by Mr. Stegmann. He referred almost at once to the many warnings which he had received against visiting the camp, but he had come, as they would see, without a single soldier, relying on their good faith. He referred to the message which he had given to Piet Joubert when that gentleman had visited him at Maritzburg, explaining his intentions to give them some form of representative government as soon as practicable, and expressing his confident hopes that the Transvaalers would be before long as free as their brethren in Cape Colony. "But, Excellency," exclaimed Mr. Pretorius (who was the Chairman), "of this we have never heard a word before this moment."

"Never heard of it," said Sir Bartle; "where is Mr. Piet Joubert?" But Mr. Joubert was not "in his place" that day. "Before I go farther please to send for him."

Then there was a general call for Piet Joubert, who after a time was discovered and brought forward, looking particularly disconcerted. He made as if he would come up to the High Commissioner to shake hands, but Sir Bartle waved his hand for him to stop.

"Mr. Joubert, when you were with me in Maritzburg, did I beg you to explain to your friends here that I was anxious to arrange for the Transvaalers to have due share in the government of their country as soon as possible, and to tell them that they would, please God, be governed like their brethren in the old colony? Did I not give you the part of the message in writing, so that you should have it correctly? Why, then, have you failed to do that which I had asked you to do, and that which you had promised to do?"

But Piet Joubert, who had not expected to be "tackled" in this straightforward and public way, could say nothing, and after a pause Sir Bartle continued: "Mr. Joubert, I consider that you have behaved dishonourably. I will never shake your hand again, or have anything to do with you, and beg that you will now retire." And Mr. Joubert slunk off like a schoolboy detected in some more or less disreputable trick.

It was curious how this little interlude cleared the air.

We heard that Piet Joubert (I forget now the reason) was by no means popular, and the open and manly way in which the High Commissioner had dealt with him interested and pleased the assemblage, and the faces of many of the men began to wear less inimical expressions.

Sir Bartle then repeated and emphasized what he had said before, and arranged for a meeting on the next Saturday, the day after the morrow (which happened to be Good Friday) at Erasmus's Farm, six miles from Pretoria.

When we took leave, all in the tent pressed forward to shake hands with Sir Bartle, and many shook hands with his Staff. The ice had been broken, and a crisis passed. Even the glowering looks of the younger men outside had become less aggressive, and here and there friendly salutations were interchanged as we moved off.

I, for one, drew a long breath of relief as we rode quietly out of the camp, with Sir Bartle safe, unharmed, and having escaped any insult.

On Saturday (April 13th?) the High Commissioner rode out from Pretoria to Erasmus's Farm as arranged, and had more than a four hours' meeting with the Boer representatives. All through the long discussion, Sir Bartle was perfectly frank and open, and listened with the utmost patience to the speeches of the representatives, which were in some cases extremely tedious and full of wearisome repetitions. He deemed it advisable that every one should have his say, and that there should not be the slightest appearance of any desire to stifle or curtail discussion. It was of the utmost importance that the Boer camp should break up, and break up quietly, but this never led Sir Bartle to gloss over any disagreeable question, or to paint matters in brighter colours than they actually were.

"Annexation was irrevocable, but short of this liberty such as those of their own blood lived happily under at the Cape was within grasp of the leaders before him. He hoped that some would assist in the government before long, so that touch with the Transvaal people, which he so desired, should be maintained."

Such was the pith of the High Commissioner's communications.

The representatives of the Transvaalers on their side persisted steadily in their demand that the Act of Annexation should be annulled. It was finally decided that the Boer leaders should draw up a memorial, which the High Commissioner undertook to forward to Her Majesty's Government. Moreover, Sir Bartle promised to show the Boer leaders and give them a copy of what he wrote to go with the memorial, but he could not support the memorial,

for (as he told the Boers) he did not think any reversion of the annexation would be good either for England or for the Transvaal.

There was plain speaking on both sides, but the good feeling towards the High Commissioner, which had begun to show at the visit to the camp, increased at each interview.

In the meantime, at the camp there had been angry scenes.

The leaders and the older men had with difficulty been able to restrain the younger men, who wanted to advance on Pretoria and attack the slender garrison and its English population. Pretoria had been placed in a state of defence of some sort. The townspeople (almost all English or English adherents) furnished patrols, and the small force of Regulars (under two hundred men) were disposed of as in the best positions for defence.

It was a critical time. However, after some four or five meetings with the Boer Committee, and after settling all details relating to the memorial, matters seemed to quiet down somewhat, assisted much by Sir Bartle's personality.

The High Commissioner was accessible to all, and ready to talk to all. Almost every day he saw numbers of Boers, some of whom had ridden long distances to see him.

In the afternoons he used to ride out to some Boer farm or another, and make acquaintance of the lady of the house. All this had its effect, and to the great relief of all, on the 18th of April a messenger came hot-foot from the camp to say that the cry of "Huis to?" ("Who goes home?") had been raised, and that the camp was breaking up, and the Boers were dispersing to their farms.

Thus had Sir Bartle, by his firmness, infinite patience, and the confidence which his personality inspired in the minds of the Boer leaders, averted a grave danger to South Africa—the raising of the standard of revolt in the Transvaal.

The following letter may serve to show what travelling in the Transvaal and in Cape Colony away from the line of rail was thirty years ago—

BLOEMHOF, BANKS OF THE VAAL,

May 11, 1879.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

We have at last got away from Pretoria. Sir Bartle was very busy up to the last minute, and it was only by sitting up half the night that the hateful "Colonial Office bag" was got off.

I didn't get much sleep, as I had to make sure the heavy wagons started at daybreak, and I couldn't trust the incompetent noodle whom we unluckily have as a transport and camp corporal to manage his Hottentot drivers, who were sure to have had as much as was bad for them the night before leaving their beloved drinking haunts.

Sir Bartle started amidst what certainly seemed to be most genuine manifestations of respect and affection on the part of both the English and Dutch. He has made so many friends amongst the people.

We had to travel against time, as Sir Bartle had to get down to Cape Town by the day fixed for the opening of the Cape Parliament.

Trying to combine comfort and speed, when travelling away from a line of rail in South Africa, is heart-breaking work. Mules fall ill and die; wagons break down; wrong roads perchance are taken and steps have to be retraced. When one is riding on contentedly to the next halt (or "out-span") a horse comes up behind at speed. "Well, what is it?" "Please, sir, the red wagon" (of course the most precious) "has broken down; the front axle has gone right through." "How far back?" "Oh, only five or six miles, sir." So I have to change on to a fresh horse and go back to see how we can get the damage temporarily made good. I found the wagon in charge of an old soldier of the 13th, who looked like a civilized Robinson Crusoe, he and the melancholy broken-down wagon in the middle of a grassy plain. He had knee-haltered and turned his horse loose to feed, piled his

baggage round him under a tarpaulin, and let the cats and dogs out to play about. You must know that we have in charge two very pretty Transvaal kittens, which we are taking down to Cape Town for the Miss Freres, as well as two country-bred dogs. I sent the wagon off, reined up with hide to a farm near, where luckily there was a man who could mend a wagon at work, and started again on my journey. When I got to the farm where we hoped to be able to outspan and lunch, I received a cordial invitation from the young Dutchman to dismount and come in. I accordingly followed my host, whose name was Krugel, into the house, where his wife was sitting. After shaking hands, she went away to fetch the usual coffee. When she came back and had given me a cup, she sat down heavily, with curious tearless eyes watching me. She did not seem to pay any attention to the bits of news of the Zulu War which I thought would interest her and her husband, but suddenly came close up to me (Heaven forgive me, for the moment I thought that the poor soul was in liquor) and stared wildly at me. "Meine kleine dochte," she said, "dirteen menste houtis dod ; ya, ist dod," she repeated, her voice trembling, "so Ik kan nicht." Here my Dutch fails me, but what she wanted to say was that she couldn't give us the welcome which she would like to have done, as the little daughter of thirteen months old had died early that morning. The poor mother was overwhelmed with grief, for it was her only child and had been long waited for. The husband seemed very fond of his wife, and tried to comfort her in somewhat an uncouth manner.

These poor folk, all the same, put their house at Sir Bartle's disposal. We would have left them undisturbed if there had been anywhere else to go for water and forage. However, luckily we were able to do something for them, as they were very pleased to see Mr. Stegmann, Sir Bartle's Dutch Secretary, who is one of the kindest of men, and belongs to their Church. They now could have their child properly buried, which seemed to comfort them a good deal. A rough little coffin had already been put together, and after lunch we all attended the pathetic little funeral, after which we went on our journey.

Krugel and his wife asked Stegmann to pray with them before we started, and brought out the huge family Bible to show who he and his wife were. The Bible had been published in Rotterdam in

1756. The first entry was Johannes Jacobus Krugel, married to Maria Elisabetha, 1790.

The next farm-house we stopped at was the abode of a great malcontent: Womarans of Wonderfontein. The landrost who was arranging our stopping-places for us had been afraid that he would not allow His Excellency into his house. However, I found that he had quite accepted the idea of having to receive Sir Bartle. I had seen him when at the Boer camp, so greeted him by name, and the old fellow was civil enough. "How do you do, Kaptein?" and I had him quite thawed before His Excellency arrived.

Our Hottentot drivers gave a good deal of trouble, as they were all inveterate drinkers, and D—— does not manage them very well, while the camp corporal I have got is useless. At Bloemhof last Sunday, in place of a quiet day, we had rather a row. Two drivers took to hammering each other with what looked like broomsticks, and all the rest (say about twenty) appeared anxious to join in, indifferent as to the rights of the case as long as they got some fighting. It was not until I had sent one man off to the "tronck" (Anglice jail), and threatened the next man who made a row with a flogging, that quiet was restored. The driver sent to the tronck promptly got a month's hard labour from the landrost, to the horror of the rest of the drivers. I did not fail to point the moral, that if they did not behave better I would scatter them into the different troncks along the road between here and the Diamond Fields.

The following letter describes the memorable reception of Sir Bartle Frere at Cape Town on his return from this journey—

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN,

June 9, 1897.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

You will have seen in the telegrams the account of Sir Bartle's reception when he arrived at Cape Town last week. "The oldest inhabitants" say that nothing like it has been seen here before, as Cape Town has a reputation of being somewhat lethargic and indifferent towards the representatives of Her Majesty's Government. The whole town seemed to have

turned out to do him honour. Eleven addresses were presented, including one document of thirty feet in length. The horses of Sir Bartle's carriage were taken out, and he and Lady Frere were pulled up to Government House by a band of enthusiastic and stalwart young men. Your humble servant was occupying the front seat, and I can truthfully say (bad sailor as I am), I prefer horse-traction.

CHAPTER VIII

SOUTH AFRICA (*continued*)

1879-80. A Dutch country-house—Stellenbosch fruit-show—French Hoek—Patriarchal hospitality—On trek again—Ceres—The Huguenot immigration—Cetywayo as prisoner—Recall of Sir Bartle Frere—Universal regret.

TWO old letters of mine, written at the time, which have come again into my hands, may, perhaps, be of interest as showing one side of life in the Cape Colony.

BERG RIVER, MALMESBURY DISTRICT,
CAPE COLONY,

Friday, September 26, 1879.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

I write from a delightful farm fifteen miles from the sea, between Saldanha Bay (get your maps, children) and Malmesbury. Sir Bartle was looking fagged and weary, so it was decided to accept an invitation which a member of the Legislative Assembly had often pressed upon him to come and see him at his country-house. Lady Frere and two of the young ladies went down on Monday the 22nd, and H. E., Littleton, and I followed on Wednesday, after mail day. We went off by special train at 11 o'clock, having sent on the horses, and got to Malmesbury at 1.30. We slept there that night. The farmers and residents in the village trooping up to see H.E. as usual, and as usual going away enthusiastic about the "old gentleman" and full of the natural way he talked and the interest he showed in all the matters and details of their farm and home life. (This is, with him, natural and not

put on.) On Thursday at 6.40 a.m. we left Malmesbury, H.E. in his travelling spider, the servants, including mine, in a Cape cart, and I riding one horse and leading another, for the fifty-mile ride. We got to a village called Hopefield, where there were a great many farmers to be talked to, and where we lunched at the Dutch minister's (die Predicant's) house—all the men sitting down and the mistress and her eldest daughter helping and directing the servants. At 4.30 we started again, and at 6.45, escorted by one of Mr. Melck's sons, reached the Berg River after a heavy pull through deep sand. At the bank a boat in which were Mr. Melck, the Miss Freres, and Miss Melck, so H.E. and we changed from carriage and saddle into the boat, and were rowed rapidly down stream till at dusk we came to the house. A salute of old, small Dutch cannon was fired, and we were made welcome to the house. Poor Mr. Melck has only now 40,000 acres, as he sold another 40,000 acres before he knew he was going to have such a large family.

The old gabled Dutch house, with black, thatched roof, is most charming. The principal room is the dining-room, suggestive of the generous hospitality that always reigns therein, a long, low room looking out on the river—in two directions—on the floor old Dutch tiles, the ceiling teak boarding, the corners at the far end filled by triangular massive closets or cupboards standing ten feet high, raised four inches off the floor by standing on massive black claws, the keyholes, handles, etc., in solid silver, and there was a beautiful sideboard to match.

Littleton and I are in one big room. In it there is an old Dutch wardrobe which would fetch its weight in gold at Christie's: very large and massive, standing on claw feet, panels in light wood, and the rest of the work in dark; the keyholes with broad silver plaques or lock-plates, and the drawers with silver handles. Then there is a quantity of beautiful old Dutch silver in the house—of delightful and quaint designs. The outside of the house, round which a broad stoep runs, is all white, green doors and venetians. The house is gables all round, and has a black thatched roof. The very numerous stables, outhouses, etc., are all in the same style. The family consists of Mr. and Mrs. Melck, both very handsome and pleasant people of about fifty-five or fifty. They have two sons

—one married—living in the house, and four daughters—two grown up—all handsome and most hospitable. The family is very kind, pleasant, and unaffected. The great-grandfather of the present man came from Germany, and the present man's grandfather built the house and bought the land, owning eighty thousand acres.

Yesterday morning I started with the eldest son, Martinus, at 6 a.m., to bring in the brood-mares, numbering over a hundred, up to the home pasture. Three or four had foaled during the previous day, and their progeny were much puzzled what to do with their long legs as we moved the drove gently up towards the home farm, after covering four or five miles of country in rounding the mares up.

We had to drive the horses through a gate; during the passage some of the foals got away from their dams—then there *was* a scene of excitement: mares and foals all squealing and neighing, the wrong mares and foals cantering to meet each other, then touching noses, and wheeling away with a snort of disappointment when they found they were no relation.

However, the families after a while got sorted out, and after helping one foal out of the ditch, into which he had slipped, we went on.

Just in front of me, at one time, was a family of three: the dam, a yearling filly, and a little colt a few days old. I could imagine myself in the country of the Houyhnhnms and myself Gulliver in attendance. They were all cantering happily on, when they came to a little rut—at this the little foal was entirely flabbergasted and nonplussed. He made a most ridiculous and ineffectual effort to get his legs out of the way of the obstacle, and the result was he went on to his nose, and lay on his side looking utterly bewildered. His mother and sister wheeled round and smelt at him and tried to push him up, but he was too much knocked out of time. I therefore dismounted, and went to the family's assistance. The lady mare looked at me, and said with her expressive eyes, "Are you employed here? I don't seem to have seen you about the place before. However," continued she, touching the foal rather impatiently with her delicate muzzle, "do help this young gentleman up, as we are delaying every one." I did as I was bid, and set the little thing on its four long legs again, and the mare thanked me with a whisk of her tail, and cantered off with her

children after her, and as she departed I could almost fancy that I caught a murmur of "Thanks, gentle Yahoo."

We go back to Cape Town the day after to-morrow, and I shall hope to find your weekly letter and the family budget awaiting me.

CERES, CAPE COLONY, *February 1, 1880.*

Sunday, 6.30 a.m.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

Last Wednesday we left Cape Town for an agricultural show at Stellenbosch. The fruit was something astounding—heaps and piles of peaches, grapes, nectarines, figs, strawberries, etc. No tents or houses, but the fruit laid out on long tables in some of the avenues of oaks which run round the front of the "Drosdy," or public buildings (now sold, alas!) of the old Dutch magistrates of Stellenbosch. We remained that night at Stellenbosch. Next day we drove and rode (I had His Excellency's horse and one of mine, and Pondo, the Zulu hound, by way of animals) over to a mission station amongst the mountains, through a beautiful country. Next day (Friday) we started the same way for French Hoek, the place where the first French refugee Huguenots were located by the Dutch Government. We started at 8 a.m. and got to French Hoek (pronounced "Franse Hok") at 12. After passing through a beautiful hilly country with old white-gabled thatched farm-houses scattered all over the valleys, we crossed the Berg River (the river on which was the farm, if you remember, where I stayed last September, but here it was just rising from the mountains), and drove up to the head of the valley where stands French Hoek. The farm at which we stopped to lunch belonged to a man named Haumann, of French descent. He had a handsome, stately old wife, *née* Hugo. Her father, old Hugo, of ninety-one, was in the house. His sight was good and hearing perfect, senses and brain all with him. He had driven five miles on the road to meet His Excellency, and frequently walks to church on Sundays.

Old Mr. Hugo, of ninety-one, had in the house to see His Excellency, the following relations:—

- (a) His eldest son, a youth of sixty-seven ;
- (b) His grandson, a boy of forty-six ;

- (c) His great-grandson, a child of twenty-five ;
- (d) His great-great-grandson, an infant of four years !

The descendants of the French refugees have completely lost their nationality. Their language was stamped out by the Dutch not allowing preaching or pleading in French and by other stringent rules and laws. Old Mr. Hugo said as a boy, in 1799 or thereabouts, he knew a few words of French. Mrs. Haumann had an old French flagon and an old curiously carved chair and "tabouret" in the house, which had been brought by her forefathers from France. Her father had one or two old letters in antique French, she said, at his farm, but excepting a few chance words there is no trace of the language.

However, the whole family were evidently French in extraction, and a different type from Dutch people. We had for lunch some made dishes, which we had never seen before—a pastry from an old French recipe—which they said they had always been accustomed to have. It was a sort of *vol au vent*, or pastry made flat in a large dish ; also a dish of mince, much spiced. They called it "fricadelle." At lunch the flies were kept off by little Hottentot boys and girls standing behind our chairs waving long ostrich feathers.

After much kindness and hospitality, we left at 3.15 p.m. and drove down the valley to get to the Paarl, an old Dutch town or village, which runs in one street between a range of low hills and a little river. The houses each stand in its own "erf," or plot, and the village is therefore five or six miles long. The Paarl means "pearl," and the name arises from a huge boulder on one of the hills, which is a landmark to the country-side and is supposed to look like a black pearl, so smooth, black, and shiny is it. We reached the Paarl by 5.30, got H.E.'s spider and horses and our own horses on to the trucks ready to catch the 6.20 train, and then went on to Wellington. Here we stopped at the house of Dr. and Mrs. du Toit, who were from Holland, and where we had a pleasant greeting and an excellent dinner.

Next morning (Saturday) we started at 10 a.m. for Bain's Kloof and Mitchell's Pass *en route* for Ceres. The ascent from Wellington commenced almost at once, and the views among the hills were delightful, but it was very hot.

Luckily for the horses and Pondo there were many streams running down the mountain-side, or else they would have suffered a good deal. By 12 we had got to the summit of the pass, and began to descend. I rode on to choose a place to outspan. We stopped at 1 o'clock, and had our frugal meal under a rock by the side of a mountain stream. At 3.30 we went on down the hill, and got soon into the valley of the Tulbagh, where the railways runs ; but we had to descend again out of this. At 6 p.m., at the foot of the hills on the opposite side of the valley, fresh horses met us for the spider. Littleton and I had just time to give our horses a roll, and on again, up beautiful Mitchell's Pass. On arrival at the top the pretty little village of Ceres was seen in an open basin (probably an extinct crater). In a short time we had descended from 4,750 feet to 1,500 feet, and had reached Ceres.

We go back to Cape Town, alas ! to-morrow. A month here without any long blue envelopes and no Colonial Office bag to "make up" would be delightful.

With reference to the mention of French refugees in the preceding letter, we have to thank Louis Quatorze for the valuable influx of Frenchmen into the Cape Colony.

The splendours of the reign of "Le Roi Soleil" dazzled the world for a century or more after his death, and prevented the ruin which his extravagances and his system of government brought upon France being realized.

We see more clearly now. Louis Quatorze taught his *noblesse* that the close attention to the ceremonial of his brilliant Court were the real duties of their order. Those who held other opinions and ventured to act up to them—viz. that the improvement of their estates, the care of their peasantry, and its protection against cruelty and injustice—were soon made to feel that these were uninteresting details in the King's eyes, and that His Majesty was of opinion that such minor matters as the above should be left to farmers-general, intendants, stewards, and such-like. Finally (to get

to my point after digression) came perhaps the greatest ill that the King wrought France—the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—which drove the most steadfast, honest, and serious blood of France to take refuge in Protestant countries or on the other side of the world. The refugees to the Cape were not, as has been sometimes thought, of the bourgeois or the artisan classes only. There was a strong mixture of the bluest blood of France.

The names of Du Plessis, De Villiers, and other names no less famous in French history, were to be found in the rolls of those who landed from France. It may be noted that the descendant of one of these, who dropped out of the ranks of the *noblesse* on quitting France, has been the first of the peers of the South African Union.

Had there been no Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, one cannot help wondering whether, with so much Huguenot blood on the side of progress, order, justice, and moderation, the French Revolution would not have taken a gentler and more gradual form, and France been spared the excesses of the years 1789–92 and the wars up to 1815.

The following letter contains touching details of the visit to Cape Town of the Empress Eugénie after the death of the Prince Imperial:—

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN,

April 16, 1880.

MY DEAREST MOTHER AND SISTERS,

I have a breathing moment and not time to settle down to work, so, while I have an idea in my head, will tell you of as far of the Empress's visit as we have as yet got to. We have been ready for her for two days. Her rooms (in lace and violet satin), done up by the Miss Freres, who have beautiful taste, looked very well. The servants had all new liveries. The carriage consisted of two of His Excellency's, with an outrider to the first carriage, and

two of His Excellency's travelling carriages. The German came in during the night, and Littleton and I went down as soon as she was in dock. Evelyn Wood was standing by the side, and the first thing he said was, "How d'you do, Parr? I'm very glad to see you again. One of the last men I saw in England was Redvers Buller, and he sent you his love and told me to tell you he thought you the worst-used man in the British Army!" (an unenviable distinction). It appeared that the Empress, who takes a very long time to dress, would not come off then, so the arrangements had to be postponed till noon. She also could not bear the idea of living in a room which her son had been in, which necessitated her bedroom (which had been newly papered, painted, etc., for her) being suddenly changed. We are now awaiting the time to go to the docks again.

Friday, 7 p.m.—The affair went off without a hitch. The Empress had been in floods of tears before she left the ship, but seemed to recover when inside the house, and soon after going to her rooms said she should come down to lunch, which she did. She is the remains of what must have been an extremely beautiful woman. She still retains her figure, but both very haggard and worn. Her hair is turning grey. Her voice and intonation remind me very much of Aunt J——,¹ and are very melodious and sympathica. Her eyes or rather their oval shape is very curious.

Sir Evelyn, directly he came into the office, began telling me how Buller went to the Horse Guards about my brevet. I was much surprised, as I have never known very much of Buller, though I always liked him very much. The Horse Guards must be getting rather sick of me. Buller, [Forestier] Walker, Crealock, Lord Chelmsford, besides others, have all moved, and I really cannot for the life of me make out where the unfortunate hitch is, unless the Duke fancies I write for the papers, or something of that sort. Well, I did not hear the end of Wood's story, as he was interrupted, but will hear it later. Mrs. Ronald Campbell, Lady Wood, and the Marquis de Bassano, the son of the "Duc," complete the party.

Saturday evening.—The Empress has rallied wonderfully, and now talks a great deal and with much animation. This morning

¹ The late Mrs. Brookfield, daughter of Sir Charles Elton, Bart., of Clevedon Court, wife of the Rev. W. H. Brookfield.

she made a point of speaking to all His Excellency's Staff. She advanced down the drawing-room to where I was standing, and, as Lady Frere stepped forward to see what she wanted, she said, "I want to speak to this gentleman." Then she curtsied and I bowed, and she asked me what regiment I belonged to, and then talked about the Transvaal, etc., and then made another curtsey and retired out of the room. She is certainly a very remarkable woman, whom nothing escapes (all those around her are devoted to her, though they have known her so short a time), and is wonderfully observant.

PS.—The South African Medal has been decided upon. It is to be the old Kaffir Medal with four clasps. For Transkei, Ciskei, Zululand, and Sekukuni; I shall get three of the clasps.

1.30 *p.m.*—The Empress has just gone. Littleton, Dalrymple, and I sent up some seeds by Wood to be planted by the Prince's grave, and just before she was starting, as I announced her carriage, she said to me: "Je suis, Monsieur, profondement touchée de votre vive sympathie," etc. On the part of the Staff I presented her with a bouquet of violets from His Excellency's Staff, Littleton having had to go on with the ladies in the first carriage. When on board the steamer she sent for us all individually to take leave. She asked to have an open carriage to drive down in, and seemed to enjoy the view, etc. The mob was very orderly and respectful, and it all went off very well. Excuse these trivial details, but they may amuse and I have nothing else to write about.

Thine ever,
H.

In July 1879 Cetywayo had arrived at Cape Town. All precautions were taken to prevent the ex-King being made a sight of. He was lodged in Cape Town Castle, where he had a spacious set of barrack-rooms, the company of his favourite wives, and a portion of the ramparts affected to his use.

There was a special interpreter told off for him, and he was in charge of an artillery officer, Captain Ruscombe Poole, who died in the charge of Lang's Nek, with other gallant officers.

Cetywayo readily adopted European clothing, and was quite anxious that his suit of blue serge should fit well.

I was sent down to the Castle on various occasions, and endeavoured to make the most of my opportunities at the interview which I was thus enabled to have with the ex-King, but I found that my conversations with Cetywayo did not lead to much, as he had the rather irritating habit of contradicting at one visit what he had said the previous one, and seemed to me to say whatever came into his head.

At one visit he presented me, with the air of conferring on me some rare distinction, a sheet of foolscap with his signature scrawled over many times in large capitals. Another time Cetywayo showed me, with a fine complacency, a Prayer-book which had been presented to him about a month before Isandlwana by the Committee of the Prayer-book and Homily Society. The following dedication was written on the fly-leaf, and it seemed to me to be such a striking composition that I ventured to take a copy of it. It ran as follows—

“Presented by the Committee of the Prayer-book and Homily Society in England to His Excellency President Cetywayo in grateful acknowledgment of his kind support, given to the Right Revd. Bishop Wilkinson in his Christian Mission at Transvaal (*sic*), and with earnest prayers that the Divine blessing may constantly attend him and his beloved son, and his people, and prepare them for the Kingdom of Glory in heaven.”

Such a composition as the above, in such a curious connection, makes one ponder on the lengths to which a lack of a sense of humour suffers very worthy people to stray.

As to Cetywayo, he learned nothing by adversity. A caged tiger does not change its nature. When it seemed good to Her Majesty's Government to send back Cetywayo

to Zululand, it was found that he was as cruel, as treacherous, and as untamed a savage as ever.

At the end of 1879 a General Election took place, which brought in a Liberal Government. As one result in the change of Government the "extreme left," headed by Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. Leonard Courtney,¹ continually pressed Mr. Gladstone to recall Sir Bartle Frere, and although Mr. Gladstone himself was anxious to retain Sir Bartle's services, such pressure from so large a section of his party could not long be withstood.

Eventually a dispatch of recall reached Cape Town on the 2nd of August 1880.

Again, as after the dispersal of the Boer camp in April 1879, South Africa showed herself much moved. Addresses, messages of sympathy and farewell and letters poured into Government House.

Between sixty and seventy addresses were received from all parts of South Africa expressing regret at Sir Bartle's departure and bidding him farewell.

The addresses breathed the warmest feelings towards the High Commissioner, but some of them expressed so strongly the reverse towards Her Majesty's Ministers with regard to Sir Bartle's recall that they had to be returned for modification before they could be officially received and answered.

The day for Sir Bartle's departure was fixed for the 15th of September 1880, and people came from long distances to bid farewell to him.

Business was suspended in the town, and as, when the hour of departure came, his carriage made its way slowly through the masses of people to the steamer, while the Queen's ships in the harbour dressed ship and fired a salute,

¹ Now Lord Courtney of Penwith.

it was not difficult to see that the farewell was not a formal ceremony, but that the majority of those taking part in it were moved by real feeling towards the departing Governor.

The good ship *Pretoria* was soon out of harbour and hull down, and the man who could have pacified South Africa and made peace between two sturdy peoples (who had got to learn to live together) was lost to her.

I cannot better close this chapter than by quoting a sentence from one of Sir Bartle's private letters, written at a time when he was struggling with heavy responsibilities—not all his own—while a considerable portion of the English Press was attacking him and his policy in most unmeasured terms—

“But unless my countrymen are much changed, they will some day do me justice; I shall not leave a name to be permanently dishonoured.”

Not only those who loved Sir Bartle Frere, but many more beside, hold that these words have come true.

CHAPTER IX

SOUTH AFRICA (*concluded*)

1880-8. Receives the C.M.G.—Secretary to Sir George Colley—Amajuba—Appreciation of Sir G. Colley—Remount establishment—Reforms—Isandlwana and Rorke's Drift revisited—Zulu friendlies—Mission stations—On mounted infantry—Raising a corps—On the consolation of books—London again—A welcome telegram—Going down into Egypt—Alexandria—Mounted infantry *bis*.

BEFORE Sir Bartle Frere left Cape Town, Sir George Pomeroy Colley (who had succeeded Sir Garnet Wolseley as Governor and High Commissioner for South-East South Africa) had written to ask me to come to him as Private Secretary. But it was not then possible for me to remain in South Africa; besides, I felt more or less played out, and wanted a rest, so I left for England with my chief. After a couple of months' leave I rejoined my regiment at Devonport.

[The following farewell telegram from the Premier was received by Hallam Parr on his departure—

From Premier, Bloemfontein, to Major Parr, M.S., Cape Town.

Good-bye, the words I least like to say. I wish you a pleasant voyage and prosperous future. You have materially assisted me during my tenure of office, and I shall sadly miss your valuable advice on military matters when you are gone. The Colony owes

more to you than it can ever know. Yours has been an unselfish devotion to the public interests, a gallant soldier doing his duty without thought of reward.

It may here be stated that for his services in the Kaffir and Zulu Wars Hallam Parr was mentioned in dispatches, and received the C.M.G. (November 23, 1880) and South African medal and clasp.—ED.]

When, however, towards the end of the year 1880, affairs in the Transvaal became critical, I both wired and wrote to Sir George Colley, begging him to remember me in case he wanted help, and saying that I would gladly accept any employment under the prospect of active service.

In the meantime the attack near Broncker's Spruit (on the 20th of December 1880) on the 94th Regiment took place, followed on the 28th of January by the actions at Lang's Nek, and that of the Ingogo on the 8th of February. In the latter action Captain Macgregor, R.E., Sir George's Private Secretary, was killed, and Sir George wired to the Colonial Office for me to leave at once, in order to fill Captain Macgregor's place. I accordingly left by the steamer of the 18th of February.

We had a speedy passage (it seemed quite long enough), and I tried to curb my impatience by working at Dutch, which I thought would be useful, and perhaps on occasions enable interpreters to be dispensed with.

Alas, on our arrival at Cape Town we were met by the astounding news of the defeat at Majuba (February 27, 1881), and learned that the gallant Colley was dead these ten days, and that Sir Evelyn Wood had taken over command of the forces in Natal.

It was dreadful to think of, and what filled me with regret was not only the most untimely death of a most gallant soldier and friend, but also the loss to the Army of one of its

most able and talented officers, who in his busy and varied career had done much for it, thinking out and helping forward the reforms which were so badly needed.

Those who would learn what a loss Sir George Colley was to England should read his *Life* by Sir William Butler, whose pen, unhappily, so vigorous, picturesque, and witty, is now stilled for ever.

The book shows how full of hard work and of incident was Sir George Colley's life, and how talented and many-sided a man he was.

Broad-minded, considerate of others and forgetful of himself, of dauntless courage and steady nerve, a man of wide knowledge and varied attainments, he was one who seemed destined to rise very high in the service of his country, as fit to be called to the heaviest responsibilities either of the council chamber or of the camp.

Instead, he lies in the lonely graveyard amidst the mountains of Natal where rest now so many of "our unquiet race."

Before I again left South Africa I went to see his grave, and read the lines on the tombstone with a full heart—

Oh, for thy voice to soothe and bless ;
What hope of answer or redress
Behind the veil—behind the veil ?

The following letter, which was written some months after Majuba, contains some interesting details and observations on the battle and its consequences—

MARITZBURG, NATAL,

August 29, 1881.

MY DEAR LITTLETON,

I have just returned from Newcastle, where I had to go in order to see into some remount work. I, of course, went over the fatal Amajuba. It was evident that our men

had been stalked like buck. The Boers crawled up the woody slopes and kloofs, covered with shrubs and brushwood, and picked off unseen all the men who showed themselves on the position. Many of them were lying, exposed to view, on the little peaks and buttresses of the hill. In fact, all men who were not themselves exposed were unable to see to fire, so steeply is the hill scarped away. There was a fatal amount of "dead ground," and this most vital matter was never, as far as can be made out, dealt with. The men were considerably demoralized by the fire, so well directed and coming from unseen enemies, but the sudden appearance of the Boers on the hill-top would probably have been followed by a bayonet charge had the men belonged to one regiment instead of being drawn from four or five. But there was no second in command: precious moments passed like lightning, and no command was given, while the Boers were shooting like men in a hot corner.

All of a sudden one flank gave way, and a rout followed.

Poor, gallant Colley! I feel dreadfully about his death. England can ill spare him.

If ever war breaks out again (as break out it will before another generation), we shall have to fight every Dutchman between Cape Town and the Limpopo. The other day I got a letter from Stegmann telling me that at his town, Outshoorn, some two hundred miles from Cape Town, the young men in his parish were slipping away to the Transvaal with horse and rifle.

I was talking to Herbert Stewart¹ about his experiences as a Boer prisoner. As you know, he was captured by one of their patrols while making his way back to camp. He told me that the Boers were most careful to make up their patrols by mixing old and young men together, as the young men are, some of them, savage and brutal. Stewart said that the Boer leaders received him with the greatest courtesy and kindness and provided him with everything for his comfort, even down to night-shirts; but Joubert confessed to him that he was exceedingly glad that he, Stewart, had fallen in with one of the regular patrols. If he had fallen into the hands of the "Pinheads" (as Joubert called the young men) it was as likely as not that he would have been shot off-hand.

¹ Afterwards Major-General Sir Herbert Stewart, K.C.B., killed at Metemmeh.

As my position was quite changed by the disastrous news, I went to headquarters at Cape Town to ask for orders, greatly fearing that perhaps I might be sent home again. However, to my relief, I received orders to report myself at headquarters at Maritzburg. This wasn't what I wanted, but it was better than being sent home.

On arrival at Maritzburg I found myself the assistant to the Chief Staff Officer, and for some weeks worked from morn to dewy eve in a stuffy office surrounded by piles of foolscap. These were the old-fashioned days of "scribbling"—no conferences between heads of departments took place, and the amount of writing and the opportunities for friction caused thereby were enormous.

However, Sir Redvers Buller stood my friend, and got me into the open air again. The officer in charge of the Remount Establishment was not satisfactory in his methods—disease amongst the remounts was rampant—and the Remount was supplying no horses to the cavalry regiments, which were dropping sadly below strength in horses.

To my delight I was sent to take charge of the Remount Establishment at my old station at Fort Napier. The Remount was certainly in a horrible state. There were nearly six hundred horses, starved, mangy, and injured. Luckily neither glanders nor farcy—those fatal signs of equine mismanagement and neglect—had as yet made its appearance.

The stables and lines were in a filthy state. I got a reliable sergeant farrier and men from the Depot Field Battery Royal Artillery to groom, and had the existing Kaffir grooms relegated to sweeping and general cleaning up. I reduced the horses in the camp to about two hundred, and packed all the weak and sickly horses off to a clean

and wholesome farm, where the grazing was good, and where I paid them unexpected visits.

I started a proper forge, and by copious use of "sheep dip" on horses, clothing, stable utensils, and stables, got rid of the mange.

The valuable English horses were especially looked after, and fed apart. They had been turned out with the colonial horses, and didn't the least understand that they were expected to pick up their own living. Whenever a trumpet sounded, they used to come lolloping into the lines with an expression "Wasn't that the 'feed' I heard?" in their eyes.

My predecessor had apparently allowed horses fit for cavalry use to be issued to officers who only really required a pony or cob to enable them to do their work.

By stern reclamation of all such, and by proper feeding and care of doubtful horses who were in hard condition, but who had been overworked, I managed to get about fifty remounts ready to travel in a fortnight's time, and sent them up by easy stages, with one man to three horses, so that the horses were "in hand" two-thirds of their journey. The cavalry commanding officers were delighted with them and with their condition. From that time forward, until the signing of the Convention with the Boers, the supply of horses did not again run short.

When the Depot at Maritzburg had been got into decent order I was ordered up along the line of communication to Newcastle, one hundred and eighty miles up country, in order to make sure that all was well at the different stations, and that there were none of the 1,760 horses (which were borne on the remount books) hidden away in various places.

Horseflesh as a means of locomotion is falling rather into

disfavour nowadays, but there is no more delightful way of travelling than with two good horses. One is always on a fairly fresh horse, as horses are changed at each stage ; the hand-horse gives no trouble, but trots happily at your off-knee, while the horse you are riding canters along (where the track is fairly level) at the travelling pace of about six and a half miles an hour.

According to orders, therefore, I started away from Maritzburg in the middle of July 1881 for Newcastle. I managed to unearth a good many horses here and there, and found things were going pretty rightly at the Remount Depot at Newcastle. After I had finished my work there I got a week's leave, as I wanted to revisit Isandlwana and make sure that the cross which Sir Bartle and his Staff had put up to the memory of Melville and Coghill at the spot where they fell was respected and untouched.

The following letter may give some idea of a journey in Natal in those days—

MARITZBURG, *August 16, 1881.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

I finished my business at Newcastle on the 4th of August, and started off the next day on a week's leave down the Maritzburg main road as far as Ladysmith ; thence I struck almost east across country about sixty miles to a little police post called Fort Pine, which I made for, as sleeping out on the veldt in August in Natal is coldish work. From thence I reached Rorke's Drift (where I had such a bad time in 1879, after Isandlwana), and got to Isandlwana on the 9th. I reached my destination without any contretemps, except that part of the way was rather bad going and I was on rather short commons ; but I encouraged myself by thinking of the good blow-out I would have at the Mission Station at Isandlwana, where I was going to stay a day and a half, and where, I thought to myself, "there will be milk and eggs (perhaps even cream) galore."

I reckoned indeed "without my host." Though the Mission had

been started some time, none of the good Sisters had apparently thought that fowls would be worth keeping. Although the country abounded in cattle, and a drink of milk could be readily got at a Kaffir kraal, we had the eternal condensed milk and preserved meat, and some tough Zulu ox by no means nicely cooked or served.

The Bishop has laid the foundations of a church which is being built on the slopes of Isandlwana, within a mile of the Neck.

I rode over Isandlwana (so long tenanted by our unburied dead) and made out the places where the gallant companies of the 24th fought to the end, and then started down the track of the fugitives, and was able speedily to realize how handicapped our poor fellows were in their race for life. My two horses were extremely handy animals, but I found the going so bad that I hailed a Zulu lad to take my hand-horse. It was melancholy to discover that if those who were trying to escape on the 22nd of January 1879 had kept a little more to the right and north, when the valley at the rear of Isandlwana had been crossed, a comparatively open bit of country would have been reached, across which a much better pace could have been got out of the horses and many more would have escaped.

When I got down to the Tugela River I sent away the Zulu lad, and off-saddled and broke my fast. While I was resting there, two Zulu warriors looked in "promiscuous like." They were of very fine physique, and moved like athletes. We became great friends, and an animated conversation ensued. I can truthfully say that it was *animated*, but whether it was intelligible is another matter. The Zulus regarded all my saddlery, my etna, field-glasses, etc., with great awe, especially my revolver. On my showing them my pistol they burst out a-laughing, and nudged each other, as much as to say "what fine figures they would cut in an impi with a little gun like that firing six times without reloading."

I was rather puzzled what to give them as a memento of our meeting, but I saved the situation by presenting each with a shilling—with an air of conferring a decoration on them (pointing out to them, and emphasizing, the presentment of the great White Queen). Nor did my generosity end here: for I also bestowed upon them a revolver cartridge apiece, to be worn as a charm round

the neck. The gratification which the gifts afforded far exceeded my expectations.

I parted from these pleasant companions with regret, and their voices shouting farewell, and the rattle of their assegais and the thump of their heavy stabbing spears on their shields in salute followed me across the river—"Hamba kahle; Inkoos" ("Travel softly; farewell, O chief!"), "Hamba Baba" ("Travel on, O father")—as I was toiling up the rocky path, up which our poor comrades struggled in vain that fatal 22nd of January.

I had hardly got beyond the sound of their voices when the cross, which I had last seen in the statuary's shop in Maritzburg in 1879, was above me, and I was on the spot where we found Melville and Neville Coghill lying side by side.

The cross is well placed, and has not been touched by natives.

There are two wreaths on it; one of them was placed there by the Empress Eugénie in 1880.

After passing away from the spot so full of memories, I made for a kraal in the direction of the Umsinga Hills, and there got a Kaffir to show me the road. The Kaffir took me to a Mission Station, where I found a Swedish missionary. This gentleman told me that Umsinga was not to be reached that night, but that a Mission Station called Umfondisi was nearer, and that I might get there that evening. He either described the wrong road to me with great accuracy or I made some very foolish mistake; at any rate, I found myself close upon sundown in the open. I had to travel slow, as the roads through which I had been going were only mountain cattle tracks and very stony. Just before it fell dark I caught sight of a little house in a fold in the ground and made for it.

It turned out to be untenanted; but I found good water there, and, to my great satisfaction (hidden away in an outhouse), some Kaffir corn for my tired horses, who set up a shout of delight when they heard the unexpected rattle of corn in the basket.

I made myself some coffee and had rather a scanty meal, but rolled myself up in my blanket and was soon asleep.

I reached the Mission Station of Umfondisi after a two hours' ride next morning. The good missionary received me well, and his wife got ready a gorgeous breakfast—"Fleisch" of some sort, nice German brown bread, preserve, and fresh milk and butter. I had

not had a square meal for thirty-six hours, and rather astonished Herr Pastor Doedekin.

Some of the missionaries are in a difficult position. They have to live, and get a very uncertain income in many cases from their societies. Some are traders or farmers as much as missionaries, and are not (very naturally) above taking a *quid pro quo* for the food and forage which they supply to travellers.

The negotiations which resulted in the signing of the Convention with the Boers took some time, but it was evident there was to be no more fighting. On this becoming assured, the great anxiety of the authorities at home was to cut down expenses consequent on the large number of troops collected in Natal.

It was decided at once to reduce the number of cavalry regiments, and in order to prevent the number of mounted men in the country from falling too low, as well as to enable the question of mounted infantry (then somewhat a new one) to be thoroughly thrashed out, it was decided to form an experimental corps of mounted infantry under an infantry officer, and I was offered the command of the new corps.

There had been a certain number of mounted infantry with the various columns during the Zulu War, under two cavalry officers, Colonel Cecil Russell and Colonel Percy Barrow. The latter commanded a corps of mounted infantry during the later phase of the Boer War, but nothing had been definitely settled about the future of what Jomini called "la Troupe amphibie."¹

I naturally thought myself very lucky as being selected for this work, and set to work in high spirits.

¹ "Quant à la Troupe amphibie des Dragons, les avis seront éternellement partagés . . . mais en thèse générale un brave à pied ou à cheval doit battre un poltron."



MOUNTED INFANTRYMAN, SOUTH AFRICA, 1881.

The corps soon settled down. There was no Adjutant or Quartermaster to come between the Commanding Officers and the Captains ; thus the Captains were alone responsible for all that concerned their companies.

I had a sergeant-major for routine work and a quartermaster-sergeant. We worked hard five days of the week at all sorts of mounted work. On Saturdays every horse was seen by me, and there was a general overhaul of saddlery and clothing.

Notwithstanding the hard work, the horses kept big, strong, and sound, and I was very proud of them. The fact is, the constant dismount in mounted infantry work much rests the horses and helps to keep their backs sound.

The picture on the opposite page may be of interest to mounted infantrymen of more recent date and ideas.

Experts will note the rifle bucket placed beneath the knee on the off-side, thus preventing a man dismounting without drawing his rifle. There was no riding school, but men got instruction in riding when going to and from the manoeuvre grounds. They were taught how to ride on four reins as well as two, and how to use their legs in guiding their horses. I was always somewhat impatient of the "rough and ready go as you please" plan of riding, and was (indeed, still am) of opinion that mounted infantrymen should be taught to ride as well and scientifically as is practicable without time being wasted ; some men turn out to be natural horsemen, and will benefit by such instruction, and these men will bring up the general standard of riding and will be useful for special work.

Difficult horses were given extra work, with a rough-ride in the afternoons, and men who chanced to have difficulties with their horses used to have special instruction (not at all, however, as a punishment) at the same time. Backward men

could then also be given extra instruction if their Captains so desired.

After four months I reported the corps fully trained, and it was inspected by the General Commanding, who gave us a flattering report. We wound up before disbandment with two days' sports.

One of the events was a "scurry" for each company over jumps, the horses in bridoons and nunnahs, which was trying the men, some of whom had never backed a horse until a few months before, pretty high.

I was very sorry to see my corps disappear and to bid good-bye to so many good comrades; but I was fidgeting to get away from South Africa, as it was evident there would be work in Egypt before long.

As it turned out, I was to meet some of my corps again on the Nile.

[The following fragment on the consolation of books (written many years after) probably relates to an incident which occurred at this period.—ED.]

How, when some sudden miniature earthquake occurs in our life, one feels the solace of one's friends—our books.

We are in the full stream of life, the vigour of doing, the hope of achieving, and something occurs—a horse falls, a bullet finds its billet, or some meticulous accident takes place and all our machinery is displaced.

It is then we turn to our silent and eloquent friends. This somewhat prosy preamble occurs to me when I think of the stroke of bad luck that befell me when beginning to train my fine corps of mounted infantry of three hundred on picked horses in 1881.

I had finished the second day's training and was pleased with myself and them—too pleased, I suppose—so that a little lesson was awaiting me.

I was cantering home to breakfast along the side of a hill when I

came to a slippery pocket of clay. My good horse's legs slipped from under him and he fell on his side and on my left knee. We collected ourselves and started again—I feeling that my knee had got a pinch. By the time, however (ten minutes), that I had got to my door and dismounted, my knee was swelling to the naked eye, so that my servant had to cut off my pantaloons in order to allow the knee free room to swell, which it did very thoroughly.

The surgeon arrived and gave me cooling lotions. It wasn't necessary to prescribe quiet, as I couldn't budge an inch.

There was no pain, only an enormous red knee shining at me all day.

What a stroke of evil chance!

A corps just formed—the authorities expecting results—no system yet evolved; and there I was on my back helpless as a log, and the doctors evidently puzzled, and every surgeon at the station hospital came down to have a look at my enormous red knee.

How to turn our thoughts away without books. For the moment, nothing military was any use.

Something vague, elusive, indefinite was needed to prevent one grinding one's teeth, cursing one's fate, and thinking the universe was aghast because I had got a crushed knee.

Luckily some books were available and one or two were with me.

Emerson's sweet vagueness which . . . [*remainder missing*].

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I reached England on the 9th of May 1882, just after the Phœnix Park murders.

All the officers belonging to corps serving in Ireland had been ordered to rejoin, and I could only have a few days' leave, although I had returned from active service.

After a month or two, however, as matters quieted down, I managed to persuade my Colonel to give me a fortnight's leave, and I slipped over to London and began to haunt the precincts of the War Office. I succeeded in seeing Sir

Garnet Wolseley, who gave me strong hopes of employment, but could say nothing definite, as the Government had not yet taken their final decision as to their line of action.

I made every preparation for starting, but as the days went by began to get despondent. The last day of my leave arrived, and after a melancholy dinner I went off to Euston to catch the night train for Holyhead and Dublin.

Just as the train was being whistled off, a telegraph boy ran down the platform shouting my name, and put a telegram into my hand, telling me to proceed at once to Alexandria in order to raise some mounted infantry in Egypt.

With this delightful telegram in my pocket I strode out of the station as upon air. How different everything seemed ! It was difficult to settle down to sleep that night. The next day there was the delight of taking one's passage and making final arrangements. I was already packed up, and the only thing I was short of was a set of branding irons. A certain amount of sad experience of human nature, when connected with remount depots and mounted corps on active service, had convinced me that the honestest mounted man becomes depraved on active service when temptations assail him in the shape of horseflesh. One of the most elementary precautions to prevent loss in horseflesh is careful branding the instant a horse becomes (either honestly or the reverse) your property on active service. Therefore I spent the greater part of my one remaining afternoon in inducing the Ordnance Department at Woolwich to issue to me (reluctantly it seemed to me) the magic capitals M.I. and the numerals 1 to 9 which were to save my horses (when I got them) from the "horse grabber." These precious implements I pushed into my saddle-box, and next morning set off blithely for Paris and Marseilles and Alexandria. At Alexandria there

was considerable disorder, as must needs be after a bombardment, but the General, Sir Archibald Alison, had matters well in hand, although every officer coming out to help was naturally very welcome. I was at once put in orders as Commandant of the Mounted Infantry. The nucleus of the corps had already been organized by Sir Archibald Alison's Staff Officer, Captain Hutton,¹ who, though burdened with work of all sorts, had managed to start the corps.

To my delight, I found that the first troop (we called them troops in those days) was composed of officers and men of the 3rd Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps, who had been in the Natal corps. The officers were Berkeley Pigott,² Howard Vyse, and Archie Miles.³ [A note made at the time says] "Yesterday I got authority from the Khedive to take some more horses from the Khedivial Body-guard, which had been more or less disbanded, and went to the Palace stables with a few men to select them.

"Horses were scarce, so I allowed myself two and one to each of the officers.

"I chose two—one for work and another for pleasure: the first a heavy and very sound, pensive-looking dark chestnut, the other a brilliant chestnut, full of fire and excitement. He is a delightful little horse and is becoming confidential. He ought to win anything up to three-quarters of a mile in his class. He is in his stride in a moment.

"The Syrian Arabs are all beautiful walkers and quite different from the Bombay Arabs, who kick every stone that is within their reach.

"The men have plenty to do to keep their horses in order, as they are so fond of fighting with the old and rotten hut

¹ Now Lieut.-General Sir Edward Hutton, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.

² Afterwards Lieut.-Colonel Pigott, 21st Lancers.

³ Afterwards Captain, and since retired.

pegs and ropes which we have to jump round to prevent damage."

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[Here ends the manuscript of the author. The remainder of the story is founded on letters, diaries, and other memoranda which he had collected. Quotations, except where otherwise noted, are from his own writings.—ED.]

CHAPTER X

EGYPT

1882. A reconnaissance—Death of Lieutenant Howard Vyse—On vedette duty—To discourage looting—A long wait—Ismailia—Mahuta—A brush with the Bedouin—Severely wounded—A bullet “as civil as possible”—A greeting from Sir Garnet—*Times* notice—Invalided home.

NO time was lost in utilizing the new force. There was a reconnaissance on the afternoon of August 3rd, another at 6 a.m. on the 5th, resulting in a skirmish with Bedouin Arabs, and later in the day a more serious engagement. “Covered front as usual, dismounted to engage cavalry, remounted and advanced to cover horses, came in for very hot fire—Howard Vyse¹ killed and Private Howes-Belcher wounded severely, Goff slightly. Total strength all ranks, 37 rank and file; dismounted, 20. Expenditure of ammunition, 58 per man.”

A pathetic incident of this encounter is thus told in a later letter—

I have, however, a very nice little chap of the Rifles as an orderly. When I went back to see how poor Vyse was doing on the 5th, he asked leave to stay by him. “Please, sir, let me stay, I was his servant ever so long.” So I told him he could, but must lie close, as the bullets were hitting all around us then, and he sat down quite contentedly with the poor boy’s head on his lap, and I found him there when I was ordered to retire.

¹ Lieut. Henry Granville Lindsay Howard Vyse, 60th Rifles. There is an inscription to his memory in the church of Stoke Poges, Bucks.

From the 5th to the 19th of August the corps was at Ramleh, near Alexandria, undergoing the process of "getting things straight," and also doing useful vedette and other duty.

We have hardly any equipment. I have a new troop (making the third) and some more horses. I have no crime or trouble with my men; indeed, they are too hardworked to have time to be troublesome if they want to. The enemy have been bothering lately on our left, on the side of the Aboukir Forts, but the *Superb* came up yesterday and fired a couple of shots at some earthworks and rather frightened them. This morning, on posting *my* vedettes I could see none of *theirs*. I and my orderly, after I posted the vedettes, went out for an excursion to try and find them. I found they had gone a long way back, and I was able to examine the fort they had been trying to make out of a sandhill. I got within five hundred yards of one of the vedettes and eight hundred of another couple, and made my orderly open fire to try and draw them. Only seven or eight were visible, who loosed off at us. Coming back, I got hold of a fellah and got information from him that the soldiers had all retired. I am going out with my men to hunt them up this evening.

Friday, August 11th.—I went out last night, but found none of the enemy about.

In the last batch of remounts I received I got a very fine charger, a big dark chestnut who gallops like an English. All my horses are chestnuts, and one very like Magic. During the past week we caught a number of Arabs pillaging and confiscated their donkeys, which I have kept for the corps. They are very useful, and are recovering from their surprise at not being ill-used and knocked about, and begin to give themselves airs alongside the horses. Sir John Adye¹ arrived yesterday, and I hope he will sanction the things and men I require. He looks old enough to be Sir Garnet's papa. I wish Sir G. and his Staff would look sharp and come out. I have not got my other saddlery yet. I hope

¹ Chief of the Staff to Lord Wolseley.

T—— told them to write and let me know to whom it is consigned. The climate here is still very good. At Ramleh it is much cooler than in Alexandria. A strong breeze blows all day from the sea, on whose shores the Palace stands. If the breeze drops, however, for five minutes one gets very hot and the flies assemble in their thousands.

I had a court-martial on Arab pillagers in Ramleh last week. The inspector of police, who is an Italian, marshalled them and counted them, banging each man on the head with his large gingham umbrella as he numbered them. They were charged with pillaging gardens and supplying the enemy. I had twenty-one before me, but the evidence was only fair against nine. These I ordered two dozen strokes of bastinado, which were administered after a doctor had examined them. They all went away relieving their feelings by cursing Arabi loudly. I find my smattering of Italian very useful. Greeks and Egyptians speak it before French. Arabi is working away hard at his entrenchments, and has made his place very strong since his affair of the 5th. I hope we shall go round the corner and not straight at them, or there will be wigs on the green.

Tuesday morning, August 15, 1882, 10.30 A.M.—We went out to-day at 3 a.m., taking every available man and horse to escort a Staff Officer, Colonel Gerard, while examining the enemy's position. We proceeded along the bottom of Lake Aboukir, judging our position by the stars. Colonel Gerard, with whom I sent Lieutenant Pigott and four picked men with revolvers—rode out at a gallop from the ranks, and I followed until past the place we were fighting the other day. While they went on a mile beyond, I could watch from thence for any attempt to cut them off. I faced towards the enemy's lines, moving slowly onwards. It was rather anxious and risky work, as we were only forty men and they have a regiment of cavalry there. When it became clear enough to see, no vedettes were to be discovered (they are not early risers, the modern Egyptians). I kept scouts watching behind me for Bedouins, and before me and on the right flank for regular cavalry. It seemed a long time; at last, however, my orderly said, "Here's the enemy, sir," but on catching sight of them I decided they must be our six comrades. They were retiring at a gallop with a few cavalry

after them. I advanced to cover them, and, when they were past our flank, retired also. The men chasing them were then joined by a small body of cavalry who dashed out on our flank. They thought, I suppose, we were bolting. When they got within three hundred yards I suddenly halted, dismounted six men, and opened fire. One man fell dead on his horse's neck, and another seemed to fall dead out of his saddle, and the enemy's courage evaporated and they all galloped away to their lines. The first man shot was a Bedouin who had been careering along in front flinging his *berrous* round him with a fine gesture.

On the 19th the troop (embarked the previous day in the *Tiberia*, *Orient*, *Tower Hill*, and *Batavia*) sailed for Aboukir Bay. On arrival there they were ordered to Ismailia, half-way down the Suez Canal, which was to be the base for direct operations against Arabi Pasha at Tel-el-Kebir. On the 24th an action took place in which the mounted infantry under Captain Parr took a conspicuous part, and were warmly congratulated by Sir Garnet Wolseley himself, but in the course of it their gallant leader had the misfortune to receive a bullet wound in the leg, which caused him to be sent home for recovery and severed his connection with Egypt for a month. The following letters and extracts describe these events—

August 25, 1882.—I had dreadful trouble in getting my little corps on board. We were split up in four parties on four different ships. We got to Aboukir and were, to our surprise, ordered on at once to Ismailia. I was delighted, as I think this is the right game to play. On arrival at Ismailia there was great excitement. The stately iron-clads drawing up outside, the light-draught gunboats going first, then the long string of huge transports all crowded with troops. All the merchantmen waiting to go into the canal were drawn up in two ranks to let us pass, the crews of the English merchantmen cheering as we passed. We went up the canal very slowly, and were much delayed, as there was a beast of a ship in front which kept

getting aground. There was the greatest difficulty in getting on shore. I managed to get the men I had with me on shore before dark the day we arrived. We simply bivouacked along a road with trees there and had our tea—my tea, biscuit, and ration being along with the men's, the cook of the troop bringing me my portion. Soldiers, unfortunately, like their tea and coffee dreadfully sweet. We had rather a disturbed night, as our fiery horses were delighted to get on shore and kicked up a great noise. They are not like English or South African horses, but are dreadfully quarrelsome, and except some few intimate friends are ready to have a fight at a moment's notice. They kept breaking loose and cantering down the line, neighing, screaming, and picking quarrels. At daybreak we marched to our allotted camping place and I got all the troops together again.

My great difficulty, besides rotten bridles, want of picketing gear, etc., was we had no means of carrying rations and ammunition. Other regiments brought out their transport cart and animals from England with them. However, by prowling about the town with the interpreter I managed with great difficulty to secure one cart and an aged, but fat mule, and started off in triumph. We got orders to march with the Household Cavalry at 4 a.m. yesterday, the 24th of August.

ACTION OF MAHUTA.

At 4 a.m. we were in the ranks, and received Sir Garnet a few minutes afterwards, but the Household Cavalry did not turn up until half an hour later. We started, and when we came within reach of where we expected the enemy, the mounted infantry were sent a little ahead, close up to the line of scouts. I pushed ahead with my orderly. After an hour we came upon a party of fifty foot Bedouins in a field. We rode at them and they bolted. I rode after them, calling on them to stop. They would not, so I sent Corbett back for one of my troops. Directly he turned the Bedouins opened fire, but such bad shots are they that they hit neither of us, and I soon had my men galloping at them. We shot two or three and captured thirteen or fourteen. The regular enemy began to show himself about 8 a.m. He was receiving trainloads of troops from Cairo, and by 9 a.m. had

got three or four battalions, a regiment of cavalry, and some Bedouins. There had been some mistake about the infantry marching, and we only had one battalion, the squadron of the Household Cavalry, and ourselves. I was marching on the right of the Household Cavalry, and a greater contrast cannot be imagined in the size of men and horses. I was at 9.30 ordered to engage, and cantered forward half my men to a little slope and opened fire. I soon had in front of me a battalion in fighting line, supported by another half battalion and a good portion of a cavalry regiment. I soon had to dismount all my available men—about thirty—and with these we kept the enemy from advancing, the Household Cavalry guarding our right flank half a mile to the rear. Our shooting was excellent. Once, seven or eight men fired at nine hundred yards and three men fell in the enemy's ranks. We had one horse killed up to 10.30, when I was hit. The bullet was as civil as possible; struck my right leg clear of the knee and went clean through and away, breaking the little bone but not touching the big one. I was much relieved to find I could stand. I mounted and took the troop a little further back. Then I had to go to the rear. I got my first dressing almost at once, but in a cheerful position close to three R.H.A. guns which had been brought up. The enemy had many more guns than we had, and the shells were pitching all round for three hours, when I got put into a cart. This took me two miles to the rear, and then I and three wounded men were shifted into a springless cart. For the next two hours we had a bad time, every jolt shaking us up with a vengeance. At last I took my horse again, and was delighted to meet a stretcher sent out for me a mile from the hospital. After I left we had another officer wounded, and another man and another horse. My men have gained immense kudos, as indeed they should. Their coolness was something to watch, talking to each other, and advising each other about the distance as if at a rifle match. Once a Bedouin came galloping round us to spy out the land. One man took the man and another the horse, and neither got back into their lines again. Everybody has been 'most civil. Sir Garnet stopped the cart and said, "Well, Parr, I am very sorry to lose you for the present. I have been watching your men all day and I never

saw men behave better—they behaved admirably.” The officer commanding the Household Cavalry was enthusiastic regarding the men’s behaviour. I am going on as well as possible. Please address “Hospital, Ismailia,” and register newspapers and books. I have very little pain, but shall be a month on my back. I have not time to read this through.

In a telegram of the 24th the General stated that “The mounted infantry under Captain Parr was handled admirably and distinguished itself.”

The Times also wrote—

“Nor are we to suppose that the mounted infantry were behindhand. Captain Hallam Parr, who has had much to do with the organization of that force, had a better tale to tell of the behaviour of British troops than that which he related after Isandlwana, and his wound, being only in the leg, will, we trust, not incapacitate him long from duty with a branch of the Army to the development of which he has devoted himself.”

August 28, 1882.—Every one has been markedly kind to me. I have just received sudden orders to go home for a fortnight, and am lying in the middle of a huge room while distracted servants are packing their masters’ effects to get on board ship. I am the only one going home; the others are going to Cyprus. It is a blow coming home, and I am heartbroken at having to leave my corps for a while. I have just received a most pleasant note from Sir Garnet, ending “You have done so well that you may be sure always of a warm and cordial reception in any army of which I am in command.”

CHAPTER XI

EGYPT (*continued*)

1882-3. Marseilles—Stage morality—Table d'hôte amenities—Cairo Mounted Police—Command of an Egyptian regiment—On the racecourse—Khedivial review—Racing.

HE arrived home on the 14th of August, the victory of Tel-el-Kebir being just reported. His wound had progressed so well on the voyage that he was allowed to start back for Egypt on the 20th. To this journey belongs the following note written at Marseilles—

I assist nightly at a stuffy theatre to improve my French. The French is good, the intended morality is curious. I heard on Friday a strictly moral piece, and its morality was a curiosity indeed. I dine a little while after the table d'hôte has begun (I always think a table d'hôte to watch is delightful, but to join in is most detestable), and divided my attention between my book and watching the people at dinner, squirming and shying at each other—the English people looking as if they were going to have their pockets picked, and the foreigners as if every one else was going to steal their share of the next dish.

He was mentioned in dispatches published in the *London Gazette* of September 8 and November 2, 1882.

He arrived at Port Said on the 1st of October, and proceeded via Ismailia to Cairo the next day. He found the war over, and the British Government setting itself to

the task of raising a new Egypt out of the ruins of the old one. Sir Archibald Alison was the English Commandant, with a purely British force of about 10,000 men. Lord Dufferin, sent by the Government to formulate a scheme, proposed the raising of a new Egyptian Army of 5,000 to 6,000 men, officered partly by British officers. Of this army Sir Evelyn Wood was, a little later (December), placed in command, with the title of Sirdar. To these forces a mounted police, of a semi-military character, was also added.

To the command of this latter body Captain Parr was immediately appointed.

CAIRO, *October 7, 1882.*—I took over the police yesterday and found the horses in a dreadful state. Picked English troop horses crippled by want of shoeing and proper care. They had no farrier or shoeing smith, and no veterinary had been near them for three days. I had at once a horse parade, and examined every horse and told the men what to do. They were all fine men. The sergeant-major told me they had been given no horse medicines. I went off after this, and got permission to transfer my farrier sergeant and shoeing smith and also trumpeter from the mounted infantry to the military police. I then went round the different departments and arranged for veterinary's work and stores for shoeing-forges, and turned up again at evening stables with medicines that I had begged and bought.

This command developed a few days later into Provost Marshal and Commandant of Mounted and Foot Police. The organizing of this force kept him busy at Cairo for the rest of the year. In December he received a note from Colonel Grenfell¹ that his name was noted for brevet promotion on attaining his step in the regiment—a pleasing finish to an eventful year.

¹ Now Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell, G.C.B., etc.

January 11, 1883.—Received note from Grenfell offering a regiment in Egyptian Army. Was sent for by Wood and went to read conditions. Accepted employment. Pay £750, servants, and forage.

February 1st.—I got news yesterday that the Distinguished Service medal had been granted to Corbett [his servant], which has pleased me very much. It is as rare as the V.C., only it is not given to officers.

March 21st.—There are some more races coming off in April. I have Rufus and Bedouin to run and John Peel. Bedouin we have almost decided not to run on the flat, but to keep for the steeple-chases, as he has shown a great liking for jumping and will make, I think, a hurdle-racer. For the Arab flat races we have taken a little grey Arab called Riverdale, with a reputation for bolting, which I fancy is earned unjustly, from his tailor of a master bullying him. He seemed very anxious when he came on the racecourse, so instead of giving him any more work there at present, I have him off-saddled and put loose into one of the saddling enclosures, so that he can feed and roll and enjoy himself, and take a fancy to the place, instead of being galloped round and round and have his mouth sawed and his sides gored. All our horses, instead of hating the course, are very fond of it. We give them only their fast gallops on it; for all slow work I take them away on the stretches of sand which lie near all the canals, and they come back to be scraped and rubbed down, and then they have the bridle taken off and are allowed to roll in the sand, which they delight in in their different ways. Rufus scratches a big hole with his fore-foot and throws himself down with a thump, as if to break his ribs in, and jumps up and down four or five times; while Bedouin lies down very slowly, and after rolling lies meditating so long that sometimes I have a rug thrown over him lest he should catch cold there.

April 1st.—Yesterday we were received by the Khedive and everything wound up very satisfactorily. At 5.15 the Khedive's escort arrived in their picturesque dress, flowing robes and scimitars, and the Khedive behind in a victoria in plain clothes! His carriages

are beautifully turned out, but I can't say the same for him, with a loose dust-coat, fez, and umbrella ; he looked forty. We English officers were anxious that the Egyptian Brigade, i.e. the Second Brigade, commanded entirely by Egyptian officers, should not beat us. I was told before the parade that the Egyptian officers said we did not drill as well as they do, "*puisque vous autres vous ne tapez pas vos hommes.*" However, our officers looked much better dressed and saluted better, and the men looked and marched quite as well. Of course, they have had a much easier job than we have had, and ought to do mere parade work better.

A great many people came out to see the review, and we had a marquee with tea, claret-cup, etc. Lord Dufferin just came back in time for it. We are all to be formally presented to the Khedive to-morrow. I have just received the brevet of my Egyptian rank, conferring on me the title of "Bey" !

A great deal of work and frequent riding in races made the early part of the year a busy one, in the middle of which the following advice to a sister who had a jibbing horse is characteristic—

I am, however, most vexed to hear of the horse's jibbing, and wish I was at home to handle him. Has his collar been examined ? Is his rein in the cheek ? Try him with a snaffle (ring snaffle) if he has a light mouth. Don't let him be pummelled and hustled by bystanders. A quiet hand on the bridle and punishment from the box is the proper plan if punishment is necessary. I have received the Khedive's Cross and Medjidie. Many thanks for them ; the former is very pretty, except the colour of the ribbon, which is commonplace and stupid.

On Friday last we had another day's scratch racing. I won four races out of six, and also rode a very close finish for third place, winning by a head. I was not running any of our own horses. We have reduced our stable somewhat, and have now only Rufus, John Peel, and a big English horse called "Jim," whom I hate the sight of and never wished to buy, and whom we find some difficulty in getting rid of. He makes, however, a handsome charger. I still ride Charlie, though he now belongs to Humphreys' corps.

CHAPTER XII

EGYPT (*continued*)

1883. The cholera—Khedive visits hospitals—Devotion of English officers—A nervous interpreter—Prison discipline—The first volunteer—Tantah—Raiding a Mudir—A plucky battalion—Jacob.

A SHORT holiday in England in June and July was cut short on the 23rd of July by news of the cholera in Egypt, preceded two days before by a telegram from Pigott, "Do not come out." Arriving at Alexandria on the 8th of August he found "Cholera abating; no excitement." "Cairo, August 9th. Cholera much better; excitement over. Battalion in good order. Very warm reception from Wood."

The following letter (August 10th) gives an interesting glimpse of the Khedive (Tewfik) and of the devotion of the English officers in the cholera crisis—

After getting into uniform I set off to pay my respects to the Khedive. When I sent my name in he sent to say he would receive me. He looked much browner and I thought manlier than when I last saw him. He commenced in English, but I answered in French, as I knew he would speak very little if he had to speak in English. I told him that his visit to the hospitals had attracted great attention, and he said, "J'ai visité tous et les soldats étaient très étonnés—mon entourage avait bien peur, moi non. Quand j'ai sorti on voulait me faire prendre des médecines, etc., mais je n'en voulais rien." In truth, I have heard since he behaved very well, though the "skunks"

who compose his suite were frightened out of their lives. The Egyptian officers of all ranks have behaved infamously, except those belonging to corps commanded by English officers, who have behaved "negatively" well. The Second Brigade is commanded entirely by Egyptians. The General and Colonels endeavoured to go sick and never went near their men, who at the worst were actually almost nursed by English officers!

In the English Brigade of the Egyptian Army there have been hardly any deaths—only one in my battalion. The men attacked with cholera say the English officers were like the "Apostles" towards them. Indeed, the way they behaved makes me proud to be among them. Turner¹ (a Lieutenant belonging to the 53rd Regiment and in the Egyptian Army a Major) nearly lost his life in saving one of his men who was given up. The doctors said he was a dead man. "Oh, humbug," said Turner; "those duffers never know what they are talking about." The man had been crying for water, but would take no medicine. Turner, who is a great, strong gentleman-farmer of a man, sat down on the bed and took the dying man's head in his lap. "Come, old man, you must drink this." The man tasted it, but turned his head away, finding it was not water. "Aye, but you must! Look at me; it isn't bad." Turner put his own lips to the cup and tasted it. The man watched him, and then feebly made an effort to drink. Turner sat on by him, drinking in poison through every pore, but saved the man. He has, however, had a narrow squeak for his own life through his noble recklessness. Another soldier in the second stage of cholera was sick in Grenfell's arms while Grenfell was doing something for him, and he was violently ill for a couple of days. These are not delicate stories, but they show that Englishmen have not deteriorated yet. The cholera is really very much better, and is thought to be passing away. There is much less heard of it here than in England, and much less made of it. The men of the Egyptian Army are all well and jolly, but the English Army is still, I believe, suffering.

I have begun Arabic with Grenfell already. An Egyptian interpreter belonging to the police comes up and teaches us. He always carries disinfectants and is afraid of his life of cholera. We therefore

¹ Captain Chamley Turner, afterwards drowned in the Nile.

compose exercises which drive him out of his wits, and insist on their being translated into purest Arabic. "Will you please help me to bury three dead men?" "This man is turning green." "Sergeant, help this interpreter out of the room. He is to go back to the police office; measure him for his coffin now." In the middle of the lesson Grenfell, with a very grave and sympathetic face: "Effendi! I don't think you are looking quite well. If you fall ill here, who shall we send to?" The Effendi fidgets on his chair and says, "Excellency, pray continue the lesson; the progress we are making is not good."

Sir Evelyn was very civil to me, and said many kind things. On arrival at 4.30 a.m. Cairo, I found Pigott, having waited for me since 3 o'clock a.m. I have some nice rooms in the officers' quarters.

Sunday morning, 7 a.m., August 12, 1883.—All going on well with us. My battalion has been the healthiest of any, and has now fewer men in hospital than at ordinary times. The weather is hot but not oppressive, as there is always a breeze from the desert out here. We hear and know far less of the cholera here than you do.

September 5, CAIRO.—I told you I was organizing the Military Prison for the Egyptian Army. I had rather an amusing proof that the discipline is changing for the better. Hitherto the prisoners have slept away their time and lived as well as soldiers, allowed to be nice and dirty and lazy and received alms of every one. Yesterday, passing a batch of my beauties at work, all dressed in nice prison clothing instead of dirty rags, one man dropped his tool suddenly and rushed at me and seized my stirrup-leather, and then went off into a wailing clamour I could not understand. Instead of the confusion of voices such an event would have raised in the old regime no one spoke (for I had warned the warders—men chosen out of my own battalion—that I wouldn't have them open their lips). I beckoned to a warder and sent the man, who remained clinging to my stirrup, off the works to be placed in a solitary cell, and off he was marched after a despairing gesture. When I saw my own battalion prisoner I had him brought before me. "Before hearing you," I said, "you had no right to speak to me without the chief warder's leave, and did wrong at once. Take care you don't

do it again. Now, tell me what you wanted." "I want you to consider my case—I really can't go on in prison as at present. The living is bad! I get no tobacco! I have hard work. I never see my friends, and as you know" (I, as it happened, was president of his court-martial for striking a corporal and refusing to go on sentry) "I am in prison for a year; does your Excellency think I can exist for a year like this?" I told him he should have thought of this before he had been such a bad soldier, and recommended him to behave well in prison lest worse should befall him.

September 8.—Yesterday a great event occurred. A man asked to be allowed to enlist! Such a thing has never been heard of, and all the officers were much puzzled how to proceed. He was looked upon as a *rara avis*. He was brought up to me and, a free man, actually wanted to join the Egyptian Army. He stood with his hands crossed on his breast and toes together, with a robe of coarse brown and a felt fellah's skull cap, with men whom I had . . . [*remainder lost*].

Meanwhile, the state of affairs in the Sudan had been going rapidly from bad to worse. The whole country was in the hands of the Mahdi and his savage, fanatical followers. Hicks Pasha, with a large army, had been defeated and slain. The defence of the frontiers of Lower Egypt became a pressing matter, and English officers were being sent southward to various important points to set the country in a position to resist an attack which daily appeared more and more imminent. Colonel Hallam Parr's share in this work will appear from the following extracts—

TANTAH, *November 27*, 1883.—I arrived here yesterday in company with Guma (my orderly) and my interpreter—Guma losing his head so completely as to make me long to be able to swear at him in Arabic. As it was, I was obliged to go away from him, or I should have had recourse to personal violence to relieve my feelings. My little interpreter appeared with a modest amount of kit wrapped up in a small pocket-handkerchief. I arrived at Tantah

and went to Mudiriyeh, or Governor's residence and office. I told him my business, and he ordered rations for the men and sent for the Major of gendarmerie, whose men the Egyptian Army are to relieve. I went round the posts and barracks and found everything as bad as it could be, and every one declaring there was no other accommodation than the filthy sties the gendarmerie were in. However, it is no use losing your temper with Orientals; disbelieve everything they say, with a smiling countenance. I had two horses from the mounted gendarmerie, and by riding round and smelling about I began to see what would be best and that it would be necessary to entirely change the idiotic standing arrangements. I gave orders for whitewashing and cleaning and window breaking, and by five o'clock began to see my way. At 6 p.m. I started off—in company with a bad headache, a small boy with a lantern nearly as big as himself, a lame donkey who pecked on to his head if he could find the slightest inequality in the rugged ground, and the usual screeching donkey-man—to look for some dinner at a Greek restaurant, where I dined better than I expected.

December 1, 1883.—This letter has lain by a long time. I finished my work at Tantah, and much to the Mudir's disgust, and regardless of his protestations and those of his assistants, I took away most of his wretched guards. The more he insisted that he couldn't do without his sentries the civiler I became, but the morning I came away I inspected and marched off the relieving duties like an adjutant of a battalion, and saw he didn't get a man more than I had ordered. I got him some police to help him in the prison when I got back to Cairo from Clifford Lloyd. Wood was much pleased, as some of the officers had been bamboozled by the Mudirs, and some are still at the work of arranging the men.

I don't know yet where I am going—great changes are pending. I don't want to be stuck up on the banks of the Nile *en permanence*. I shall know more in a week. Perhaps I shall go and settle my battalion down on the Nile, and then go off on special duty north-eastwards—this is what I hope.

Be careful, my dear L——, about the horse with a cold—don't put your face near his head when he has any discharge. If he snorts or coughs it is dangerous.

CAIRO, *December 2.*—I spent a busy time at Tantah, and Wood was very much pleased at what I did, as some officers allowed the Mudirs to get the better of them and work their men too hard. Some had even to go back again to their posts. On arrival in Cairo I went to the club to get my letters and was asked by everybody I met when I was going to start? I replied that "I wasn't sure yet, but in a few days' time I supposed," and then I repaired to the Sirdar's to ask where it pleased the fates to send us this time. The Sirdar told me I was to go in a few days' time to Assouan, on the southern frontier of Egypt, at the foot of the First Cataract—one of the Roman garrisons in the old days. He was very complimentary, and I was told afterwards that I and my men were specially chosen. This was, however, rather a startler, when I had just settled myself down—stables built and everything. I was not thinking at the time much of that, but of the effect on my young soldiers. I turned out as soon as I could to my battalion. I found to my satisfaction that not only had I not a man absent (every one croaking had said, "Wait till you move your men; you will find them all desert if they think they are going anywhere on service"), but that actually all the battalion, from Adjutant-Major to drummer, thought they were going to the Sudan. I disabused them of this idea, and told them we had been chosen out of the Army to go first from Cairo. The swagger in which the men arrayed themselves after this was good to see. I do not quite know when we are to go, but in about a week's time; the actual destination is not yet known. The aim is to guard the Egyptian frontier.

Plans, however, were changed, and the end of the year found him and his regiment still at Cairo awaiting orders.

From these events to the description of a donkey—even an Egyptian donkey—may seem an abrupt transition, but the following pen-portrait of "Jacob" belongs to this time, and seems worth preserving.

Jacob has quite recovered and sends his respects. You must not picture to yourself the European brown donkey of cringing and degraded aspect and mean trappings. Jacob is quite white and

shaved, and got up within an inch of his life, and looks at you with intelligent welcome when you approach him. He has a thick, muscular neck and shoulder, and carries off his purple trappings with much dignity. Once on his back he starts at a running walk, which would not spill a cup of tea in your hand. You have never to guide him. He picks his own way along the narrow Cairo streets, never touching the passengers on foot and avoiding carriages. Round corners he sails without being guided as you guide a horse—at a rough or slippery piece of road he slackens his pace and picks his way, and resumes his travelling pace when past. Passing or meeting other asses, he gives generally a grunt, which I am afraid he means as a curse to get out of his way. I cannot be sure of this. His long ears are always pricked, and if he hears a donkey proclaiming his wrongs or singing a love-song in the street, he gives a grumbling gurgle, as much as to say, "Heavens, what breeding!"

CHAPTER XIII

EGYPT (*continued*)

1884. Compliments from Sir Evelyn Wood—A considerate canine—Suakin command—Chaos of garrison—Setting things to rights—Derelicts sent home—A Commandant's day—In McNeill's zareeba, and after—Osman—Conflicting orders—Gamooy—A Turkish battalion—Albanian on strike—Qualities of the Turks—No linguist.

Monday, January 20, 1884.—A new departure has taken place with regard to myself. Wood has offered me the command of one of the two regiments of Albanian Turks or of blacks which are about to be raised, and I have accepted.

Monday, 8 p.m.—I have seen Wood, and he was, as he always is to me, very civil and kind. He told me that he intended keeping my battalion open for me, in case the Turks did not turn up, and said he preferred keeping me for work near him—i.e. at Cairo—both for my health and for the public.

On February 5, 1884, a large force, under Colonel Baker, of mixed Egyptian and Turkish soldiery and a few English officers, was defeated at El Teb, near Suakin, on the Red Sea, by Osman Digna, an important adherent of the Mahdi. The victor proceeded to invest Suakin itself, and an English combined naval and military force was sent to that port to clear the neighbourhood of the enemy. On the 8th, Hallam Parr was placed under orders for Suakin to command Turkish cavalry and Sudan infantry.

H.M.S. Carysfort, February 11th.—I was rather nervous about the reception of the dogs—Smoke, Pigott's white fox-terrier, and Mike—but all has gone well. Mike, indeed, took the precaution of being sick on the snowy deck of the steam launch of the captain of the Port at Suez just before he was hoisted on board the *Carysfort*. I much regretted the necessity of this, but could not but acknowledge the time was well chosen, as it required much tact and cringing to ingratiate ourselves on board the already overcrowded *Carysfort*.

Arriving at Suakin on the 16th, he began organizing a mixed force out of material which to a less hopeful and competent commander would have appeared extremely unpromising.

SUAKIN, *February 20, 1884.*—I have a black battalion of 800 men utterly undisciplined under me, and have also formed a carrier corps of 400 men who are working well ; also a bearer corps of blacks to carry wounded. The whole of the troops here were in a demoralized and undisciplined state, and the English gendarmerie officers cannot be said to have managed their men well. In fact, they reminded me of officers of the irregular corps in South Africa. I formed the carrier corps out of the undisciplined gendarmerie. The men were very unwilling to come, and would not obey their officers, talking and shouting. I saw it was no use leaving it to them, and took command myself, and had them quiet in two minutes, sending one man off to my own guard-tent to be tied against the pole till I sent for him. I had my own officers ready for them, and inspected each company separately and explained what they were wanted for—not to fight, but as carriers—and the extra pay they would get, and gave them my word they would not be kept permanently at Suakin. Then everything was over, and the men have been working well and cheerfully ever since. I have hardly time to do much with my black troops ; they are more troublesome and some of them drink. They are improving, however, and they are plucky. I am to take over command of Suakin. This, alas, will prevent my going to Tokar [where a

garrison was to be relieved], as I had hoped so much. It is heart-breaking, but is only the fortune of war. I don't know yet what force I shall have under me here, but it will be about 300 blue-jackets, 10th Hussars, 80 Royal Artillery, 1,000 black, and about 2,000 gendarmerie, including 50 cavalry. They seem to expect we may be attacked, but I fear there is no such luck. . . . The whole place is in abominable disorder—any amount of entrances to the town and lines. There is plenty to do—one day it is a mutiny amongst the blacks; another, the hospital is found at night without any doctor or attendants; another, the prison is discovered in a disgraceful condition, with the galley-slaves drinking coffee with their friends. I hope to get the blacks disarmed the day after to-morrow, shoot the man who stabbed his officer, try five officers by court-martial, and then shift the rest on board ship for Egypt. I found the negroes quiet enough when I went amongst them the other day, but they are expected to be disaffected and are the sweepings of Egypt, and ought never to have been armed. There are all sorts of wretched, broken-down, grey-haired old men the iniquitous Egyptian Government has forgotten and left to spend their lives here as soldiers, in rags and filth. I have got permission to send them all back, and the joy of these wretched creatures when they heard they were to go back to their homes was something to see. The enemy became rather enterprising the other day, so I sent out a patrol to have a shot at them, I being head over ears in office work instead. Directly they came on the enemy, the Arab cavalry fired in the air and galloped away, leaving the naval officer I had sent out and two or three others alone. Since then I have been organizing some Horse Marines—some mounted infantry from the Naval Brigade here. Admiral Hewett has given me leave, and I hope to have them in a day or two fit to take out. It is a little relaxation for me in the midst of the other work. All the gendarmerie officers are working very well for me and giving no trouble, though the European officers of Baker were full of complaints against them. Don't be alarmed about my health. I had been not very well until I came here, and, strange to say, while I was a sort of hanger-on I kept feeling far from well, but the excitement of work and responsibility has made me quite well, and I am feeling as well as possible, which

is an immense boon. At 5 a.m. or 5.45 I come down from camp with my orderly and get some tea and toast, with fresh milk (a precious present I get every morning from the few half-pints in Suakin); then I write till 7.30, get a fresh horse and take the Horse Marines out for a couple of hours, then to office at the camp till 12.30, then breakfast; round the town and visit the Admiral. Office again at 4; at 5, mounted infantry drill till 6.30, then home; bath and dine; sleep from 9 to 10 on my bed; at 10 to camp, to go round the outposts and lines, which takes three hours; then lie down in my tent. I have only taken my boots off at night once—but one sleeps just as well on a stretcher, if you really want sleep, and I never felt better than I do now. The Admiral has given me one of the few decent houses here, and I have a French-speaking broken-down Austrian restaurant-keeper who for the modest sum of £6 per month condescends to cook and rob me. However, I live on this account very fairly, as he is up to all the dodges of his trade.

He was present at the Battle of Tamai and advance to Tamanieb, for which he received two clasps and brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel, and was again mentioned in dispatches.

Here is his experience of the famous zareeba incident under General McNeill—

Saturday, March 15, 1884.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I wired to you yesterday on my return from Cairo that I was safe, wind and limb, and back at Suakin. I got leave to accept some employment in the Transport, and started for the front with a hundred camels (I shall hate the sight of a camel for ever after), and an escort of half a troop of Hussars. We got into the new camp in a strange country after dark safely, though I was rather astonished at it. If we had been in Zululand we should have been chewed up to a certainty. The only incident besides camel-loads tumbling off was a man riding one of the baggage ones jumping off and running to seize my hand, and

pressing it to his forehead, mouth, and breast : "Oh Bey, I did not recognize you at first in those clothes." (I was in khaki, English helmet and a beard.) "You would not take me with you, but I have, you see, followed you." He was the first volunteer who joined the battalion, and he implored me to take him with me when I left Cairo. When I got in and had seen to the unloading of my camels, I was glad to get a pint of cocoa, some bread, and sardines brought me by the English sergeant whom I brought with me from Cairo. A Scotchman named Fergusson (who begged me to take him to the front) prepared for me a roll up in a blanket, and so off to sleep. At a little after midnight the enemy opened a teasing fire on the laager (the force was lying in a square within a thorn fence), and kept it up continuously until nearly light. It was a worrying more a than dangerous fire, but there was plenty of it, and two men killed and two horses, and two men and two horses wounded. It failed, however, to keep me awake, as I was too tired, and soon dropped off to sleep.

Next morning the cavalry started off at about 7 a.m. to feel the enemy, and the infantry followed about 8 a.m. They were soon hotly engaged ; the enemy, following the cavalry who had been fighting, dismounted with great rapidity, swept round the infantry, who formed in two squares, and even swarmed up towards the zareeba, and some of them favoured us with a tolerably heavy fire for a short time. The left square, with General Graham, had the sailors and gatlings. The sailors ran short of ammunition, and the smoke of the gatlings hung like a heavy cloud low down. All of a sudden the enemy, who had been falling—literally hundreds—still charging, jumped out of the smoke on the square ; some one, who I trust got his quietus, at the moment called out "Retire," and the square slowly gave way, the natives stabbing and doing much execution. The men, however, quickly rallied and drove the enemy back again and retook the guns. I took up the reserve ammunition from the zareeba. Of course, one is always on one's worst horse. I had been on him to save the other two, and was just going to change, but my orderly and groom, when the firing had begun, kindly took my other two right away at a gallop for Suakin, and this brute was snorting at the dead and swerving

from the bullets till one could hardly sit upon him. After the ammunition had been served out the advance was recommenced, but the enemy never came on again in masses. The wells, the point of the attack, were reached and captured. I rode over the field, which was so crowded in some parts with dead that you could not pass. The enemy were fallen in heaps, touching each other. We had also a good many men down when the square had wavered, the men stabbed many times. Many of the Mahdi's men were down, distinguishable by little wickerwork caps and white robes ornamented in colours. I came across one little boy of nine or ten shot through the head, and lying within five yards of him an old man of seventy-five. Round one small bush, from which the enemy had rushed out suddenly, there were twenty-four bodies lying one on the other. The killed are put down at two thousand five hundred. Our killed amount to one hundred and one, of whom sixty-one are from the Black Watch. I could not stay long, but had to hurry back eight miles to collect my hundred camels, whose drivers had all bolted, and to bring a convoy of prisoners. Some one had caught my best horse, so I was more comfortably mounted. I had left Rufus safe at Suakin. I sent down my telegram to you by Melton Prior, of the *Illustrated News*. I reached the front again with my convoy at 3.30; by 5 the force marched in, the men very done; they made the great mistake of bringing all our dead into the enclosure; they were all terribly gashed about, and it is always a bad thing for young, or indeed old, soldiers to have their dead along with them. The night passed off without a shot, the wailing of the natives over their dead the only sound.

I went out early to ride round the field. They had taken away very many, but there were still crowds of men left. I sent two of my horses down to water, and my orderly got a shot sent at him and dropped both horses and a baggage mule. The latter has not since been heard of. When I went down to water some few of the enemy were still looking out over it, and were good enough to favour me and the officer who was with me with some attention. Pigott made a prisoner and made me promise to take him to Suakin. He was tied close to where I slept, and made a great deal of noise during the night till I gagged him with my whip-

thong. His name is Osman. I offered him some bread and he nearly bit my hand. His voice is very harsh. To get him to Suakin I had him hoisted on a camel, but he struggled so that I had to untie him and drag him after me. He is now in the stable with Rufus, who does not recognize him as the same species as the elegant Jacob. [N.B.—Jacob is his donkey at Cairo.] He is brown rather than black, and quite young, and no hair, only wool. When I got into Suakin I reported myself to the Admiral, who has received orders to send me to Massowah to report on its barracks and required garrison. This will keep me in these parts until April, I expect. I shall try and have a look at King John [of Abyssinia] while I am about it.

A few days later his destination is again changed.

ON BOARD S.S. "DUMANHOUR," *Thursday, March 20, 1884.*—You will have been surprised at receiving my telegram that I was sailing for Cairo. On Saturday morning a telegram arrived from Egypt signed Nubar¹ and Baring²—"Send Parr to Massowah as soon as convenient." On Monday morning another message from the august duo—"Send Parr at once to Cairo." I accordingly embarked on Tuesday on board this wretched steamer. Admiral Hewett was civil to me on my departure, and told me he was going to apply for me in a fortnight to accompany him to Abyssinia to see to getting Egyptian garrisons out of Abyssinia. I do not know that he will not be able to get some one else, or that I should be allowed to go. Otherwise it would be an interesting job, and an interesting country to see.

April finds him still in Cairo, training a Turkish battalion, whence a letter about the fighting propensities of the dog Gamooy and the taming of a wild young Albanian recruit (of whom we shall hear later) throws a little sidelight on daily details.

¹ Nubar Pasha, Prime Minister.

² Sir Evelyn Baring, afterwards Lord Cromer.

Gamooy sends his compliments to Tyke and Zulu. He has managed to create a deadly enmity in the breasts of all the Cairene dogs who live between this and Abbassiyeh—the number of fights he has are without number, and I confess his bearing and swagger as a stranger are sufficient to annoy any resident dog of any standing. The way he skirmishes round my horse till he gets one of his assailants alone, and then suddenly gets hold of him as his attention is attracted by my abuse or whiplash, is worth seeing. After a tremendous snap and shake he whips out of the way, as the rest of the pack come up, with his tail curled very tight over his back. He does not quarrel with any but street dogs (and was very kind to Mike, who used to tease all day long), being only half-civilized himself. In a strange room he jumps coolly up on a table, chest-of-drawers, etc., so as to be high and out of danger's way. He is not the least obedient, and his patronizing manner to me when he swaggers into the stable yard after absence without leave is almost beyond bearing.

You ask me what I am doing. I am commanding two battalions, one of negroes and one of Turks. The Turks I am getting very fond of, though I have some funny customers, and it is rather maddening beginning over again with a new language. One man, a huge, wild-looking Albanian, who cannot speak any tongue but Albanian, being pushed on parade because he was slow, went to his room after parade, tore off his uniform, put on his rags, stuck a most explosive-looking pistol into his left hand, and sat down in his barrack-room and said if he wasn't allowed to embark for his home that instant he would shoot himself. I sent word he must come and speak to me before either he embarked for Albania or the other world. He was led by one of the Albanian officers by the hand, and followed rather unwillingly. "Now, what is the matter? Tell me all about it." He then entered into a protest. "By and by I shall perhaps learn, but I can't talk Turkish, so why should I be pushed?" "Now, look," I said, "you don't think everything is comfortable in a soldier's life, and you must expect to get difficulties, but I don't want to see my men behave like children. When you want to see your officer or me you can always do so if you ask properly, and I will hear you always. Go now and put on your soldier's clothes, and remember you are a soldier now." He

went away, apparently happy and relieved, but I should think he would stick somebody before long. The men are stern, patient men, very silent, so different from the chattering Egyptian, and with a wonderful idea of duty. A bayonet sentry on the orderly-room, seeing a man running up to the door with a message for me, nearly ran him through without a word, as he had orders not to let any one in.

Monday, April 13th.—My Albanian friend on Saturday, being put into the awkward squad, left the parade in a rage and again arrayed himself in his civilian clothes. This time when I sent for him: "You have behaved like this again, and I won't have my men behave so. I shall not let you keep your pistol, and shall put you in prison till I see what to do with you." His face changed when his very handsome flint pistol was taken away. I put it into a drawer and locked it up and showed him the key. After saying he wanted to go to his country, he went quietly away to a prisoner's cell. Next day I saw him and said I should send him out of barracks, as he was not good enough for a soldier; but to my surprise he entreated to be allowed to stop, and said he would become a good soldier. I am nearly sure he won't, being too wild, but thought I would keep him as an experiment, so told him that if I kept him he must sell his pistol and his civilian clothes, etc., and that I would give him another chance. When the words were translated to him he said he would, and I, then thinking of No. 1, told him that I myself would give him what he wanted for his pistol. He said a pound. I gave him the money and told him not to drink it, and then told him he was pardoned and might go back to his company. He advanced and seized my hand and kissed it, then putting it to his breast, forehead, and top of his head, withdrew. The pistol is very curious. The best of the Turks are big, grave men, with big moustaches as light as Europeans. I have only been amongst them for two or three days, and they watch me very closely. They told the Adjutant-Major, who is a Turk and, I fancy, a respectable man, they were glad I was patient with them and did not touch them on parade, but it was a pity I didn't talk Turkish like the other Bey. In fact, I saw from the first that they must be treated differently from the Egyptian, to whom loud

talking and scolding does good and frightens. These men are impassive, and would rightly despise such behaviour.

October 1884, on board ship.

I have commenced giving Burgess [his servant] Arabic lessons. His grasp of the language as yet is not comprehensive. When I first mooted the question he said, with the air of already possessing one language, "I could ask for water on the French frontier in Canada, sir." (After some moments' cogitation) "It was 'dello' we 'ad to say, sir." After two days he could say what "bring the horse" is, but it is pain and grief to him.

CHAPTER XIV

EGYPT (*continued*)

1885. Commandant at Shellal—The Albanian again—Philæ—A healthy routine—The first volunteer reappears—A deserter's mistake—Advantages of keeping a gaol—"I would be alone"—Christmas in the desert.

EARLY in the year Gordon and Stewart had gone to Khartoum, and their position having become critical, the relief expedition was decided on. Lord Wolseley arrived in Cairo in September and took command. Hallam Parr was appointed Commandant of Shellal, a Nile station a few miles south of Assouan.

My appointment is Commandant of Shellal, about six miles from here, just above the First Cataract. It is an important appointment, as the start of everything after the First Cataract takes place from there. I have a Staff Officer under me—an officer of the 13th, whom I recommended to Wood for employment in the Egyptian Army. I shall end now, as the boat goes to-morrow. I am living on board Grenfell's dahabiyeh, which is very comfortable. Do you remember the Albanian I told you about, who gave so much trouble at first and whom I forgave on his giving me his word he would try and be a good soldier? The officer in charge of the Turks has just told me that he has turned out the best soldier in the corps and is the best shot in it.

That England is not the only country where the voluntary

system of recruiting raises difficulty in families appears from the following incident, recorded about this time—

All the volunteers come to my battalion, which is flattering. Some of their papas and mammas do not like their sons leaving them, as they thereby lose their labour. On going out to parade I sometimes see a black-robed figure crouching by the barrack gate, who as I come up throws up her hood for a moment and hurries towards my horse, kisses the stirrup-iron, and thrusts a crumpled piece of paper into my hand. This contains an elaborate statement "that Ali Mohamed El Mansour (or some such name) is an only and much valued son, that his mother is feeble, that his father is blind, that the Sheikh persists in troubling them now her son is gone, and therefore she prays His Excellency the Bey of 3rd Battalion to do what is necessary and give her her son back." Her son at that moment is probably doing goose-step in the barrack square with his tarboosh [military cap] very much on one side, his only ambition to be advanced from squad drill to rifle exercise and his only thought as to whether he is going to have lentils or beans for breakfast.

November 3, 1884. SHELLAL.—I went over to Philæ yesterday, and came back very sad at the destruction man, but not nature, had caused. The remains are so splendid, it is hard to understand such destruction on the part of any but utter barbarians.

I am much struck by the attitude of the natives towards us, both the people in the bazaars and the villagers and peasants. They seem well disposed and cheerful, and very obliging. The money alone we have brought would not be enough to account for it, as we have brought heaps of money into Alexandria and Cairo and it did not make the people civil to us.

Wednesday morning.—I have not told you very much of how I live here. I am generally the first stirring on board. I am awakened before dawn by the prayer from the minaret near us on shore. I get some tea and start for the shore, twenty yards off; we have a small boat on a tow-line. I find one of my horses

awaiting me, and set off at about 6.30 or 7 for Shellal. I have to thread the bazaar and then mount the hill leading to the Arab cemetery; then the desert is reached and good galloping ground almost all the way alongside the Roman wall until I come in sight of the pillars of Philæ. I stop at work here all day till near sunset, when I start in time to get past a broken and intricate part of the track before it is quite dark.

In a letter of the 12th of November an old acquaintance reappears unexpectedly.

Yesterday an Egyptian soldier ran up to me and bade me welcome. It was the first volunteer known in the Egyptian Army. He had volunteered afterwards to go with me to Suakin, and when I could not take him he volunteered for the Camel Corps. I found him during the Battle of Tamai making his way to the front to see what was going on, and unarmed! He was given a free discharge on return to Cairo, and after going to his village enlisted again, of his own accord, in the Army. I have taken him as my orderly. I am glad to have the Egyptian soldiers again about me; they are so willing and anxious to please, and I never have to complain of any work not being done.

An order to commence a military prison such as he organized at Cairo leads to the subject of desertion, of which there was very little in the Egyptian Army.

Desertion does not pay in Egypt. The soldier leaves his battalion easily enough, and there is no attempt to pursue him. Private Ali Mohamed Abdul Rahman determines to desert, and is much delighted at his easy escape. He journeys by easy stages to his village, paying visits to chance acquaintances *en route* and picturing to himself the warm reception his "sisters and his brothers and his aunts" will give him on arrival. On arrival, however, he is speedily undeceived; a distant cousin probably meets him as she is carrying her jar full of brown sweet water from the Nile to her house, and instead of greeting him as he would wish, reviles him as

the betrayer of his family. Explanations ensue, and he has to present himself without delay to the village Sheikh as a deserter, in order to right himself in his family's estimation, the fact being that on his absence being discovered in his battalion a telegram was sent to his Mudirieh, and then a message from the Mudir to the village Sheikh, to the effect that if the Sheikh did not produce Ali Mohamed Abdul Rahman, No. 756 of the 4th Battalion, 1st Brigade, it would be worse for him (the Sheikh). Ali M. A. R.'s relations were therefore put in durance vile, and cursed the truant soldier heartily and daily for the time which elapsed between his desertion and his arrival at his home.

On the advantages of being keeper of a prison—

My prison is getting on very well and has gained much renown amongst the inhabitants of camp and village of Shellal for its severity—as to its being unaffected by backsheesh. Its maw is open to everybody—now a troublesome ship captain who won't do as the naval officer tells him; now a reis of a dispatch who won't sail when he is told; now a sutler who has been trying to sell liquor to the men—I make them all useful. I have always found, in starting prisons, that the sort of man you want always comes in. Do you want to build a wall? A soldier—a mason by trade—gets drunk, knocks somebody down, and pays you a little visit. Is a shed wanted, or some laths? A carpenter takes it into his head to shake his fist in a sergeant's face, and comes to you to think at leisure on this breach of manners. This rather applies to English soldiers, but here, I was just wondering how the English sergeant of Engineers would communicate with the prisoners on the works when an interpreter was sent to prison for three months. My prisoners got into rags. I was sent some stuff for prison clothing—and behold, a tailor comes in to help me the very next day!

Noon.—I have just come back from a solitary expedition to Philæ—can you imagine how little like a mere tourist I feel? I go over in a boat with a crew singing lustily in the minor key to testify to their joy (?) at taking me. I land there, and the Sheikh of the island has seen me coming and assists me to land, bowing to the ground in a far different manner from that with which he would

receive the mere sightseeing soldier-officer. He prepares to accompany with a chosen band, but in his nearest equivalent in Arabic the Bey says: "I would be alone!" The word is rumoured amongst a dusky throng of all ages: "The Bey would be alone!" All disappear; the Bey is annoyed with no cries of, "Johnny, penny!" nor of "Master, backsheesh!"—he is alone! He strolls patronizingly through the temples, glances condescendingly at the hawk-headed god, and finally sneers at the tablet of the French Army of 1799, who pursued the Mamelukes to the First Cataract, when he thinks of the English Army of 1884, who is going to fight the Mahdi, Inshallah, above the Sixth.

Early in December General Grenfell went on to Halfa, and the friendly party was broken up. Shellal was made a separate station. A house for the Commandant and clothes for the prisoners had to be made: the former partly from materials collected for Khartoum railway station (still over 800 miles from a railway), the latter from sailcloth by the prison tailor, who "gave them masher collars, but allowed stuff in front as if they would be likely to develop *embon-point* on prison fare." The ubiquitous Cook & Son established a refreshment dahabiyeh within fifty yards of the Commandant's tent, with large stern cabin (appropriated by the Commandant), bath-room, and fresh eggs, butter and milk, and Army-and-Navy tea. Shortly before Christmas he wrote—

Grenfell, to my satisfaction, has telegraphed to me that he has been made an offer of the Command of the Egyptian Army, and he adds, "If I accept I count upon you." This pleases me very much; and, as far as the dangers and hardships of war are concerned, I might as well go back to Cairo after the new organization of the Egyptian Army is decided upon, as stay here. I shall never get to the front from here, and there is but little chance of there being any disturbance from the Bishareen. However, as I do not intend to have Rorke's Drift biscuit-boxes to fight behind, I am

putting, on the off-chance of a row, the station in a state of defence, and I only wish somebody would come and try it when it is finished. The weather is most lovely. My house is finished, minaret, chimney, and all.

A Christmas dinner for the English odds and ends of detachments, consisting of turkeys and pudding (provided by the Commandant, as also was the sherry to drink his health in), with a "few words" from himself, closed the year 1884.

CHAPTER XV

EGYPT (*continued*)

1885. A Mahdist—The Bashi-Bazouk—Rats—A happy family—Fall of Khartoum—Monks and Mahdi—The *Spectator*—Testamentary dispositions—A little disturbance—Canadians—The English rule—Medjidieh and Osmanieh—Assouan revisited—A Cairo Jehu—Guard sounds the "Retreat"—A Khedivial remonstrance—A nice little house—Appointed Adjutant-General—Shirkers—At the Council—Parade of Bairam—A dear gazelle—A tragedy—Departure of Camel Corps—The old battalion does well—Arabic a snare.

SHELLAL, ASSOUAN, *January 2, 1885*.—To-day we caught one of the emissaries of the Mahdi in the village nearest to Assouan. He was in possession of a good deal of money, which he had distributed amongst various merchants. He had some letters upon him directing certain people not to fear the enemy, neither their guns, cannon, nor torpedoes!

Last week I had some disbanded Bashi-Bazouks arriving here, who, when I ordered them to remain at Shellal, said that they would do no such thing, but they would go into Assouan to get drink and amuse themselves. However, I sent for them and told them that the first man or men who passed a certain point would be shot, and, as I had already a narrow strip of ground between the mountain and the Nile leading out of the camp held by a picket of cavalry, with an infantry guard ready to assist, they caved in. I telegraphed for an escort to meet them at Assouan, so the brutes were hustled on board the Nile steamer at Assouan on arrival there, without having a spree and turning the town upside down as they

had hoped. I hope we shall have no more of bringing so-called "Turks" here to give trouble.

The rats are becoming most formidable, and I have sent into the village an unlimited order for cats and kittens. I have received a first consignment—a young cat with crop ears who is now sitting on my bed, tied up to a nail by a string. She has had a good breakfast and purrs when I stroke her, but shows every intention to be off to her desert home if she has a chance. I caught a rat on its hind legs looking in at me through the cabin window—such intrusion must be stopped. Yesterday Burgess found my box of biscuits eaten up and a nest made in my waste-paper basket. The noises they make at night are terrific, and one cannot believe they are not demon rats.

Toby has now assumed a more friendly attitude toward the rest of our family. He is still a little dignified and stiff with the pigeon, but allows the kitten to play with his tail and the puppy to greet him in the morning. You can imagine how happy this has made us all, and how thankful we are that we are again a united household.

February 6, 1885.—General Dormer has passed through, having been telegraphed for. Just as he was gone the rumour of the fall of Khartoum has arrived. I trust it will prove false; it is exceedingly serious. To retake such a place! If true, what a Nemesis on this Government for refusing its just responsibilities here! How much more money, bloodshed, and misery will it not involve! It is indeed a gloomy prospect if it is true. We may still hope it is false, as we are expecting efforts will be made to spread false news. Relieving Khartoum and storming Khartoum are very different operations. It is the worst news, if it proves true, that we have had for some years, and it is only on a par with Isandlwana and Maiwand.

Burgess has started a sort of happy family in his tent, consisting of a puppy, a pigeon, and a cat. The puppy catches the cat by the tail, the kitten claws the pigeon, and the pigeon pecks them both. When the kitten is asleep the pigeon sleeps too, cuddling close up to it, occasionally pecking the kitten's head, at which the latter opens its eyes and purrs. The games of romps of the trio are worth seeing.

February 18, 1885.—We have just heard that Gordon felt sure he was being betrayed and wrote his farewell letters. How pathetic the story is!

February 28, 1885.—I have just passed a little Italian monk on to Assouan. He gave me an account of the meeting between the Mahdi and the monks and sisters of the mission at Khartoum when the latter were brought before him under sentence of death. "Will you become Mussulmans?" said the Mahdi. "Will you become a Christian?" said the monks. "No, of course I can't," said the Mahdi, "I am sent by God and am waiting for the coming of the Christ." "Neither can we! We think we are right and we also are waiting for the coming of the Christ. When the Christ comes, let Him judge between us." "Well, so be it," said the Mahdi, and the Mahdi and the nuns are still on these terms.

Did you see the *Spectator's* remarks on the Egyptian Army? How very clever all their articles and notes on the East are! It is one of the few English papers which seem to realize there is a Mahomedan world which lives with its face to the East and doesn't care a fig for what the Westerns think or do except as their actions touch them.

March 14.—[Orders having been received to return to Cairo.] Burgess is much exercised what to do with all his pets, and is cogitating over a sort of will. "Now, I wonder who would be kind to that there vulture, sir" (the vulture being an ill-tempered brute that squawks at everything and bites everybody within reach). "The turkey and the pigeons must go into the pot, but Charley [the tame pigeon] and Kitticums, they'll travel down nice together in a little basket along with Toby, sir, and the goat, he'll do well along with Philæ [my chestnut Arab] when he comes down."

I am sorry to say we had a little disturbance the day before yesterday which may be said to have ended in bloodshed. The dog Driver and Billy, the goat, started for a stroll together, tied together by a cord, as is usual, to prevent them going too far. They had a difference of opinion as to which side of a palm-tree they were to go, and twisted themselves up and got cross at the delay. I think the goat's temper gave way first, and he caught Driver such a prod that

he went up against the palm-tree like a cannon-ball. This was more than any dog could put up with, so without any attempt at arbitration he caught the Billy by the leg: then ensued a battle royal!—bleats and buttings and howls and shrieks, until we all came running out and found Billy with one of his long ears in Driver's mouth, and Driver pressed up against the palm-tree by the goat's horns. Peace was restored, but Driver and Billy won't speak to each other yet.

The Canadians have arrived and gone on to-day. I had quite an affecting parting with one big chap who had been stationed here and to whom I had lent a few newspapers and books. "Good-bye, Colonel, and I thank you, sir, for all what you've done for me. God bless you, sir!" It seemed to me as if an Englishman wouldn't have been so grateful.

As I wanted to have good notice of the steamer's arrival, I rode up the bank, and fell in with a peasant striding away to his riverside village. "Well, how are times now?" "Oh, not bad now! Anyway, not so bad as they used to be." "Used to be? When?" "Oh, about three years ago the times were bad indeed." "Why, what did they do then?" "Do? They asked money! Every day money! And then how we were beaten! Every day men were taken to Assouan to be beaten in chains. Ah! and not men only. They used to beat our women, too—they beat the men on their legs and the women on their hands. Ah! the times were bad, but now we have bread enough and we are left alone, praise to God!" "But tell me why you are left alone now?" "Ah, you know, now they say it is the English rule and beating is not allowed." "Well, here is something to smoke. Inshallah, the bad times will not come again." "Thank you very much, your honour. May God keep you!"

For the foregoing services he received the Egyptian medal and bronze star, the Medjidieh 2nd Class and the Osmanieh 3rd Class.

It will not be inappropriate to insert here the following notes, written many years afterwards for insertion in the "Recollections" when this point should be reached.

ASSOUAN REVISITED.

[It was twenty-six years before I was to see Shellal again. I had come out with a brother-in-law who was very ill. The pure, dry desert air made a different man of him in a fortnight.

The line of mud huts which had been Assouan had disappeared, and a river front of well-built houses, with hotels and an English church (a copy of a Coptic one), had taken their place, while there was a well-designed and unobtrusive hotel in a garden on Elephantine Island.

The starving fellahin, too, had gone, and a cheerful and a sleek people had taken their place, and I saw far fewer sore and diseased eyes, and there was an ophthalmic¹ travelling hospital on the river bank even. The starved and galled donkeys had gone, and were succeeded by a population of cheerful asses with snaffle bridles instead of the cruel Arab bit, and with well-padded saddle. "What lack you, oh brother?" said I to the first one I bestrode, as he turned to sniff and wriggle as I dismounted. "Oh, sir, he wants sugar"—sugar for an Egyptian hack donkey! But I was sorry that I hadn't a lump for him.

One day a launch was sent down for us from the dam. We went up the cataract, which the dam has turned into a peaceful reach of the river instead of being, as of old, troubled waters.

We arrived at the foot of the dam and were oppressed by its magnitude, and mounted flight after flight of steps in silence (65 feet is the difference of level above and below the Assouan Dam).

When we got to the top we began to realize that old Father Nilus, who had tyrannized for so many centuries over the riverian population and over the invaders who might come into the country, had at length indeed been put into a suit of modern clothing.]

¹ Thanks to a practical and generous plan of Sir Ernest Cassel, treatment for the scourge of ophthalmia has been placed within reach of many. Three or four travelling ophthalmic hospitals have been organized, and these travel through certain districts and treat the poor free. The boon to the people is immense, and it must be understood the disease was [blank in MS.] in many villages, and the number of people with bad eyes or faulty vision throughout Egypt was enormous.

About this time he was offered by Lord Grenfell the post of Second in Command and Adjutant-General of the Egyptian Army. Accordingly, leaving Shellal about the 23rd of March, he arrived at Cairo on the 29th, and began his work in the first days of April.

Mohamed, my groom, is also a good chap, and has been with me now getting on for two years. He is as strong as a bullock and is very proud of his running, and makes a great noise in his crimson and gold waistcoat, flowing white sleeves, long stick, and tasselled tarboosh (the Cairene livery which replaces breeches and boots). In a crowded street you have to do your own shouting. "Mind your leg, oh girl! Mind your leg, you chap standing there! To the left, sir! Mind your leg, oh Sheikh!" (After nearly running over somebody) "Are you asleep? By Heaven, I never saw such a stupid old man!" (Then the Sheikh turns on his donkey and pours a torrent of abuse after Mohamed for his cheek.) Mohamed, delighted, goes on his way. "Oh, camel there! To the right! Out of the way, cabby! To the left, you on the ass, and see to your leg."

July 25, 1885.—I believe I am to receive the grade of full colonel at once, if I have not imperilled my promotion by my reckless conduct! I am wiring into everybody, especially the Cairo guards—and in order to show they were awake the guard buglers at Aldin Palace sounded "Retreat" at sunset which had never been done before, although it should always have been done.

This made such a hubbub in the Palace! The Vice-reine thought there was a fire! The Khedive sent off two A.D.C.s for me, and then, as they couldn't find me, they went to Watson, the acting Sirdar, who came breathless to me. What pleased me so was that the captain of the guard, when he was ordered not to sound, said he had received orders from me, and could take no orders from the Palace! If you can imagine what this means in this country—where in the old army a Palace orderly would have ordered about and bullied a captain as he liked. It surprised me!

I have just come back from smoothing down the Khedive. He was almost pathetic: "Voyez, Parr Bey, je ne puis pas supporter des choses pareilles, c'est impossible." "Mais, Monseigneur, je vous



COLONEL PARR, C.M.G.
Adjutant-General of the Egyptian Army, 1884-1888.

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assure que tout qu'on désire c'est de suivre vos ordres sur toutes les choses qui concernent le palais." "Oui ! Mais, Parr Bey, figurez-vous quand on a commencé cette sonnerie la Princesse était même très effrayée et quant aux soldats anglais aux casernes en face ils ont faits des hurras."

I stayed a long time talking about other things. What a man to pretend to govern Egypt !

Yes, the news of the day is that I have found a nice little Turkish house, nearly new. Close to the Ministry of War, and consequently to my office. I find my present house too hot and too high up, and the landlady seems to have much increased her family all of a sudden ; also, I cannot look at my horses without putting on all my clothes and going down two flights of stairs. This house opens with folding doors on to a street planted with sycamore-trees. It is built round a little courtyard and garden. There are plenty of rooms on the ground-floor opening into the courtyard which I can turn into horse-boxes, besides a legitimate stable. There is water turned on, and for a Turkish house it is in fair order. Burgess and I are much excited by the prospect. He was most anxious to buy all the furniture himself, and for the last few days he has been what he calls "pricing" half the cheap, rubbishy furniture in Cairo. "Do you like green curtains, sir, or what colour?" A house furnished by Burgess is now a familiar nightmare with me. (Paper proposed—a girl, donkey, and boy, with armoured soldier looking at them, repeated again and again.) I must go off to parade. We are having a parade to show Sir Evelyn Wood the troops.

July 1st (Diary).—In orders as A.-G.

July 24th.—We are getting on well with our recruiting commission, and the stamp of man we are getting now is very different. I am getting frantic telegrams—

"Mohamed Abdullah, of Girgeh Village, to A.-G. E.A.

"They have taken me for a soldier notwithstanding that I have some small brothers and a spotted cornea ; please tell them to let me go.—June 20th."

Same to same—

"You have not answered my message about my spotted cornea.

I must now tell you that my father has divorced my mother, also, and my small brothers are lazy; this leaves the responsibility of the family on me; my spotted cornea also prevents my being a soldier. Please tell them to let me go.—June 21st.”

September 14th.—I am again *planté* in the Council of Ministers. I have shot my bolt, which is a question of transfer of men from the gendarmerie to the Army, and of pensions; and now I should like to get away.

The Ministers talk Arabic, German, Turkish, English, but the real language is French. I have had a blow-up this morning about their trying to take too many of our men for the gendarmerie, and have told Ministers that if they wish to make us drill sergeants for the gendarmerie, the English officers will say they would prefer to return to their regiments. At this Nubar was, or rather pretended to be, much affected, and burst into broken English, “But, Parr! But, my dear! I pray you——” I am having rather hard work in the matter.

September 20th.—Yesterday was the Great Parade of Bairam. The hour was fixed for 6.30 a.m. I turned up at six to see all was right for the arrival of the troops, and am thankful to say found one battalion on the ground, as I heard the pleasing news that we had been supplied with the wrong time for parading, and that the Khedive was coming out at once. I had just time to deploy the battalion when he came down. He drove off to the mosque quickly, and did not notice we were not ready for him. The rest of the troops arrived during his absence, and when he returned he drove up towards the line and received the salute. I cantered up to the carriage and handed him a “state,” which I think he thought was going to bite him. Then he drove down the line with me at his left wheel. His turn-out is picturesque. An escort of janissaries, coachman, and *valets de pied* in scarlet and gold liveries and high peakless and rimless scarlet caps. All went off very well. There was a levée afterwards. I had to stand by him while the officers of the Army defiled, after which he made me sit down, and expressed himself very much pleased, and went into a good deal of detail as to what pleased him. I think he was really pleased, and

certainly the troops looked very well, and the infantry went by like walls. After the levée I had to go and pay official calls on all the Ministers, and consume a quantity of coffee, cigarettes, and small-talk.

I have been given a pretty little gazelle—very tame and very small, just the right size for my little plot of garden. It wanders about under the trees and looks very picturesque. About Burgess's dinner-time all the animals—the fowls, the monkey, the gazelle, and the kitten, all go and wait under his window for the remains of his dinner; but the monkey grabs, so the gazelle sometimes leaves the table in disgust.

Later.—A sad tragedy has occurred. My pretty little buck is dead, and Jennie, the little doe gazelle, is his murderess. The day before yesterday he became, it appears, rather pressing in his attentions and annoyed her in some way. She gave him a prod and stabbed with her sharp little horns. We carried him away to a quiet place and he died in the night. I am heart-broken. He was the tamest little creature, and you could not frighten him, but he would play with one like a puppy. He licked my hands like a dog as I was trying to do something for him. Jennie, I am glad to say, is very unhappy, and finds the monkey's conversation slow after her late comrade.

December 21st.—I have just come back from seeing the 2nd Camel Corps off. The men went off in high spirits, and shouted out, scolding the women on the bank, who were crying. There is a great change come over the women, who are more what they were at the time of Arabi, it is said. The women who cried were rebuked by their companions: "Wish the men luck! What! Are you crying? We shall soon have them back." Two and a half years ago we could not move a man from Cairo without all the women lamenting with true Oriental despair—wailing, tearing their hair, beating their breasts, throwing dust on their faces and heads.

We are very busy. I can't remember whether I told you of the news of my old battalion beating off 3,000 Soudanese. I received so many congratulations—which was rather pleasing. Wolff¹ said to me, "I have met no one, Colonel Parr, but was pleased at hearing that it was your old battalion which had behaved so well."

¹ Sir H. Drummond Wolff, High Commissioner in Egypt.

I am hammering away at Arabic, but it is harder and harder. I could talk Spanish and Italian well with the practice and study I have expended on it. The writing is amusing, like a game. It looks easy: when you come to try after you have learnt the letters you find that the slightest unintentional touch makes a different word. On receiving visitors I can now accomplish a few preliminary sentences while coffee and cigarettes are going, and can say with the proper guttural the stereotyped answer, "I am well, praise be to God." Burgess and my Egyptian soldier groom are a sight. They stand opposite each other when they want to communicate, and talk very loud Arabic and English into each other's ear with an apparently satisfactory result. It is when one tries to talk decent Arabic and talk correctly that the trouble comes in. I feel like Mark Twain did when he was learning to be a pilot on the Mississippi. I am just beginning really to discover what fearful gibberish I have been talking for the last two years. I have had to give up some of my most favourite sentences, as I find that they are either totally meaningless or mean the wrong thing. All this saddens me rather, and I feel I must learn some bad language in Arabic to relieve my feelings.

CHAPTER XVI

EGYPT (*continued*)

1886. A gracious sovereign—Corfu—Lissa—A Hungarian regiment—Venice—Mediæval Nile maps—Verona—Military *notanda*—Full Colonel and A.D.C.—Telegraphic enigmas—Nubar's appreciation—Progress of Egyptian Army.

ON his departure (in September) for home on leave, he went to see the Khedive, who

was remarkably gracious and wished me good health and a happy time, and said he had ordered his boat to take me to the steamer. He also sent one of his officers of ceremony to the steamer to wish me "bon voyage," all of which in an Oriental country means that you are "bien vu." On this ship no one talks French—only German and Italian. I am rubbing up my Italian by Cook's polyglot dialogues and by the notices on the walls, and flatter myself I get on fairly well.

We stopped at Corfu on Friday—a lovely place—a sort of combination of Gibraltar and Malta with the faults and drawbacks of both left out; no wonder it was a favourite quarter. To-day we passed by Lissa, and the old Scotchman who is the first engineer of this steamer gave me an account of the battle from an Austrian point of view, which certainly is not a flattering one for the Italians. He said the Austrians, with half-broken frigates and half ironclads, were considered at Vienna to be so overmatched that telegraphic orders were sent to ———witch not to fight. But the Italians contemplated a descent upon Lissa, so ———witch (I give all of his name I can remember) steamed out to attack. Persano's

fleet was composed of ironclads and ships of a new type—the officers were, however, new to the ships and to the men, and to Persano.

“What does this fleet of fishing-boats want with us?” said Persano, when he saw the old-fashioned Austrians (manned, none the less, with sturdy Dalmatian seamen) bearing down upon him.

The Austrians knew what they were about and went for the enemy—rammed his ships and so frightened the worthy Persano that he got into a small ship to cut and run! Why he wasn’t shot this historian doth not say. Perhaps because the above is all a lie and the Italians weren’t whipped at all!

At Trieste (September 13th).—I landed to-day, and where do you suppose I went to? When actors get a night off the boards, where do they go to but to hear a play! So did I march off to the nearest barracks, which chanced to be occupied by a Hungarian regiment. What changes have not twenty-one years worked in them! They are fine fellows and well turned out—very plain, but very soldierlike dress; what a difference to the poor Italians, with their pointed boot-toes seemingly of not very good leather, and gloves! Thermometer anything you like!

I talked broken Italian to the Austrian officer on guard, and he showed me their rifle. The little I saw impressed me as most serviceable and warlike. . . . The Austrians have done away with every ornament and are dressed like our troops on service. They have entirely changed their marching and now overdo the swinging of the arm, so that a man seems to swing himself along his left arm.

I went on the same night to Venice and went to Danielli’s, which is gorgeously got up in old Venetian furniture. The change of air has done me a great deal of good. I went out early to San Marco and was enchanted to see it again. How everything one has ever seen palls before its correct splendour and just magnificence.

After snubbing the cicerones fiercely (on account of the cholera there, six cicerones to one tourist) by asking them if the Piazza had ceased to be now a free place, I went alone into the church, and sat awhile watching the various people dropping in and really using the church. Here a pretty grisette on her way to her work, hiding her

face with her fan while she said her prayer ; there a sailor in his shirt, a soldier on a day's outing, and a rheumatic old woman. There was a High Mass going on, the installation of a new dean or canon (I don't know the term to use), and I went into the choir (?) and sat me down between an old man and a youth in his shirt-sleeves. The people were mostly poor, but more men than women ! The service was gorgeous. All the priests or bishops in the stalls in purple, the officiating priests in scarlet. The organ is beautifully sweet, but I never heard anything so abominable as the performance of the organist. It was not that he was playing very light music, but he rattled through what he played with the most complete disregard for tune and expression, so that a huge musical-box overwound was irresistibly brought to one's mind. They have done a great deal for San Marco and the Palace, and are working away still. I went on to the Ducal Palace and spent a long time over those most curious maps. The Nile was particularly curious in a map of 1450 *circa*, with two lakes correctly placed. Then I went off to breakfast. Then to the Accademia, Santa Maria della Salute, San Giorgio, then a walk through in the city, and then to the train.

September 16, 1886 (Diary).—Verona.

6 a.m. . . . to Artillery barracks, seventh century. Krupps, iron carriages. Men sleeping very close. No roof ventilation, but plenty of windows—rooms well arranged. Room corporal called "Attente" when officer entered and "Disposo" when he had passed. Swords very handy. . . . Wheel horses, Hanoverians at 1,300 to 1,400 fr. Officers go in for enormous "English" (?) horses. Went into infantry guard-room and talked with men. . . . Bayonets unfixed on guard, except sentry, who has his rifle slung. In cowskin pack two days' iron ration and two days' Galetta biscuit. Iron ration is soup. . . . Saw artillery train returning. . . . Saw two companies infantry drilling. Drill by section, fifteen files a section, sixty per company. Saw some young soldiers coming back with packs on ; packs evidently half empty. *Tente d'abri* always carried. Three men to a tent.

October 25th (Diary).—Very well received at Horse Guards.

After a short stay in England he returned to Egypt, arriving there on the 3rd of November. At the end of the month his long and distinguished services received their appropriate reward in a full colonelcy in the English Army and appointment as Aide-de-Camp to the Queen. The letter in which he records the event is characteristic in various ways, and calls for full quotation.

November 26, 1886.—Yesterday afternoon I was riding along in one of the Cairo streets, going to leave cards on the Barings, where I had dined the night before, and was doing no harm to anybody, when a telegraph messenger passed me on a donkey and then, as he recognized me, threw himself off and brought me a telegram.

Seeing it was from England I thought it was from some English officer asking for an extension of leave, and had already refused him in advance. But the telegram was: "London. Parr, Cairo. Full Colonel and Aide. Congratulations"! I was never more surprised in my life. I turned my horse round and went to Grenfell's. My view was they had left out some words, such as "tell Blank," etc., and that the honours were none of mine. Grenfell could not explain it. There was no officer exactly in my position who could be promoted to full Colonel, so I wired to you, oh ye silent ones! and got the very curt answer, "Gazetted yesterday." But how or to what?—I expected nothing! Why did you not spend a word or two more and tell me what I was gazetted to?

I suppose the first telegram came from Littleton. He first announced to me my C.M.G. and also my brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel. If, as I hope by the telegram, I am really made A.D.C. to the Queen, it is a piece of good luck which takes my breath away, and I cannot understand how it has been done. I got nothing for the Nile Expedition, and Grenfell said that they had thought I "nearly" got a brevet, but though I have had some hard work since, it was not in war-time. Altogether I am much puzzled. I know Sir H. Wolff has written about me, but I did not expect anything, and certainly not such a compliment as being a Queen's A.D.C. The luck is that they are going to abolish the regulation which gives every Lieutenant-Colonel serving on the Staff promotion

after four years. I was counting on getting my promotion thus. I have telegraphed to Littleton to ask him to explain his first message, as I do not feel at all sure there is not some mistake and that I have got my brevet only without the A.D.C.-ship.

Friday night.—Many thanks for your telegram announcing that after all it is true, and that they have made me a Queen's A.D.C. ; it is a wonderful stroke of luck. I shall have some gorgeous clothing to get when I come home. When one comes on to the paid establishment of Queen's A.D.C. you get £200 a year. Burgess [his servant] thought I was going to pack up at once and be off to the Queen.

Extract from an official note, dated December 2, 1886, requesting the Egyptian War Office to send a superior officer to give explanations on a delicate subject to the Council of Ministers—

His Excellency Nubar Pasha directs me to ask you to send General Parr Pasha, who is very capable and very conciliatory.

As showing the amazing progress made by the Egyptian Army since 1882, the following extracts from a dispatch dated January 17, 1886, written by Hallam Parr to Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, and afterwards presented to Parliament, will be interesting—

I have received many details regarding the late fighting on the frontier, and although I, in common with all the English officers of the Egyptian Army, have held it proved by the good behaviour of the Egyptian cavalry at Suakin, the battery of Egyptian artillery at Abu Klea, and Egyptian Camel Corps and battery at Kirbeka, that our men would fight, and fight well, on the defensive, I confess myself taken aback by the dash and taste for fighting shown by our men at the actions of Magraket and Guinniss.

I attach an extract from a private letter from the Military Secretary to Major-General Grenfell, and also a report from an officer

(Major Besant) who commanded the detachment of the 3rd Battalion Egyptian Army, who charged the dervishes at Guinniss in the open, unsupported by English troops, and drove a superior number back with the bayonet.

The report is written by the officer who commanded the same battalion at the defence of Magraket, which (your Excellency will remember) was held on December 12, 1885, by 300 Egyptian soldiers against over 4,000 of the enemy. The telegraphic reports of this action were meagre, and read as if this was a merely defensive action behind an entrenchment; this, however, was not the case. On the appearance of the enemy Major Besant called for volunteers to go out to meet him, and his whole force, officers and men, stepped out of the ranks. He selected a certain proportion, with which he advanced to meet the enemy, and hotly engaged him, gradually retiring before his superior numbers until he regained the fort.

When my battalion had only been formed a year, on the news of General Baker's disaster in February 1884, when going to the Sudan was looked on as going to certain death, I called for six volunteers to go with me to Suakin as drill instructors. I had one hundred and fifty volunteers as soon as it was made known that I and the English Major of my battalion were going, and I could have taken my whole battalion had it been so required.

The men go regularly back to their villages on leave with money in their pockets, well fed and well clothed, and tell many stories of the English officers to their people. "When a soldier of the old army used to come back to his village," said a soldier the other day to his English commanding officer, "he used to sneak back like a dog, glad if our Sheikh did not strike him. When I come back the Sheikh asks me in to have coffee, and begs me to tell him the news."

The change in bearing of recruits is no less remarkable. In the first place, the well-to-do class of peasant and small tradesman has been tapped by a just and fair system of ballot, nor do the men any longer dread the recruiting ticket like a sentence of death. Only a few days ago, at Abbassieh, I came upon, seated on a little hillock, a party of peasants talking and smoking, watching a battalion at drill. "What are you doing here?" said I. "Oh, we are some of the new soldiers, and we are watching the soldiers there." "I suppose it is a bad time for you, leaving your villages?" "Well,

some of us are sorry ; but, after all, we must take our turn, and the soldiers here all seem very happy." To any one who remembers the first recruits of the Egyptian Army, driven up in chains by police and followed by a screaming, weeping crowd, this is a change indeed.

No less remarkable was the behaviour of the women and relations of the soldiers when the last regiment left for the front. Instead of the women throwing themselves into all the frenzy of Oriental grief, only a few were silently weeping, and these were abused by their companions. " Wish the men God-speed. They must go to fight ; they'll be back soon."

CHAPTER XVII

EGYPT (*continued*)

1886. Indecision of Government—Retrenchment—Lord Rosebery—A son of the desert—A black mutiny—Egyptians at Sarras—German Army manœuvres—Dragoon horses—French manœuvres—A kind host—"Voici les Anglais"—Château d'Oiron—*Voyage de luxe*—Back at Cairo—Deplorable military situation.

THE end of 1886 and the beginning of 1887 were a somewhat trying experience for those responsible for the government of Egypt. The British Government, fearing international complications, was constantly shifting its ground, and even went the length, early in 1887, of withdrawing all financial aid. On this, drastic economies were enforced all round and the Army Vote suffered heavy reductions. Considering that the Sudan rebellion was increasing and attacks in the course of the year came as near as Wady Halfa itself, this naturally gave much work and anxiety to the Sirdar and to the Adjutant-General, but it is not reflected in the latter's private correspondence, except in the following few isolated notes—

[*Date missing.*] We are in an extraordinary state here, and have been entirely upset by Mr. Goschen's refusal to have any responsibility for the expenses of our Army. What the result will be it is hard to say. Things looked very black at the beginning of the week, but now are a little brighter. I have proposed a plan

of sending away one-third of the men to their homes on unpaid furlough for six months. Perhaps by then things will look brighter or there may be a war. The coming of Lord Rosebery has been the event of the week. I had not met him since I fagged for him at Eton, and I was much disgusted at seeing how much better he had worn than I had. The Khedive gave a dinner in his honour and Lady Rosebery's.

I was bidden to the feast. The Khedive has always the same little speech in public for me in his rather bad French. "Comment allez-vous? Je vois avec plaisir, Parr Pasha, que votre santé va beaucoup mieux."

March 29, 1887.—I have at last found another Arab. He is a very blood-like horse, and I should have said very gentle, but he has just nipped me in the small of the back for taking liberties with him. He is a regular desert Arab, and still footsore from his thirty-five days' march from Syria. He is much astonished at being free in a great loose shed I have, and sleeps a great deal by day. If he sees me near him when he is dozing he wakes up with a start and gives a loud and cheerful neigh of recognition.

His tail and mane are very fine, his ears long and tapering, his eyes large and very watchful; his tail is high in the air when he is moving, but standing still it rests on the ground. Unlike many Arabs, he is a beautiful and delicate walker.

April 3, 1887.—My Arab is turning out a beauty—a regular clipper. He has recovered from the bruises and ill usage he received on his voyage. The expression of his eyes has quite changed. His poor mouth and tongue (so cruelly cut and torn by the Arab bit) have healed up. The first time I moved him into a canter he was so nervous about his mouth (being accustomed to be jerked into a canter) that he flung his head in my face and nearly crossed his legs and went head over heels. Now to-day I took him down to the racecourse and he swept along like an English thoroughbred. A lot of natives and Pashas were there, and they came up to me and made pleasing comments on my new possession. I brought him home, and he had to undergo the ceremony of being washed from head to foot, during which I am sorry to say he behaved like

a spoilt child; at one time he threw himself on the ground, and it required a great deal of sugar and coaxing to overcome his disgust at this new experience of civilization.

We don't want to recruit Turks or anybody except fellahin, now they have shown they can use the bayonet. They are the cheapest, most obedient, contented, most cheerful soldiers possible.

A detachment of blacks (from Kassala) came back in a state of mutiny last week, and I suppose intended to play the same game they did two years ago. However, it was my hand in this time. I ordered them to parade, having ordered a troop of cavalry to be concealed out of their sight. I called the sergeants to the front and gave them the order, which they began to talk about instead of obeying. So six Egyptian troopers came up at a trot—whisked off the mutineers to a court-martial which I had ready sitting. The rank and file were given ten minutes to collect their baggage from their camp, and were then marched down to hear the sentence on the three most mutinous. The last got fifty lashes apiece and three months' imprisonment and hard labour within an hour and a half of the time they had disobeyed orders. The remainder have been as good as gold ever since, and the plague was stayed.

On the 28th of April the Egyptian Army gave proof of its improved training in repelling, without any admixture of European troops, an attack by the rebels at Sarras—a frontier station.

The event was the subject of a special order as follows—

WAR OFFICE, CAIRO, *April 30, 1887.*

Special Army Order.

No. 685. The Sirdar has much pleasure in announcing the successful result of an action between H.H.'s troops, and the rebels at Sarras on the 28th instant.

El Miralai Chermside Bey received news at noon on the 27th instant that seven or eight hundred rebels under Nour el Kanzy had occupied Sarras, with outposts at Gamai; Chermside Bey with Rundle Bey¹ marched from Halfa about sundown with 2nd Squadron

¹ Now General Sir H. M. Leslie Rundle, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., D.S.O.

Egyptian Cavalry, two guns 1st Camel Battery, Camel Corps, and Irregulars. Sarras was occupied by daybreak on the 28th, and was held under hot fire from enemy by the above force, till supported an hour later by three hundred of the 9th Battalion. The rebels occupied a very strong position, which was carried by the 9th Battalion most gallantly in hand-to-hand fight. The rebels fought stubbornly, and charging, checked first line of attack. The position was carried by 7.45 a.m., the Irregulars also storming Stone Block House, which the 1st Camel Battery breached at three hundred and forty yards. The rebels left over one hundred and fifty dead, including Nour el Kanzy ; ten standards, arms, camp, ammunition, and correspondence were taken. The mounted corps killed forty in pursuit.

[Casualties follow : 13 killed, 28 wounded, 4 missing.]

The enemy, completely defeated, fled in the utmost confusion.

All wounded are doing well, and will, it is hoped, be safely in Halfa Hospital to-day.

By Order,

HENRY HALLAM PARR,

Adjt.-General.

In the autumn Colonel Parr had the double honour of being selected to attend both the French and German Army manœuvres. The latter came first, and on arrival at Coblentz he wrote on the 16th of August—

I left my letter of introduction upon von Loë yesterday, and was most charmingly received : “ Mon cher Colonel, je suis enchanté de faire votre connaissance. Qu'est ce que vous désirez voir ? Je suis tout à fait à votre disposition. Demain nous essayons le nouveau fusil—Samedi je vais à Saarbruck pour inspecter deux regiments de cavalerie. Chaque jour vous pouvez voir quelque chose, et mes chevaux sont à vous.” Think of a picture collector being allowed to take his pick of the treasures in the National Gallery, of H— being told that Rubenstein and his band should play for her whenever she liked ; think—well, anyhow I could only exclaim : “ Mais, Excella-a-nce, vous me comblez ! ” I have been out all the morning with the General (who is perfectly charming), seeing a battalion practise

the attack with the new magazine rifle. The General mounted me delightfully, and it was a most enjoyable morning and I have learnt a great deal. I am writing a report.

What was delightful this morning was the way after the affair all the officers were assembled and the Colonel blew them all up and smoothed them all down before the Brigadier and the Army Corps Commander. Then the Brigadier did the same, and wiggled the Colonel and the Battalion-Chef and the rest. Then thirdly and lastly the General spoke and criticized them all—the Brigadier, the Colonel, the Battalion-Chef, and the rest.

Yesterday we went off to Bingen to see the Niederwald.

The war monument is splendid, and strikes immensely the imagination, posted as it is overlooking the Rhine valley where it opens out, high up on the hills. The view and panorama are very fine. We dined in the open air and returned full of good things, morally and physically.

SAARBRUCKEN, *August 19, 1887.*—When we arrived, the officers commanding the corps in garrison were at the hotel to receive the General. The uniforms were very gorgeous and varied. I was introduced to them, but few talk English and not many French. The Cavalry Staff Officer with the General is a fine good fellow called von Braun, who talks excellent English. To-night I have been invited to dine with the General; thirty officers of the German Headquarter Staff from Berlin are to be present.

Before leaving he witnessed a large cavalry review and visited the field of Spicheren—

where the Grand General Staff of Berlin were holding a conference. There were some well-known men there. There were about thirty officers, who were making a sort of tour of the frontier under General Count Waldersee, the great Von Moltke's assistant and successor. It was very interesting seeing the battlefield with men who had been in the action.

They talk of nothing else but about the war.¹

¹ At that time a European war was very generally believed to be imminent.

At the dinner on Friday I sat next to Count Waldersee, who presided, being formally introduced before sitting down to the officers collectively by the old General. "Meine Herren, I wish to introduce to you Herr Oberst Parr, Colonel in the English Army and second in command of the Egyptian Army." Then they all clinked their heels and bowed to me from all parts of the table and compass, and I clinked my heels and distributed various bows in different directions.

My trip has well repaid me. I went through the barracks and stables of a squadron of the Dragoons and picked up a great deal about them. Their horses are worse horses, worse fed, worse groomed, and worse equipped, but they are better broken a long way, and consequently they rally after a charge twice as fast as our men do. I was yesterday in between the two regiments charging, and the halt didn't sound until the lines were between about twenty horses' lengths apart, and not a horse broke away.

The French manœuvres were in September, and his chief was General Sir A. G. Montgomery-Moore. On arrival in Paris they were put up at the Cercle Militaire, Place de l'Opéra, whence he wrote on September 11th—

September 11th.—We were very hungry. The General had had no luncheon and no servant, and we took a long time getting away from the Gare du Nord. However, every one was anxious to please, and we found dinner laid out in a little saloon, so that after an excellent consommé and a delicious glass of *Bordeaux fin*—soft and silky—things began to brighten, and by the time *soles frites*, *filet à la Portugais* and *perdraux* had been discussed, with more of the silky claret, I ventured in a short speech to drink the health of the Mission Anglaise, and we all confessed to each other how down on our luck we had been, and what good fellows we were to conceal it so well. After which we sallied out *en touriste*, I acting as *cicerone*, and I trust I permitted my elders to enter into no mischief—at any rate we were in bed by a quarter to one.

September 13th.—Yesterday we turned out in full dress to call on the Minister of War—such a collection of uniforms ! Ours were the neatest, I think, but the gorgeousness of some of the South American Republics was amazing—also a Spanish Lancer with a corporation like — was not bad. We were arranged in alphabetical order. At length “Le Général Moore et les Officiers de la Mission Anglaise” was bawled in the sing-song French drawl by a *huissier*. In we went. M. Ferron is a little bureau-dried Frenchman, untidy and withered up, and commenced smoothly and smilingly, “Ah, Général, je suis charmé de faire votre connaissance. Vous avez servi aux Turks, n’est ce pas, avec un général renommé Sir Roberts,” etc.

We were tremendously stared at, but it didn’t much matter, as only the Bolivians and (I think) the Roumanians travelled in uniform. I am in the middle of a regular provincial French family—Monsieur M——, no less a person than the Juge d’Instruction. I have been billeted upon them. The old Juge (whom I was nearly taking for a sort of an upper servant) met me at the door and showed me up into a mouldy-smelling bedroom, very well furnished and with plenty of lovely artificial flowers and a large gilt clock, which latter threw me for a moment into a cold perspiration, being half an hour too fast. Madame came in half an hour afterwards, and in due course her daughter, her sister, her mother, and her brother-in-law all occurred “promiscuous-like” to have a look at the “Colonel Anglais.” They were very civil, kind, friendly people. They came out when I came back from dinner and said quite simply, “Laissez-nous vous regarder, Colonel, vous nous croyez bien enfants ; mais quel costume splendide !” etc., etc. We had had to be in full dress because of the Japanese Prince. Loudun is a little half-dead French town, set agog by the foreign officers, and coming from our billets (we English are close together) we kept hearing, “Maman, vite, voici les Anglais,” “Mais viens donc, Jacques, voir les officiers anglais.” We go off at 6.30 a.m. to-morrow. I have received no letters yet. I have a little French orderly of a year’s service called Paratou. He is a gentle, willing little chap. I hope the nasty Germans will not hurt him. I’m sure he doesn’t want to hurt them. I have been making friends with him, but haven’t got much out of him except “Oui, mon Colonel,”

"Non, mon Colonel," "Si mon Colonel désire," and now to my fluffy bed. Good night. "Et qu'est ce que vous prenez le matin, Colonel? du thé, n'est ce pas? et pour l'eau, je sais les Anglais ont besoin de beaucoup de l'eau, vous en demanderez, n'est ce pas? J'ai mis deux couvertures sur votre lit, mais peut-être vous voulez du feu. Pardonnez-moi, Colonel, de vous troubler avec tous ces détails, mais puisque votre domestique ne parle pas français." Could anything be kinder?

September 15th.—I started at 6.30 this morning, having been provided with most excellent coffee by Madame M—. I shall not bore you with an account of the day's work. . . . I have just come up from the parlour, where I went to talk to Madame M—, who had a parlourful with her—and we had an animated conversation, all talking together—I think it is ripping. I talk quite boldly, and plunge in at the top of my voice, reckless of genders or tenses, but it is a come-down if one is suddenly "left speaking"; just as one has rapped out a thundering mistake. We had a rendezvous for breakfast at the Château d'Oiron, built in the time of Diane de Poitiers, with all the accessories of a first-class castle. It was very interesting going over it. We were met by crowds everywhere. An Austrian major and the Peruvian Naval Attaché came to grief to-day, and H.I.H. the Prince of Japan has rubbed a bit of skin off his royal leg and can't come to dinner. I must be off there now. We go to Saumur to-morrow and to Montreuil Saturday; the Parade d'Honneur is Sunday, and we return to Paris Sunday night. The Minister of War gives a banquet Monday, and I hope to get to London Tuesday and Moors Wednesday.

He returned to Egypt in October, taking ship at Genoa in a boat named *Preussen* (apparently a German line), whence the following letter from off Genoa—

Twelve hours off Genoa. October 3, 1887.—The *Preussen* is the best ship I have ever been in; the cooking is excellent. We are only twenty-five first-class passengers, and there is no crush and no bother. The electric light in the cabins is delightfully light and bright, instead of being half lit up. We have, if you please, a string

band playing during dinner, bass-viol, clarionet, one tenor and two violins, who play very fairly. I am seated next an extraordinary little lady, pretty, very small, very young, rather Chinese-looking, who is on her way round the world, having just left school. We began talking in French, but changed into English, as she is more English than anything else. She is from a school at Wiesbaden, devoted to Wagner—and offered to lend me a French novel which would make your hair stand on end!

The rest of the passengers may be called “second chop.” The men wear their caps in the saloon and the women look as if they didn’t know there were any baths on board. I regret to say there is an amateur male singer who rejoices in an untrue rasping baritone which he employs with great boldness.

Tuesday, October 4th.—The last new luxury is having the electric light under your own control in your cabin—no hunting for matches and having a visit from the quartermaster to make you put your light out. You can sleep in the blaze of light all night if you like.

I am glad that there is one musician on board in the shape of the German Consul at Colombo, who is playing delightfully at the present moment.

Arrived at Cairo, he was much impressed with the unsatisfactory nature of the general situation, and wrote on the 29th of October—

Just two years ago the behaviour of our men in action, their discipline in camp and quarters, etc., gave considerable satisfaction to Grenfell and the English officers with him. We were content because we thought we were beginning to see the results of our work; the Egyptian officers were content—they had begun to understand us, and promotion for them was rapid, as we were sending about their business all the useless men; the men were content, as the pay and food were unmatched and they had got into the way of soldiering. Since that time—two years ago (that is, after Guinniss¹)—it is not an exaggeration to say that hardly a month has passed

¹ The action described *ante*, p. 222.

without an attack of some sort being made upon the Army. Our men have been taken from us in large numbers, notwithstanding Grenfell's protests (and mine, when I was acting for him) that it was unsafe for the frontier and ruin to the efficiency of the Army. It was pointed out again and again that the more the English Army was reduced the more necessary it was that the native Army should be efficient, and that the frontier was very far from pacified. All this was to no purpose. The English troops were withdrawn, the Egyptian Army was reduced in numbers, and, worse than all, our men were handed over to the police and we were forced to take recruits in large numbers. This transfer of our trained men to the police has gone on gaily during the past year, in spite of all the Sirdar could do or say, although the action at Sarras in January 1887¹ showed that the enemy had always their annual descent on the frontier in their intentions. Now four thousand are reported within a few hours of Halfa. The Halfa garrison is too weak to attack them, and when they find out that the Halfa garrison does not attack them, they may possibly pass Halfa with part of their force and strike the river a little south of Korosko. They, of course, may not come on at all, and even if they do advance will do so probably very slowly. But if they show any decision or any decided plan, we ought to form a field force at Assouan, ready to reinforce Halfa or act from Assouan. We have been so picked to pieces that we shall be rather put to it to find men.

¹ See pp. 226, 227.

CHAPTER XVIII

EGYPT (*concluded*)

1888. Change of employment—A zoological garden—A case for eviction—Retirement from Egyptian Army—General regret—Special Army Order recounting services—Letters from Horse Guards, Lord Salisbury, Lord Wolseley, Lord Grenfell, Military Secretary, Nubar Pasha, Minister of War, Major Wingate, and others—Dinner at Shepherd's—A hearty send-off—Native opinion—Constantinople—Anecdotes of Von Moltke and of Emperor Nicholas—On a Turkish farm—A Sultan's books and bric-à-brac—Bulgarian scenario—A persistent songster—Sofia—Military notes for European strategy.

TOWARDS the end of the year 1887 Colonel Parr's continued attacks of ill health, which would long before have broken the resolution of a less determined man, caused him to think very seriously of giving up Egypt and returning to regimental work ; but nothing definite was settled till January.

January 18th (Diary).—Spoke to Grenfell about leaving Egyptian Army.

January 15th.—My Arab has his shoes off and spends the day eating Berseem (clover) in the little garden, or what was a garden. I have put up a bar for him to jump over. He has learned to jump very nicely, and gives a snort and twist of his quarters when over, and turns sharp round for a piece of sugar. The other animals are rather put out, and get rather muddled up in their endeavours to keep out of the horse's way, and the monkey sits on the roof and screams down curses indiscriminately. Talking of horses, I cannot

believe that it is intended to put poor old Khyber out to grass in the winter; at any time it would be a bad thing, but in the middle of winter! I cannot imagine anything so cruel, and I cannot believe it until I have found F——'s letter again. I should much prefer him shot, though I am much against over-coddling horses. F—— says in her letter: "The vet. says it would do Khyber no harm to turn him out." When? Not in the depth of winter! Imagine a horse accustomed all his life to the warmth of a stable, with plenty of clothing, turned out in his old age. It is not said whether he is actually to pick up his own living. I should much prefer to hear of Madge being turned out, who is young and vigorous. If an old horse like Khyber is allowed to lose his condition it will be a long time before he regains it. With rest and a carefully applied blister, and good food and warmth to keep up his condition, Khyber will do well for some time longer. He should be well blistered all round, i.e. all four legs—two legs one week and two legs next—his shoes taken off, and left in the biggest of the loose boxes; 6 lb. corn, 2 buckets of bran, and 8 lb. of hay and a good straw bed—and green food when it can be got. But he must be kept warm or you must give him more to eat. If you put twenty horses together picketed out, and put blankets on ten and leave the others without and feed them the same, if the twenty horses start fair and are equally healthy, in a week you will find that the blanketed horses are fatter than the unblanketed ones. This I have often seen; so, my dear F——, don't take the advice of country vets., but follow the dictates of your kind heart and common sense, which will tell you that it is not fair to turn an old servant who has lived an artificial existence "out into the cold."

January 27th (Diary).—Proposed to myself to leave April 1st for Constantinople, Adrianople, Odessa, April 21st; up Danube to Vienna, May 7th; Galician frontier, Berlin, June 1st; Coblenz, Paris, England, June 21st, or 14th—provided no war.

February 26th.—I am sorry to say that I have had another attack of *dinguey*¹ fever—only a slight one—which has laid me by for three

¹ Dinguey fever is really a form of the "fluë." The French call it *la dengue*.

or four days. I am going out to-day. I shall be leaving Egypt early in April, but have not yet decided on my future movements. Every one has been most civil as to my leaving, commencing with the Khedive, who made me speeches which were so handsome that I had nothing to say in return. Nubar Pasha and Sir E. Baring have both been excessively complimentary. The officers are proposing to present me with something or another. I can't find out what it is; I believe a sword of honour. But I am trying to get Grenfell to stop it, as it is not allowed to accept presents or testimonials, and it would be a bad precedent.

The following official documents and private letters on the subject of his departure from Egypt indicate the distinguished quality of his services and the appreciation which they received in the highest quarters, as well as from those among whom his work had been actually carried on.

WAR OFFICE, CAIRO, *April 3, 1888.*

Special Army Orders.

No. 260. Leave of absence on private affairs has been granted to El Lewa Parr Pacha, C.M.G., A.D.C., A.-G., Egyptian Army, from 6th April 1888 to 19th June 1888 pending retirement from His Highness' service.

No. 261. In announcing to the Army the resignation of Parr Pacha, after five years' service in the Egyptian Army, the Sirdar expresses his deep thanks to Parr Pacha for the untiring energy and unselfish devotion to duty which have resulted in the steady progress of efficiency in the Egyptian Army during the time he has held the position of Adjutant-General and Second in Command of the Army.

While maintaining strict discipline, Parr Pacha has devoted himself to the improvement in the position of the officers and men of the Army.

The organization of headquarters,

The improvement in the position of Disponibilité officers,

The Military Pension Law,

The further advancement of education in the military schools, are all due to his exertions.

In saying good-bye to Parr Pacha, the Sirdar wishes him all success in his future career ; and he is confident that the whole Army joins him in the hope that at some future time, with health restored, Parr Pacha may again re-enter the service of His Highness the Khedive.

By order, etc.

HORSE GUARDS, WAR OFFICE, *April 27, 1888.*

SIR,

With reference to your letter of the 10th instant, announcing your intention to quit the Egyptian Army, and forwarding a letter from Her Majesty's Agent and Consul-General at Cairo, with enclosure from the Chief of the Staff of the Italian Army expressing his appreciation of the services rendered by you in connection with the preparation of the Italian Expedition to Abyssinia, I am directed by the Commander-in-Chief to acquaint you that a communication has also been received from the Foreign Office with enclosures from Sir Evelyn Baring and Major-General Sir F. Grenfell, reporting your resignation, on the ground of ill health, of your appointment as Adjutant-General and Second in Command of the Egyptian Army, and bearing testimony to the value of your services.

I am therefore to convey to you the expression of His Royal Highness' satisfaction at receiving such highly complimentary reports upon the valuable services rendered by you during your employment with the force in question.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

G. B. HANNON.

COLONEL H. H. PARR, C.M.G., A.D.C.,
Somersetshire Light Infantry.

Lord Salisbury to Sir E. Baring.

FOREIGN OFFICE, *April 20, 1888.*

SIR,

I have received your dispatch 150 announcing the resignation by Colonel Hallam Parr, on the ground of ill health, of his appointment as Adjutant-General and Second in Command of the Egyptian Army.

I shall have great pleasure in communicating to H.M. Secretary of State for War the testimony borne by you and Sir F. Grenfell to the value of Colonel Parr's services.

I wish to add to that testimony the expression of my own regret at Colonel Parr's resignation and for the circumstance which has occasioned it.

I am, etc.,
SALISBURY.

Lord Wolseley to Colonel Hallam Parr.

WAR OFFICE, *January 2, 1888.*

MY DEAR PARR,

I am extremely sorry to learn from your letters that you have to leave Egypt from ill health, and I hope and trust your intended trip to Turkey may enable you to shake off the fever you have lately suffered from. We shall be very glad to have you back in the English Army, and if we are wise—perhaps rather a large if—you ought to be given command of some battalion on home service. The Egyptian Army will feel your loss extremely, for I know what you did for it and how much it owes its present satisfactory state to your watchful care.

Hoping soon to see you, believe me to be,

Very sincerely yours,
WOLSELEY.

The Sirdar, General Sir F. Grenfell, to Colonel Hallam Parr.

CAIRO.

MY DEAR PARR,

The idea of your leaving us fills me with the greatest regret. But I have seen for some time that your fever sticks to you so tenaciously in this place, and I would not for a moment think of trying to detain you.

But it will be a very different place for me when you are gone.

I have always hoped that you would have succeeded me here, and I must try and put some one in your place who could take up my work.

Yours,
F. G.

*From Sir George Harman, Military Secretary to H.R.H., to
Colonel Hallam Parr.*

HORSE GUARDS, WAR OFFICE, S.W., *February 10, 1888.*

MY DEAR PARR,

I was very sorry to learn by your letter of 23rd ult. that your health necessitates your leaving the Egyptian Army, where I know you will be universally regretted, but I am sure you are doing the right thing, and I hope after a well-earned rest you will be restored to good health and be as fit as ever to serve your country, for we can ill spare soldiers like yourself. H.R.H. begs me to say how sorry he is your health has broken down. He will accept with pleasure your little book on Mounted Infantry, as I shall also, and read it with great interest.

Hoping the cool season is doing you good and that you will soon shake off your fever,

Yours,

G. H. HARMAN.

From Nubar Pasha to Colonel Hallam Parr.

5 avril.

MON CHER PARR,

Je regrette de ne pouvoir pas aller au chemin de fer pour vous serrer de nouveau la main ; je dois aller au Conseil, mais je charge de cette service mon ami L—— et vous souhaite toute chance et tout bonheur. N'oubliez pas vos amis d'ici ; au revoir, tout à vous.

M. NUBAR.

From Mustapha Fehmi Pasha to Colonel Hallam Parr.

MON CHER PARR PACHA,

Je viens vous féliciter bien sincèrement de la haute distinction qui vient de vous être conférée par S.A. le Khédive.

Mais au plaisir que j'éprouve à vous adresser mes félicitations vient s'ajouter le regret que votre départ nous cause à tous.

En vous éloignant, vous emporterez du moins avec vous l'estime sincère et l'affectueuse sympathie de tous ceux qui vous ont connu et qui conserveront de vous le plus aimable souvenir.

Recevez donc, mon cher Parr Pacha, avec mes plus sincères compliments pour la faveur enseigne dont vous venez d'être l'objet et que vous méritez si bien, l'assurance de ma vive et cordiale affection.

MUSTAPHA FEHMI,

Ministre de la Guerre et de l'Intérieur.

LE CAIRE, le 3 avril 1888.

From the Chief of the Staff of the Italian Army to Colonel Hallam Parr.

ROME, 21 mars 1888.

MONSIEUR LE COLONEL,

Je regrette beaucoup d'apprendre, à cause de votre santé ébranlée par le climat d'Afrique, vous avez décidé de quitter la haute position que vous occupiez dans l'Armée Egyptienne avec autant de distinction que de succès.

Permettez-moi, M. le Colonel, qu'à cette occasion, et en nom aussi de Mre. le Général Consenz, Commandant en I^{er} de notre Corps d'Etat-Major, je vous envoie les plus grands remerciements et vous signifier toute notre reconnaissance pour les bons offices et l'appui que, en votre qualité d'Adjutant-Général de l'Armée Egyptienne, vous avez toujours largement prêtés à Mr. le Capitaine Comte Samniniatelli dans ses recherches en tout ce qui touche à l'Abyssinie.

Nous faisons, Monsieur le Colonel, les vœux les plus chauds pour le prompt et complet rétablissement de votre santé et croyez que nos souhaits et notre sympathie vous accompagnent dans la brillante carrière que vous allez reprendre dans la noble et glorieuse Armée Britannique.

Agréez, Monsieur le Colonel, les sentiments les plus distingués.

De votre très-dévoué,

JEAN SIRVIN,

Lieutenant-Général, Commandant en 2 du
Corps d'Etat-Major.

From Major Wingate, R.A.,¹ to Colonel Hallam Parr.

CAIRO, April, 1888.

MY DEAR COLONEL,

Last night I did not get a chance of congratulating you on your decoration. I was very glad to hear about it. I wanted also to thank you for your photograph, which I like very much. Possibly I may not have an opportunity of talking to you quietly, but I just wanted to say that I am full of gratitude to you for all your kindness to me while I have worked under you, and I know I must often have tried your patience. I feel I have learnt many valuable lessons from you, and am more sorry than I can say that we are losing you. Perhaps some time in the future I may have a chance of serving under you, and I sincerely hope that time will come.

With every good wish for the future,

Believe me always, my dear Colonel,

Yours most sincerely,

F. R. WINGATE.

From the Sergeant-Major of the Military Police to Colonel Hallam Parr.

ABDIN, February 19, 1888.

COLONEL H. H. PARR, C.M.G., A.D.C.,

DEAR SIR,

I trust you will pardon my seeming remissness in not thanking you before for your kind note to myself and your old comrades in the Corps of Military Police, also for the beautiful photograph of yourself, which I can assure you will be greatly cherished by us, and more so now that you are about to leave us for good.

You will be missed very much here, but I am sure by no one more than by your old comrades in the Military Police, for the kindly interest you have always taken in them has endeared you to each one of us, and as many of us may never have the pleasure of meeting you again the photograph will help to keep you in memory.

¹ Now General Sir F. R. Wingate, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., D.C.L., Sirdar.

SIR,—I am desired by the members of the Sergeants' Mess to kindly thank you for your kind wishes to them and to wish you "God-speed in all your undertakings."

Your obedient servant,

I. GREGORY,

Sergt.-Major Military Police.

From two of his Native Clerks to Colonel Hallam Parr.

CAIRO, March 26, 1888.

SIR,

On the occasion of your resigning the office of Adjutant-General, Egyptian Army, which you occupied for several years with the most dignity and ability, we deem it a great ingratitude on our part if we don't profit by this opportunity to declare to you the strongest sympathies laid for you in the bottom of our hearts for your kind treatment to all in general and to ourselves in particular.

We are not the only persons who deeply regret your departure, but we beg to assure you, General, that whatever time may pass, your regard and respect will never be effaced from the two truest hearts of,

Your most faithful and obedient servants,

SELIM CHAERA,

NEGHIB CHAERA.

LEWA H. H. PARR,

Adjutant-General, Egyptian Army.

Translation Letter of April 5, 1888, from Guinol Bey to Colonel Hallam Parr.

GENERAL,

I was unable at the moment to express all the pain I felt at the loss of such a chief as yourself. Permit me therefore to say again in writing how grieved I am at your departure. You have been so good to me ever since you have known me that all my sympathies are with you. The consideration that you have bestowed upon me has removed from my path all the difficulties that had been placed in it. In one word, General, you have rendered me many services, and I desire to assure you that I shall

never forget them. I could easily speak of them at greater length, but Heaven knows you have enough to attend to for the moment and I do not wish to importune you.

Adieu then, General, or rather, au revoir, for, as our comrades, I have not lost all hope of seeing you again amongst us.

Your wholly devoted,

GUINOL.

On the 2nd of April a farewell dinner at "Shepherd's" was given in his honour by the officers of the Egyptian Army, at which all the principal men, Egyptian as well as English, were present. Among others: Lord Cromer (then Sir Evelyn Baring), H.M. representative in Egypt; Lord Grenfell (then Sir F. Grenfell), the Sirdar; Mustapha Fehmi Pasha, the Minister for War and for the Interior; Tonino Pasha, representing the Khedive; Shoudy Pasha, Governor of Cairo; Youssouf Pasha, Prefect of Cairo Police; Ismail Hamel Pasha, First Aide-de-Camp to the Khedive; and Moukhtar Pasha. It is thus described in a letter home—

Tuesday, April 3rd.—You will, I think, be pleased to hear what a successful dinner was held in my honour last night. . . . About eighty sat down, all officers of the rank of Adjutant-Major and upwards. The General had to go off to Suakin, but Sir E. Baring was there. "Though a strict disciplinarian he has not an enemy in the Army." When I thought of the officers I had wigged and made to tremble I could hardly think that. The Khedive had five of his officers present.

Friday morning, ALEXANDRIA.—I came down here last night. There was a great crowd at the station to see me off. Nubar sent a letter to say how sorry he was he could not come; the Minister of War sent his Under-Secretary. He was coming, but it was "Council" day. Sir Evelyn Baring came, and the Sirdar, and all the native and Egyptian officers, and the English officers' wives,

When the train moved off there was cheering, etc., and the band struck up "Auld Lang Syne." Grenfell has been more than kind; on Tuesday evening he invited all the native officers to meet me to wish me good-bye. He has published a most flattering Army Order of which I send you a copy.¹ The Khedive sent one of his officers to the station, and the commander of his yacht met me at Alexandria station to tell me a boat would be waiting for me to take me to the steamer.

Indeed, every one has evinced such consideration and kindness on my going that I am perfectly astonished.

The Khedive sent me his photograph (about a foot square) before I left.

The following extracts, translated from a native newspaper, *El Cahira*, give an idea of the appreciation in which his work for Egypt was held by the Egyptians themselves.

We think it our duty to write here a few lines of appreciation of H.E. Hallam Parr Pasha, Deputy Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Army, inasmuch as on learning His Excellency's intention to leave the country, the whole Egyptian Army feels genuine regret. H.E. Hallam Pasha is not only endowed with excellent qualities and an irreproachable character, the fine memory of which we shall always preserve, but he has also always been desirous of rendering every kind of service to humanity, as H.E. the Commander-in-Chief has declared in his Order of the day dated the 3rd of April, No. 261, communicated to the Egyptian Army. In this order . . . the Sirdar has recounted the important services which H.E. Hallam Pasha has, during the five years of his stay, rendered to the Army of Egypt; services which have the most profound thanks and public satisfaction. H.E. Hallam Pasha has served as Adjutant-General and as second in Command of the Egyptian Army. Besides these functions he has been Provost-Marshal, and he has, with good reason, obtained the approbation and praise of the public for having introduced order and discipline in the ranks, and has rendered notable services to the Ministry of War. He

¹ Quoted, *ante*, p. 236.

has shown great zeal and spared no pains for the improvement of the soldier's position, their legal age, their pay, and the reform of military schools, a subject as to which we cannot sufficiently express our complete satisfaction.

So, before His Excellency quits our city, we feel a real pleasure in expressing to him, publicly and in the name of all Egyptian soldiers, our sincere thanks, and wishing him good health and continual happiness. God grant that His Excellency may soon return to Egypt, and that the Government may have the fortune to again profit by his good services.

He left Alexandria next evening by a Russian steamer, going via Chios, Smyrna, Dardanelles, noting in his diary the names, now famous, of "Khanak Kalessi on Asiatic coast, and Khalid Bahri on European, Gallipoli twenty-one miles farther up, lines of Bulair about six miles on."

After nearly a month in Constantinople, a good deal at the Embassy, also meeting Von der Goltz and other notabilities, learning Turkish and exploring the neighbourhood. The following note in the diary is worth preserving—

May 4th.—Sir W. White told story of Emperor (Frederick William I) shortly before death, speaking of the first time he ever saw Moltke. . . . He was inspecting an infantry regiment at Dantzig, and seeing a long thin officer said, Who is that officer? That, sir, is Herr von Moltke, a Swede, just joined the Prussian service ; we call him "Dividers," as he writes so much. He doesn't look worth much. . . . Power of Emperor Nicholas, more powerful by far than Bismarck is now. When it was a question of providing a king for Denmark about 1849, he marched the claimants before him and pointed to the one he chose for the throne.

The next letter is dated from the farm of Petnakhow, near Birgos village, fifteen miles from Constantinople.

Thursday, May 3, 1888.—I came here yesterday with Colonel Trotter, the Military Attaché. Our luggage went by cart and we rode. It is a farm-house belonging to a Turkicized Englishman, situated in a beautiful country. The farm-house is just habitable and no more: all the lower rooms barred, the house entrance being inside the cattle-yard. The owner of the farm is with us. He is an English Levantine, and does not get on with the people or the officials. I should like to see more of the country. I have taken a great fancy to the people, who seem always civil and kind. Our host, however, drew the curtains of our living-room last night, remarking that "as the people did not like him, it was as well that they should not see where he was sitting." This, I think, was the result of an evil conscience.

The following letter to *The Times*, though written many years afterwards, refers to this period, and may properly be inserted here—

The Sultan's Library.

October 1909.

SIR,

The letters from your correspondents under the above heading are of great interest, for there is great probability of the existence of priceless literary, and indeed other, treasures being stored away in the recesses of the old magazines and storehouses of Constantinople. This is not hard to believe if we remember the amount of loot which fell to the share of the conquering Turkish sultans when the Crescent was the terror of Eastern Europe.

When I was in Constantinople in the spring of 1887 (*sic*), I was told that on account of a complimentary message sent the Sultan on the occasion of his birthday, he had ordered that the library which had been looted from Pesth during the long Turkish occupation, which ended in 1686, should be collected and returned to the city. The storehouses of Constantinople were being ransacked for the books, and a certain number were indeed found. Amongst the hidden or forgotten treasures which were brought to light

by the search, were all the presents which Louis XIV had sent to the then Sultan, and the bales and parcels had not even been unpacked !

May 8, 1888, PHILIPPOPOLIS.—I crossed the frontier yesterday at Mustapha Pasha. The change was remarkable. The moment the fez or tarboosh was replaced by the calpac (a pork-pie sheepskin cap with the Bulgarian griffin in front) women at once were seen—there was a movement and a well-to-do look at all the stations. Indeed, at one there was simply a scene from an opera. Act II, Scene 1: Dimitri, the hero, has to join his regiment. Chorus, “Quando il treno rapido.” Three soldiers come forward in light uniforms accompanied by young men in long boots and red shirts carrying the luggage; girls in red skirts in background under trees; prima donna Katju Ka hides her face in seconda donna’s shoulder; comic gendarme insisting that the luggage should be put in at once; Ruffiani, Tom and Dick, wicked engine-drivers going to upset the train; old father (basso profundo) standing by with flask of wine; Enrico, disguised as Sir Smith the English traveller, defeats their plots; bell rings, and glasses are produced. Drinking song; chorus, “Il vino di Bulgaria,” etc. Then they all embraced picturesquely. One young fellow with two medals and a star on his shirt stepped forward and said something to the three soldiers (“Baritono quando era soldato”), and they all jumped in and the train moved off, happy peasants striking attitudes, the old father waving the wine flask. “Tutti—Evviva la Bulgaria.” The Bulgar soldiers by the time they got to three stations away from their home were rather drunk, but, barring one man who drew his sword, did not become objectionable, but kept up their likeness to opera soldiers with great exactitude.

Friday, May 11, 1888, SOFIA.—Yesterday at a quarter to four a nightingale on a tree overlooking the torrent awoke me, and Saunders set about making my breakfast and to get water to fill my basin from the torrent. The stars were just disappearing. After an excellent breakfast of porridge and milk and tea and biscuits, I started for a walk upwards to get a better view of the range of snow mountains. I may say that the nightingale did *not stop singing* from 3.45 a.m.

until 6.45 a.m., when the train started. It was a beautiful journey. The morning was lovely and the views as we wound slowly up the mountain slopes something to remember. We had to wait four hours half-way, and did not get to Sofia until 4 p.m.

He spent five days at Sofia taking notes on the Bulgarian army; then via Pirot, "beautiful scenery, like a miniature Gib without the old sea-port underneath the hill," to Nisch, Belgrade, Buda Pesth, and Vienna. "Went to hear Verdi—Otello. Curious change of front. One act winds up quite stilly! Fancy an act of Verdi finishing quietly. Every one, even in Royal Box, in morning dress." Thence, via Munich and Nuremberg, to London, arriving 1st June.

The following notes, made this year, on military developments in Europe are strikingly illustrated by recent events [1916]. They were probably made at Vienna in May.

Summary of information. Attack by Russia and France, via Denmark. Under cover of Franco-Russian Fleet force carried from Riga and Reval to Denmark.¹ Occupation of Hamburg and Lubeck would turn the line of the Elbe and also line of Rhine defences. This is why the German General Staff favour winter campaign.

Russian objectives Cracow and Lemberg. Advance to be made by three armies at intervals of ten days against Galician frontier. The Ludwig Bahn has 165 locomotives, 257 passenger and 3,890 freight wagons. It runs parallel to frontier and has 25 large and 385 small bridges, which will be destroyed on declaration of war. This is a great drawback to Austrian concentration. Galicia is considered by von Moltke as weak point of Austria, separated as is the province by spans of Carpathians from rest of Empire. If forced back from Lemberg Austrians will retreat behind San, whose banks are marshy, then retreating on plains of Upper Hungary will fight decisive battles on valley of Arva.

¹ Of course this was before there was a German Navy or a Kiel Canal.



COLONEL PARR, A.D.C. TO H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA.

November 1888.

CHAPTER XIX

MARRIAGE : GIBRALTAR : MOROCCO

1888-93. Engagement and marriage to Miss Gibbs—A.A.G. Southern Command—Birth of son "Hal"—Command of 1st Somerset Light Infantry—Gib—Mission to Fez—Kaid and Sheikhs—A smiling prospect—"Powder play"—Volubilis—Reception at Fez—Familiar sounds—Shereefian Majesty—An audience—An industrious potentate—Paternal government—English Medical Mission—British policy—The story of Fez—Former splendours—A bold adviser—An idyll and a tragedy—Moorish farriers—Grim trophies—Presents—Travelling incidents—A lame conclusion—Portrait of wife and son—Receives the C.B.

IN the summer of 1888 Colonel Parr became engaged to Lilian Mary Gibbs, third daughter of Mr. George Louis Monck Gibbs, formerly of Belmont, Somerset (who died in 1881), and Mrs. Gibbs, daughter of Sir Arthur Hallam Elton, of Clevedon Court, Somerset, to whom he was related on his mother's side.¹ Mr. Gibbs had been for many years a partner in the well-known house of Antony Gibbs & Sons, and had been exceedingly popular in the county where he lived and elsewhere as a keen sportsman and for the exceptional energy and charm of his life and character. Miss Gibbs's eldest brother Arthur was afterwards the author of "A Cotswold Village," a book dear to all lovers of the Cotswolds. Though this is not the place in which to enlarge on purely home topics, the occasion cannot be passed without recording

¹ See *ante*, p. 35.

that the marriage proved in every way an ideal one. They were married in November 1888, and most of the following month was spent in Italy.

About a year afterwards, namely in October 1889, Colonel Parr was appointed A.A.G. of the Southern Command, with headquarters at Portsmouth, Lieut.-General Sir Leicester Smythe being G.O.C.

Here, in February 1890, their eldest son, Arthur Henry Hallam, was born, of whose too short life some account is given at the end of this book.

During 1891 the German Emperor visited Portsmouth, in company with Lord Wolseley and others, and a special "smoke" attack was arranged and carried out in his honour.

The following entries in the diary for 1890 refer to the visit—

August 6th.—Twelve noon, went to meet Lord Wolseley. 12.45, started for Eastney; 1.45, Emperor arrived. Prince of Wales, Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught. Smoke attack after lunch. L—— went to platform.

The smoke attack was a mode of concealing an advance by raising a curtain of smoke.

But the work of the Assistant-Adjutant-General at Portsmouth was too sedentary to suit Hallam Parr's active nature, and, knowing that the command of his regiment—the Somerset Light Infantry—would fall vacant in the autumn, he made known to the Adjutant-General—Sir Redvers Buller—that he would much like to be appointed. This involved an unusual "gazette," viz. a full Colonel in the Army to a Lieut.-Colonel commanding a battalion.

On the 8th of November 1890, twenty-five years after obtaining his commission, he attained the wish of his heart and was given the command of the 1st Battalion the Prince

Albert's Somerset Light Infantry, then stationed at North Camp, Aldershot. It may safely be said that the succeeding four years were the happiest time of his military career.

His love for his regiment was all-absorbing—his pride in its past achievements and high faith in a no less glorious future inspired a like spirit in all ranks.

During his command the battalion moved in 1892 from Aldershot to Gibraltar, and in 1894 from Gibraltar to India. At each of these stations events occurred which are worthy of record, and which will be gathered from the following pages.

On the 8th of January 1892 he embarked on the s.s. *Ganges* with his wife and two children, the younger of whom, George, was not quite six weeks old. Nothing of great importance occurred there until in the spring Sir Charles Euan-Smith, Her Majesty's Minister at Tangier, was charged with a mission to Fez for the purpose of negotiating, if possible, a commercial treaty with the Sultan of Morocco, relating to the export of wheat, the reduction of duties on other exports, *cabotage* (or the right to move produce from port to port), and the right for foreigners to acquire land and erect and repair houses. Colonel Parr was attached to this mission, which, in view of political and military exigencies which at the time seemed imminent, and the extreme importance of Tangier to British control of the Straits, will readily appear to have been one of no ordinary kind.

It left Tangier on the 26th of April. It consisted of Sir Charles Euan-Smith, Colonel Parr, Major Mends, of the 60th Rifles, Surgeon Captain MacPherson, Lieutenants Kirkpatrick, Wilson, and Browning, Messrs. Reader, Cairns, and Le Vismes. Lady Euan-Smith, Miss Hilda Euan-

Smith, Miss Kerison, and Miss Bainbridge accompanied it. Mrs. Parr and his sister also rode with it for part of the first day. By permission of the authorities Colonel Parr acted as special correspondent for *The Times*, and wrote several articles, which appeared, however, in a very abridged form, owing to the unfortunate coincidence of a dissolution of Parliament, which riveted public attention on home affairs. By kind permission of the Editor portions of these articles are reproduced in these pages. The Mission arrived at Fez on the 12th of May and was given a brilliant reception. The negotiations were rather lengthy, and in the end proved abortive, but before they were finished Colonel Parr's services were needed in Gibraltar and he was recalled by the Governor. He left Tangier on the 22nd of June and reached Gibraltar on the 28th.

The following extracts from letters and *Times* articles illustrate the episode in an interesting manner—

April 30, 1892, EL GHARBIA, twenty miles south of Tangier.
—Our advance has thus far been most prosperous—except Sir Charles's gout, which troubles him rather. He is a wonderful man for the way he faces it—mentally or physically he never shows he is in pain, never shows irritation, and never shows any fear of some one accidentally touching his foot.

We breakfast at 8 and march at 9, but this will soon have to be earlier. We marched yesterday about two and a half hours, and found, at a delightful grove of fig-trees, carpets spread and cushions for the select few. There we lay down until 12 o'clock lunch, while the tents were plodding on to camp. The country is beautiful to-day. The camp is pitched on a downy plateau of fine turf, facing a fine range of mountains. There is a lovely view on all sides and the weather is perfect. The only thing is that I "drag at each remove a lengthening chain"! Our march is sufficiently picturesque. First an old mounted Sheikh with a blood-red silk banner, then Sir Charles, then generally the four ladies, then the rest of us with

the Kaid or Sub-Governor of the district ; then the escort—rather a ragged regiment of mounted men—in *burnouses* and red saddles. I am making friends with a good many of the Arab-speaking members of the Mission, three Kaid and Sheikhs, but the Moorish tongue is sadly difficult.

May 1st, EL TREISOMA, forty-eight miles.—Our camp to-day is little like the generally received notion of a camp in Morocco. Imagine the edge of a breezy down of fine turf, 750 feet above sea-level, its slopes covered with wild flowers and its ravines full of fern, bracken, and aromatic herbs. An open country, smiling and fertile, to the south ; to the west, the blue line of the Atlantic just visible ; to the east, a range of fine mountains. The sky cloudless, a fresh breeze blowing, and the temperature that of a warm spring day on the Hampshire or Sussex Downs.

The villagers we meet are very friendly. The only animosity we have as yet encountered has been shown by the centipedes, which are from four to six inches long, and unmistakably warlike and aggressive by nature.

May 3rd, HERMASH, eighty miles south of Tangier.—Yesterday we had a long march and the ladies were very tired. MacPherson, the surgeon of the Mission, created much sensation in the town of El Uxor by putting a glass eye into a one-eyed beggar. The man was delighted when he saw himself in a hand-glass, and the people all thought that he could see with the glass one as well as he could with his own, and were immensely impressed.

May 5th, EL HAWAFIA.—All the afternoon there has been “powder play” going on. The Moors in their best *burnouses* collect at one end of the open space in front of H.E.’s tent, then by fours, or any number up to twenty or twenty-five, they thunder past as fast as their horses can tear. As they pass there is a yell of “Allah” or “El Nebi” (the Prophet), and they fire, toss up their long matchlocks, and scatter. It is very picturesque. The start is a charming sight, the *burnouses* flying, the horses dancing about with their long tails and manes, and the riders perched up on their high saddles, generally of crimson or deep red.

On the 9th of May (Segota, 150 miles) they made a detour to see the ruined Roman city of Volubilis, built in a late and debased style, but of considerable interest as a memorial of the wealth and prosperity which the country once enjoyed, and would doubtless enjoy again under a firm and enlightened government. Their entry into the city of Fez is thus described—

May 12th, FEZ.—About three miles outside the walls we were met by the Minister of War in flowing robes, mounted on a magnificent chestnut mule, caparisoned in crimson. With him was the Master of the Ceremonies to the Sultan. These officials were waiting at the end of a lane, some eighty yards wide, formed by Moorish infantry on the right and mounted men on the left. The mounted men were as a rule fine, big men, exceedingly picturesque. The infantry were not equal to them. They were dressed more or less alike, in red Zouave jackets, and had all (or nearly all) Martini-Henry rifles. As we advanced the crowd became more and more dense, till on the left there was a perfect forest formed of the matchlocks of the mounted men, through which the eye could not pierce. On the right was a huge assembly of people on foot or on donkeys.

As we came near the crenellated walls of the city we were told that the Sultan had taken great interest in the arrangements of the ceremony, and had been revising the details until nearly midnight the night before. His Majesty, with some of the ladies of his harem, was in a tower on the walls viewing the procession, and he dispatched another official to the Minister to welcome him inside the gates.

It was at first startling to hear in the ranks of the infantry the familiar shouts of "Shoulder 'hups,'" "Present 'hups,'" etc.; and (when we entered, later, the houses we were to occupy) to hear the corporal told off to His Excellency's service say, "Right hand salute," "Two"; but I am told that even in the far-away villages of the Sus country, some two hundred miles south of Morocco city, the traveller will come among men who understand "Right," "Left," "Halt," "March," all the terms of military command. That such words are

to be found in the Moorish tongue will give endless trouble to the Max Müller of some future age.

The Sultan has taken much interest in the proper accommodation of the Mission, and three of the best houses in Morocco are occupied by its members.

The remainder of the ceremony is thus described in a later letter—

The Minister and the members of his Mission, in full dress, first rode into an oblong enclosure some three hundred yards long, at the end of which were the palace gates. When they had dismounted, the gates were thrown open, a crowd of footmen scurried out, followed by some led horses and a miniature state coach drawn by a fine white barb. Then came His Shereefian Majesty on a white horse caparisoned in green. A footman led the horse, and two stalwart negroes stood on either side with white cloths in their hands, which they flicked dexterously to keep away the flies. The Sultan was plainly dressed, with no sign of rank or distinction about him. A green and crimson umbrella was held over his head.

On the Sultan's horse being stopped a few paces from the British Minister, His Excellency advanced, and was welcomed to His Majesty's capital. The members of the Mission were then presented, and after a few compliments the Sultan turned his horse and passed slowly back into the palace. The ceremony and general arrangements were primitive in the extreme; the manners of the Moors, their want of etiquette and civility, bearing a striking contrast to peoples farther East.

May 16th, Fez.—We saw the Sultan to-day. Sir Charles Euan-Smith has made a very good beginning. The hangers-on of the Sultan tried to make us dismount on entering the Palace enclosure, but Sir Charles rightly refused. The Sultan would not send for a chair for me, so I would not remain in the room, but went away. He is being brought to his bearings a good deal by judicious firmness. He looks a treacherous, cruel, and not an especially brave man, in very bad health.

In the next few pages are collected some paragraphs on various special subjects: for the reader's convenience they are headed with notes of their subject-matter.

On the government of Morocco—

His Majesty Sidi Muley Hassan came to the throne in 1873. He is supposed to begin his day's work at 3 a.m. At any rate, this is the time at which His Majesty's "Hajeeb" (or "Eyebrow") attends to begin business. Next to His Majesty the Eyebrow is considered the hardest worked official in the country. The work goes on all day, except when the Sultan retires for his meals and his siesta into his harem.

When it is considered that no Moor in any province wherein the Sultan's authority is absolute can undertake any enterprise down to buying a plot of land or building a house without obtaining the Sultan's authority through his Kaid (or provincial Governor), there is little cause for wonder that the business of the country does not get on with much rapidity.

On the English Medical Mission—

One of the most interesting visits we have made in Fez has been to the English Medical Mission. The Mission consists of three ladies. The lady in charge, Miss Herdman, is devoting her means as well as her life to the work of alleviating as far as possible the conditions of the Fez people.

To reach Miss Herdman's old Moorish house one has to pass through stifling alleys and the half-covered streets and bazaars of old Fez. Here the air is so dense and impure, and the surroundings so full of decaying and decayed matter of all sorts, that the pallid, unhealthy, and anæmic looks of the people seem only too natural. Indeed, the more one sees of the people, whether in town or country, the more one is struck by their downcast looks, their sombre behaviour, and their lack of cheerfulness. The laughter and cheeriness in Morocco are supplied, it seems to me, by the percentage of Sudan negroes amongst the population, who always

apparently look at the bright side of every subject in preference to the dark.

Two days a week the ladies receive men for treatment, two days women, and two days children.

Women who come without the knowledge or against the wish of their husbands are not received. Men generally come first to see what sort of a place the Mission is before they give their wives permission to come. Miss Herdman assured me that fanaticism against and bad feelings towards Christians have much died out, and that the attitude towards Europeans, and especially Englishmen, of the Moors in general, and the Fez people in particular, has much improved since the time she first came to Morocco, now seven or eight years ago.

When it is considered that these ladies are in constant touch with the people, receiving daily numbers of sufferers, and that their lives are well known to all, it cannot be doubted that their presence in Fez is as wholesome and beneficial morally as it is physically. Certainly the attitude of the people towards the members of the Mission is very different from what they were led to expect. It may be described as one of almost benevolent curiosity, whereas they were prepared for one of malevolent fanaticism.

On the objects of Great Britain in Morocco—

There are two objects for which Great Britain may legitimately strive, and which it may be hoped that the new treaty may deal with. One is the difficulty which lies in the way of Europeans acquiring property in Morocco. At present, Europeans cannot own real property without the express permission of the Sultan, and under the existing system a European cannot enter directly into negotiations for purchase of land or houses with a Moor without using the Government as a middleman. This is found a great hindrance towards Europeans settling in the country. Another drawback to the trade of the country under the existing treaty is the system of making goods which pass out of one Moroccan port bound for another pay the same duty as if the goods were for export to a foreign country.

A short history of the city of Fez—

About 192 A.H.¹ (806 A.D.) young and brilliant Muley Edriss, second of his line, who at ten years of age knew the Koran by heart, was thoroughly versed in the poetry, science, and theory of government of the Arabs, was an accomplished warrior, and was as physically beautiful as he was morally perfect, fixed upon this beautiful and romantic spot as one where he would build his capital, in order that, by encouraging the fierce Berber tribes who followed his standard to settle down, he might lead them onward towards peace and civilization. Fez soon became a large city.

From about 550 A.H. (1157 A.D.) to 850 A.H. (1450 A.D.) Fez was probably at the height of its splendour. It possessed more than seven hundred mosques and holy places, a hundred and twenty fountains and washing-places, more than ninety public baths, four hundred mills, and four hundred “fondaks,” or rest-places for travellers and strangers. Its University of El Karueen (now only of local reputation) was then celebrated all over the Moslem world. Fez manufactures—carpets, broideries, leather, arms, and copper work—all enjoyed a high name in the markets of the East, while the architects of Fez, not content with beautifying their own city, helped to render the Moorish cities of Spain schools of study for the builders of the North.

Six centuries ago most Englishmen who reached Fez did so against their will, having been sold into slavery. Yet it would be a much more congenial task to depict Fez as it was then, peopled by a courageous, cultivated, and industrious race, than to describe the poor city now, in its day of decadence and decay, or to call attention to its poverty, its disease, and its hopelessness.

The Sultan and his wise men—

I wish that I could tell the story in as quaint a fashion as it was told to me. “Some days ago,” said my friend, “our lord the Sultan, feeling the hand of the English Bashador [the Moorish adaptation of the word “Ambassador”] heavy upon him, sent for the Efkis, or

¹ Anno Hegiræ: the Mahomedan era counts from the Hegira, or Flight of the Prophet from Mecca.

men of wisdom and knowledge in Fez, and when they had come our lord told them what the Bashador was proposing ; everything that the Bashador was asking did our lord explain to the wise men. After he had told them all, our lord said, 'What, oh ye Efki, shall I answer this Bashador ? Shall I answer him roughly and refuse these things, or shall I answer him with smooth words and accept what he proposes ?' For some time the Efki said nothing, but on our lord urging them to answer, one took up his words and said, 'My lord, we say, Grant what this Bashador proposes, for what he proposes is good, and our lord's country and people will benefit. Our lord's house is full of money, it is full of jewels, and it is full of the rich things of the world, but of Hak'—i.e. right or justice—'it is not full. I have spoken, and my head is in my lord's power.' "

This was pretty straight speaking. The Sultan covered his face with his right hand, and the interview ended. But I am happy to be able to report that the head of the gallant old Efki who acted as spokesman on this occasion is as yet in its proper position on his shoulders.

An idyll and a tragedy—

A tragedy has not long ago taken place in one of the most distinguished families of Fez. Cid Hassan Ben ***** (readers will understand and appreciate the prudence of my asterisks ; I have no wish to cause either diplomatic complications or have to order "matchlocks for two" on account of my attempts to supply them society gossip) made it known in this neighbourhood that he wished to take unto himself another wife, demanding only beauty and a spotless life (of money and lands he had enough).

A mountaineer, well to do but of comparatively humble origin, who lived not far from Fez, had a lovely daughter, Fatma, who found favour in the eyes of Cid Hassan and who became his wife after a short time. Cid Hassan was much attached to his new bride, but alas ! she (although returning, to a certain extent, his affection) suffered terribly from *nostalgia* or *mal du pays*. Accustomed as she had been to the wild mountains of the Atlas, to a tent and a free life, the life within the city, inside the walls of a house and

garden, no matter how beautiful, became insupportable to her. She implored Cid Hassan to permit her to return to her father's tent, where she could attend the mares and the foals and enjoy the freedom she had been accustomed to. Cid Hassan was much distressed and much put out to find that his immense wealth could not purchase the contentment of the most charming (and the most recent) of his wives. He had, however, near Fez a beautiful and extensive garden. In this he caused to be pitched a luxurious camel's-hair tent—so luxurious, the *on dit* in Fez has it, that it was lined with the tips of ostrich feathers, and there was an enclosure for cattle and mares, and there was picketed near a favourite riding camel, who was not forgotten. Hither he brought his beautiful mountaineer, and here she became consoled to her "hard" lot, and they were for a time very happy. Alas! Cid Hassan's deplorable (so his household considered it) infatuation for his youngest wife had rendered the other ladies of the household furious; that one of the most distinguished *ménages* in Fez should be turned topsy-turvy for a child of the people was not to be borne! Alas! as not unfrequently happens in this country, the fair stranger was taken suddenly and mysteriously ill; no efforts of the distracted husband were of avail, and she died. As it is not the custom to have post-mortem examinations in this country, my story here ends abruptly.

Shoeing of horses—

The shoeing of the Moors is abominable, and cripples and lames a large number of the horses, who are incapable of doing fast journeys with native shoes without falling lame. The system of shoeing consists in cutting off a large portion of the horse's toe with a sort of hatchet, so as sometimes to draw blood, and then nailing on a rough iron plate to cover the whole foot. This throws the horse in an unnatural position on his heels, while his toes are exceedingly sensitive and easily jarred.

June 15, 1892, FEZ.—It has turned quite cold here, and this morning I went out to the opposite side of the patio [courtyard] to get warmed through by the sun! Fez, June 15th! doesn't it sound incredible? There has been more fighting down El Uxor way, and

a consignment of rebels' heads has just arrived to be put up outside the principal gate. Fez gossip says, however, that they are not *rebels'* heads, but *soldiers'* heads. The Sultan ordered that heads were to be produced to be put up over the town gates, and as there were no rebels' heads, the soldiers (who were defeated) cut off some of their comrades' heads, as they had a good many killed, and sent them up. They do just as well, as the moral effect is the same.

As already stated, he had to leave Fez before the mission was accomplished, and on the 23rd of June he writes home from Sidi Godar, fifty-five miles north of Fez—

When the Sultan heard I was going, he said that he wished me to have the presents which are usually reserved for the ceremony on the departure of a mission—i.e. a sword of honour and a horse. It sounds very grand, but the sword is picturesque and more or less worthless, and (unless you send up a hint to the Master of His Majesty's Horse, a negro of most forbidding appearance, that a "favour"—i.e. tip—is awaiting him) the horse is generally worthless without being picturesque. In my case they have sent me a very fair four-year-old, rather melancholy, but with a tinge of humour in him, as he has just kicked out at me while I was passing him.

I awoke at 1 a.m. and went out to see if my horses (who had their noses nearly into my tent door because of the horse-stealers) were feeding on barley. I was furious to find that they, poor things! were only grubbing in the dirt and trying to find some. "O Kaid Absolom, come here." When he came rubbing his eyes: "Did not I tell you, O Kaid, that it was on your head if I had not food for my horses? God is great, but I write to-morrow a letter to your lord, and you, O Kaid, shall take it to Fez. You — (I don't think I'll tell you what I called him), you are sleeping while the horses I have to travel eight hours with to-morrow are starving. Go! get that barley within half an hour, you wretched man, or on your head be it!" This produced a tremendous commotion in the still night in the camp. A recalcitrant Moor was seized, and the old Kaid I could hear laying it into him, frightened out of his laziness. Whack! (struggling and yells). "You won't,

you dog, get any barley" (whack!) "when the Kalifa of the Bashador" (whack!) "wants it and says" (whack!) "he is willing to pay! You want" (whack!) "the Sultan to" (whack! whack!) "cut my throat." The barley turned up in half an hour, and my starving horses were fed.

June 25, 1892, EL UXOR.—I am a sight to see and extremely unpresentable. My hair cut to the bone, red eyes, and face burnt nearly raw; add to this a three days' beard, and the picture is complete.

Yesterday my treacherous Moors were all very friendly, and were very anxious one and all to point out, in journeying along, that the journey I have just done was very bad, difficult, and objectionable; the mules would be knocked up, and altogether the Kalifa of the Bashador had better make up his mind to go three-quarters of the way and camp at a charming place where the Kaid was a right-minded man and would give plenty of "Mona."¹ But the Kalifa of the Bashador said he would see them further first, and then he wouldn't. I got suspicious from their unanimity, and found that four men came from villages near and promised themselves a jaunt. At 3 a.m. I woke the fat old Kaid. "Oh, Khalifa, it is too early." "Not a bit. Get up and turn out the men." "Oh, Khalifa, we can't start; I forgot the mule saddles are being mended." "Very well, I will ride my horse and my servant will ride one of your horses, and the mules will follow." "But, Khalifa?" "But, Kaid, you turn out, or your tent will come down, and turn the men out at once." The mule saddles were discovered, and all the men turned up except one, and we got off at 4.40 a.m., and did the march by one o'clock, and oh! wasn't it scorching. I had an umbrella, a veil, and goggles, but the persistent June sun of Morocco and a hot wind made me grateful for all three; and it was delightful to see the tent go up and to get out of the sun and strip, and not wash—oh dear, no—vaseline one's face and syringe one's eyes. Wash your head, etc., but keep water away from inflamed cheeks if you want to get them well.

The first article of Mona yesterday consisted of a beautiful

¹ Provisions compulsorily supplied to official travellers by the villages near which they pass.



MRS. HALLAM PARR AND HAL. 1893.

(From a portrait by W. Wontner.)

basket about three feet high full of luscious figs, then a pile of flat loaves, then two bleating lambs, then a pile of sugar, the two dishes for dinner in a wooden tray with a sort of straw hat on top to keep them warm. "Oh, Kaid, this is too much; I don't want the people taxed for me; I only want enough for the men to eat for one night." (This to the Kaid of the village.) "Oh, Khalifa, don't send the beautiful fat lambs away; we will eat them," said one of the escort. "Yes, I know you will," said the Khalifa brutally. "You'll sell them and divide the money, like Ahmed did yesterday. Take the lambs away." So the lambs were led off and, I trust, returned to their owners.

He arrived in Gibraltar on the 28th.

The ultimate fate of the Mission was disappointing. It is thus described in a *Times* leading article of the 19th of July 1892—

It appears, from the latest as from the earlier news, that the negotiations for a commercial treaty, under which all foreign nations were to benefit equally, were proceeding quite satisfactorily, and that all arrangements had been made for signing it, when suddenly the Sultan changed his mind, proposed a quite different treaty, and, according to the Reuter telegrams of this morning, offered Sir Charles Euan-Smith the sum of £30,000 as a bribe for signing it. Of course, when matters had taken this turn there was but one course open to the British Minister. He broke off negotiations and withdrew his Mission. The sequel will be expected with some anxiety.

Coming home in the autumn, he employed Mr. St. John Wontner to paint the charming three-quarter-length portrait of Lady Parr and their eldest boy Hal (reproduced opposite) which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in the following year.

It represents Lady Parr sitting in a pale-yellow evening dress, with a fur cloak just thrown off at the side. It is

noted in the diary as begun at Twyford Moors on the 18th of October, and as "nearly finished" on the 19th of November.

They all returned to Gibraltar by the s.s. *Peshawar* on the 25th. While others were suffering on the voyage—

Baby George as fit as possible ; does not care a hang for anything if he has plenty to eat.

While at Gibraltar, in 1893, he received the C.B.

The year 1893 passed quietly by, but at its close the battalion embarked for India in H.M.S. *Euphrates*, one of the old Indian troopships.

CHAPTER XX

INDIA

1893-4. Bombay—Sabathu—Hindustani—A mountain landslide—Jimmon, an Indian incident—Farewell to the regiment—General regret—Dinner and speeches—Last parade—Family cricket—Chaplain's envoi—Delhi palaces—Agra, the Taj and Fort—Rajpootana—Jeypore—Amber city—Fatted horseflesh—Bombay—Transport *Victoria*—An unrecommended hotel—Cairo—Youthful Sindbads.

January 9th, BOMBAY.—Mysterious flitting past palatial mansions in the dark. Damages on ship £11 18s., against £66 on last voyage. (Diary.)

Officers commanding troops on board ship will appreciate the allusion.

The battalion was stationed in the cold weather at Amballa (formerly spelt Umballah), where they arrived on the 19th of January.

The summer station was Sabathu, and here is his account of the preliminary journey, taken in March with his wife, to inspect it—

March 19th, AMBALLA.—We have returned from viewing our new home. We started delighted at getting a holiday. The bearer (an important-looking Moslem), turban with silver, black, and blue stripe with the old Parr crest; Commanding Officer's orderly in green (Light Infantry), turban and belt and regimental badge, assisting to

see us off. The old grey-haired orderly did not come with us, and I had forgotten that I had not dismissed him; so when the train moved off he stalked alongside of it, breaking into a solemn trot as the train quickened. I got a sight of him in time to say "Go! O Gunga, go! You have leave!"—and relieved his limbs and his mind at the same time.

Sabathu is a lovely place this time of year—covered with blossom and exquisite mountain scenery. We arranged all we wanted to, and started back at 9 a.m. last Monday. We started in mist, with one snow-peak visible; before we had been journeying an hour the mists had cleared away, and a long line of lovely mountains stretching from east to west to the northward of us were visible—Switzerland and the Sierra Nevada would look very puny and insignificant beside them. We start for good on the 21st. Hal (aged four) had a fall off his pony. "The pony began to talk, and then jumped up in front, and Hal tumbled off." The pony is inclined to fight, and I have had to take measures to make him quiet and tractable. I have found a still tinier pony for George (aged two and a quarter), so they will be able to ride out together now.

March 21st.—Started regiment for Sabathu; twelve miles first day: réveillé 3.30; tents struck 4.30; baggage off 6.20; marched "to the second" 6.30. No men absent. No men in guard-room.

In April he visited Simla—noted in the diary as "a beautiful place with rhododendrons like elms."

I am working away at this blessed language and spend six or seven hours a day over it. I am improving, and in a couple of months will be able to get through, and I may be able to scrape through now. From 7 to 9 and from 3 to 4.30.

May 19th (Diary).—Good parade—men very keen. Commander-in-Chief expressed himself very pleased. 59 in hospital against 126 of —'s.

Frequent entries "working hard at Hindustani."

July 8th.—Hal improving in his riding and becoming masterful.

SABATHU, *August 3rd.*—I took H——¹ down to Kalka, the railway terminus, and our journey was somewhat exciting. It had been pouring in torrents for six or seven days, and the roads in the mountains had suffered a good deal. Our route last Monday, the 30th, lay from Sabathu to Dhurmpur. When the post road is wet you travel in little low postchaises called tongas. We arrived at Dhurmpur, ten miles from Sabathu ; it seemed that there had been a bad landslip which had put a stop to all traffic between Simla and Dhurmpur, so the phaeton tonga (a superior kind of tonga) which I had ordered for H—— had not come through. I ordered out an ordinary tonga, and we started. About seven miles out we received news that the road was gone ! We got down, expecting to see a broken or blocked road, and walked a few paces, and lo ! a mountain side, bare of any track or sign of road or anything but rocks and boulders. There had been a severe landslip, and the mountain had come down for a quarter of a mile—the road ended in space ! What was to be done ? Luckily the mist suddenly lifted, and we could see a quarter of a mile away tongas waiting on the other edge of the road. The natives seemed doubtful about getting over the mountain and round the peak, as there was no track even, the landslip having only occurred at 3 a.m. that morning. However, H—— was very anxious to get on, so we determined to try. We lost our way on the mountain once, the guides taking a wrong turn.

Once a small landslip began, and boulders came dashing down—one the size of a calf hit the man next to me on the heel of the boot ! It was drenching rain all the while. After an hour and a quarter we rounded the peak and reached the road. I got H—— into a hut, where, with a clean towel, a silk handkerchief, and a coat of mine, she managed to get a little drier. The rest of the way was without adventure, but the mountain seemed quite on the move.

The children are blooming ; so is my dear L——.

¹ His sister-in-law, wife of Major-General (then Major) C. A. G. Young, of the Indian Army.

September 29th (Diary).—Offer of Assistant-Adjutant-General district and prospect of a brigade in two years : declined.

October 11th.—I am now resigned to leaving India. I got an offer of employment a few days ago with a flattering letter from the Commander-in-Chief, but it was not *the* employment which I wanted, and entailed passing in Hindu in a few weeks. I had also written home to say I was coming home for work, so I refused with thanks.

The following charming little tale, in the Colonel's own words, describes the advent one day at Sabathu of a native shoemaker, crippled and old, asserting that he had been with the regiment during the celebrated siege of Jellalabad in 1842, and claiming reinstatement in the regimental bazaar. How he established his identity and how the incident closed will appear from the narrative itself.

JIMMON, AN INDIAN INCIDENT.

"Colonel Sahib," said the old Mahomedan bearer, coming up to me in a verandah which faced the magnificent breath of snow of the Himalayas, "there is an old man who wants to see 'the Protector of the Poor.' He says that he has travelled a long way, and that he belongs to your Honour's regiment."

"How, O Mahomed, can he in any way belong to the regiment, seeing that it has but lately come to India?"

"Sahib, it was in the old days when he was with the regiment, and he speaks of the old Afghan War even as I, your slave, speak to you of the great Mutiny. This man, too, was wounded even as I was when the——"

"Yes, yes, I know; but go, Mahomed, I will see the man; let him enter."

In a minute or two, the click of sticks used as crutches sounded on the verandah steps, and a little old Hindu with clubbed feet and wizened hairless face appeared and salaamed with a curious air of dignity, and yet it seemed to me with some sort of suppressed excitement.

"Colonel Sahib! I am Jimmon," said the old man in a somewhat quavering voice, "and I have come back to my regiment. I heard near Peshawar it had after long years returned to India, so I started to come. Your Honour sees I cannot travel fast, but all was well when I got to the steam-carriage. But then, when I came to your station in the Plains, I found the regiment had gone to the Hills, and for the steam-carriage a second time money had I none; so the tramp was weary. Natheless, I am arrived, and salute your Honour." Thus saying, he salaamed again.

"But, man," I said (rather taken aback at this sudden and not very able-bodied addition to the long roll of native sweepers, tailors, water-carriers, cooks, etc., who are attached in India to an English corps, and who all consider themselves as belonging to it), "who are you, that you say you belong to the regiment?"

"Oh, Colonel Sahib, look at this name" (showing a sheet of old letter-paper on which were written a few lines with the signature of a well-known name of one dead long ago in Afghanistan). "His Honour was my master; but I knew all the 13th officers, and I served Sale Sahib¹ himself for some time as a boy under his bearer. See, Cherisher of the Poor! see my feet; they were frostbitten in the winter's march, and the Doctor Sahib took off the toes—else had I rotted away. Alas! then I was no longer of use as a bearer, so I had to take to shoemaking, at which trade had my father worked. The sahibs of the regiment were good to me, and I had ever content and happiness with the regiment until it left India. Sahib! I remember the hard times during the siege. Did not the 35th Native Regiment (who were seized with the madness during the great Revolt and who were therefore scattered to the winds), did they not freely give up their meat ration to the 13th? In that war the soldier sahibs and the sepoys were as brothers—one would see them walking arm in arm, and——"

"Well! but, Jimmon, have you no other papers?"

"Alas! sahib, none; but show me to any here who were before in India with the regiment and surely I will recognize them, and surely too they will know me, Jimmon, the old goat-footed shoemaker of the 13th."

"In the regiment you will find, I fear, no one whom you know, for

¹ General Sir Robert Sale, K.C.B.

fifty years have gone by since the time of which you speak ; but come !” I said, as a thought struck me, “ I will anyway show you some one whom you ought to recognize.”

The mess was within a couple of hundred yards, so I, with Jimmon behind me, his sticks clicking on the verandah tiles, proceeded thither. As in many British regiments, our Lares and Penates were somewhat cumbrous, and in part consisted of various portraits—full and half lengths—which have adorned the walls of mess and ante-rooms all over the British Empire, and have sturdily resisted the attacks of many climates.

Into the presence of these tutelary deities of the corps did I lead my companion. “ There !” said I to Jimmon, “ see the picture of the Sahib on the great charger ! There is the Colonel.”

Jimmon looked for a moment. “ Sahib ! Your Honour is doubtless right, but that is not Colonel Sale Sahib.”

“ No ! Then there !” showing another.

Jimmon shook his forefinger to emphasize his negation.

“ Come, then !” said I, taking my old companion to the end of the room, where there were two portraits side by side.

“ Ah, indeed it is he !” said the old man, standing erect and passing his two sticks into his left hand, so as to salaam the picture with proper deference. “ It is indeed Sale Sahib. How wonderful to see his Honour again after so many years ; and wonderful also,” said he, as he caught sight of the other picture, “ there is the Mem Sahib (whom all men said was as brave as the great Sahib himself) with him. Huzoor,” added he simply, “ I am happy to have seen their Honours’ pictures—for I am, as you see, an old man, and I had not expected to have looked on their faces again.”

Just then one of my brother officers came into the mess, and came up to see what I was doing with so strange a companion. So changing from the Hindustani in which we had been talking, “ Here’s a curious thing, K——,” I said ; “ this little old withered creature says he was with Sale through the Jellalabad campaign, and has made his way here somehow or other from a village near Peshawar.”

“ Yes, your Honour, I was indeed with the regiment long ago,” said Jimmon to our surprise, speaking also in English, but with a strong Irish accent, and with some little slowness.

Considerably taken aback by his sudden display of possession of the Sahibs' tongue, I resisted old Jimmon no longer, and he was accordingly formally accepted as a member of the regimental bazaar, and was given a tiny house or hut in that part of the little mountain town affected to the regimental native followers, amongst whom he was regarded with much consideration.

An allowance, small, but sufficient to satisfy his modest wants, was made to him, and he became an accustomed sight in the cantonment.

Sometimes I would come across Jimmon seated on a boulder in the sun beneath the little Ghourka fort, which (in the days before the English Raj) secured at this point the route into far Thibet for the traders from the Plains.

At other times he might be seen watching the parade, and would exchange some friendly words with any stray groups of men, his English being always distinguished by its Irish accent.

Now and then, on these occasions, a little veiled figure in spotless white would be creeping noiselessly about after him, and, when Jimmon rested himself and his two sticks, would crouch down at his side. This we surmised to be Jimmon's wife.

Jimmon was very punctual with his salaams to the officer Sahibs, recognizing them from afar; and he would occasionally (but not too often) come to the Colonel Sahib's house to talk over events with the servants, the clicking of his crutch-sticks betraying his advent.

I had been away from the station for a few days, and on the morning of my return, as I was getting on my pony to canter up to barracks, I noticed by my syce's expectant face as he held the stirrup that he wanted to say something. "Huzoor," he said, "there has been these three days a woman weeping at your gates. It is Jimmon's wife; Jimmon has been very sick, and sent his wife to give you his salaams before he goes. I know not if the woman has come this morning, nor have I heard how the old man fares to-day."

I rode out, and near the gate there, sure enough, was Jimmon's wife—no longer white and clean—but in soiled and uncared-for garments, crouched and weeping in all the self-abandonment of

Oriental grief, occasionally taking up a little palmful of dust and throwing it in the air so that it should fall on her head.

The interpreter of the regiment chancing to come along, the sad story was unfolded to me.

"Three days ago had Jimmon felt his end was coming ; since some time he had felt poorly. He had sent up his wife to tell the Colonel Sahib, but, alas ! his Honour was away. Jimmon sent again next day, hoping to hear that the Colonel Sahib had returned, but he had not come. Then the night before Jimmon had died. He bade his wife to go daily to the gates till she should deliver his last message to the Colonel Sahib."

"Jimmon's message was this," she said. "He sent his last thanks and salaams to the Colonel and officers of the regiment now his time had come, and begged them to see that he was properly buried—buried as if he belonged to the regiment. He further asked that the Colonel Sahib would take care of the old wife and continue his allowance to her, because she was very old and very poor."

Alas ! poor Jimmon.

His last message and its requests were not neglected. Arrangements, modest in the Sahibs' eyes, but very satisfactory, if not lavish, according to the simpler views of the Punjab Hindu villagers, were made for Jimmon's burial according to the rites of his ancient faith. A fair linen cloth was sent to wrap poor old Jimmon's shrivelled-up body in, and fuel for the funeral pile. Food was also sent to the mourners on the part of the Colonel and officers.

And at the funeral, to represent the regiment and to prove that Jimmon was duly connected with the corps and with the "Raj," marched the regimental kowal—the head man of the native followers of the corps—with his regimental green turban and badge.

So old Jimmon, with his clicking sticks, his queer Hindo-Irish patois, and his jumbled up stories of Sale Sahib and his officers, disappeared into limbo, and the incident was "considered closed."

An insignificant—a paltry incident in the big wheel of Indian life, but yet interesting withal from the point of view of some, who recognize the romance of the relations existing between the "Sahibs" and those of alien race in the East.

On the 18th and 19th of October Colonel Parr took leave of the regiment at a farewell dinner at the mess and a ceremonial parade the next morning. His speech to the men on that occasion is a model of clear, direct, and forcible English. It is preserved in the November issue of the regimental magazine, *The Light Bob Gazette*, as follows—

Men, after twenty-nine years' service, and after a very happy four years' tenure of command, I am come to my last parade, which is, to one so proud and fond of the regiment as I am, a sad event.

I want to say a few words to you of farewell, and I am speaking especially to the rank and file, as I shall wish "good-bye" to my brother officers and my comrades in the sergeants' mess at another time.

I am happy to think that I hand over the regiment into the accomplished hands of one devoted to it, well trained and efficient.

Your outpost duty is satisfactorily done; your conduct is good; duty is well done, and crime is neither screened nor produced; you have become quick and handy on the line of march and in camp; your shooting is improving, although not yet up to mark. But we must remember that this year one-half of the regiment was new to the rifle and the other half new to the country. I make sure next year the shooting of the battalion will be greatly in advance of what it is now.

Some of you know that I have been during my service a good deal away from the regiment, and this has made me, perhaps, able to criticize more justly my own corps when I came back to it.

I don't think too much patting on the back is good for any of us, and, as you well know, I have not been in the habit of always saying smooth things to you; but a Commanding Officer may allow himself to say more when he is speaking to his regiment for the last time than on ordinary occasions.

I am happy to think, as I am leaving the corps, how straight you men have always run with me. If I put you on your honour to do or not to do anything, I found you kept your words. I am proud

also to be able to say that the regiment has always had a good name as a cheery, hard-working, and willing one, and that when things go cross-wise you take the rough with the smooth like soldiers. No higher praise could well be given a regiment than that given us at our last inspection, when the distinguished officer who was inspecting the corps said that what he noticed especially was "that every man was doing his best."

Men! stick to that, and with your new Commanding Officer and the officers you have got, you will be bad to beat and will go far. I wish you all God-speed, and good luck go with the old regiment.

The regiment left for the Plains, leaving its late Colonel and his family to enjoy for a few days by themselves the exquisite beauty of the place and the perfection of its climate. He writes on the 30th of October—

The children are bonny and rosy, and are not at all washed-out. After lunch we have a daily game of cricket. I and George against Hal, L—— umpire. Hal stands up to his wicket well, and is very solemn on the importance of playing with a straight bat. "Hal, shall you be glad to go to England?" "Oh yes, father! Hal is quite sick and tired of Sabathu!"—evidently an elegant extract from Mrs. Nurse's opinions."

The following letter from the chaplain on his leaving bears testimony, in well-chosen language, to several fine traits in his character.

SABATHU, *December 4th.*

DEAR COLONEL PARR,

May I enclose a line in my wife's letter to acknowledge the copy of the *Spectator* you had posted to me at Agra? Its arrival brought to my mind how numerous were the acts of kindness, small and great, I had experienced at your hands during your command here. I feel I have not fully expressed my gratitude for these, and also for the consideration and sympathy you showed me in my official and professional duties. I should like to say



COLONEL PARR ON HIS ARAB, "THE RAJAH."

Sabathu, India. 1894

To face p. 274.

I was helped and encouraged in my dealings with your men more than you might think by the kindly and friendly attitude you took up with regard to my work. You will not deem it an impertinence if I add, now that you are gone, that I have worked under many Commandants out here, but never under one who inspired, in any degree as you did, both respect and affection equally. Your stay in India was brief, but you leave behind you many who will remember you warmly, and will regret your departure deeply.

Thanking you, believe me, yours very faithfully,

GRAHAM SANDBERG.

On the way home they visited Amballa, Delhi, Agra, Jeypore, and Ahmedabad. The following letters and notes give some impressions of those places—

DELHI, *November 26th*.—We have, as you will see, left our mountain home. We journeyed comfortably down, L—— riding the first part of the way and getting into a dandy—*anglice* litter—half-way. We got to Delhi after six hours' rail. The Indian hotels are extremely bad, but if one has decent servants one can make shift.

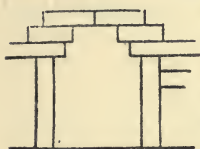
There are two fine places to see at Delhi. A huge mosque very fine generally, but with inverted flower-pot domes and clumsy, coarse, pillar-like minarets, which revolt one after the noble roofs and delicate minarets of Cairo and Constantinople.

The King's Palace and the Pearl Mosque are gorgeous, but disappoint one, as instead of lovely arabesque designs one finds ordinary late sixteenth-century designs and Italian mosaics of the European artist and architect who was responsible for the building.

November 27th.—Agra. Drove to Sicandra: very interesting. More Hindustani than the Taj, although not so elaborate.

December 1st.—The manner in which the Taj and the Fort [of Agra] with its palaces, both grandly sitting on the river's bank about two miles apart, dominate the town and country is very striking.

Both places are erected terrace upon terrace, and look sideways at each other from a bend in the Jumna. The colour of the stately Gate Houses of the Taj and the high embattlemented walls are deep red. Therefore the masses of white marble employed in the upper terraces and in the entire building of the Taj itself are rendered the more striking. Further, the white is also picked out by black marble inlay. In the Taj itself, the massive marble screens, treated as we should treat wood, are very beautiful; but I wish that Signor Veneleo (or whatever his name was) had been at the bottom of the Grand Canal before he brought his Renaissance ornamentation to mix up with correct Moresque designs. The pillars and their capitals are ugly, and look as if they were half Moresque and half Egyptian, without the size of the one or the



delicacy and beauty of the other. False arches abound in some of the buildings—very bad and unsound architecture I imagine this. Thus, in an erection built of red sandstone a door will be made as on left. Note where the break comes—i.e. almost over the centre of the doorway. After all fault-finding, the place is extremely beautiful, and lives in one's memory enhanced by the loveliness of the garden.

The buildings of the Palaces within the Fort are more correct architecturally, and I fancy better Moresque. Some of the rooms are most gorgeous in their profuseness of carved marble. In the King's room some of the pillars, in addition to being beautifully carved, are picked out with black marble and with mosaic designs of flowers.

We went over the carpet-works, but we were not very much impressed. The carpets were very badly shown; to get at one carpet there was much delay and trouble, and one could only see a few. Our journey through Rajpootana was all day very interesting—such *tableaux* at all the stations! We had something always to look at, as in the next compartment behind us was a princeling or petty rajah and in front of us was a Brahmin priest of some sanctity, and the retainers of both these personages were amusing us by little *tableaux vivants* all day. We are off [from Jeypore] to see the ancient Amber City and Palace, five miles in a high barouche and three miles on an elephant.

December 3rd.—Ahmedabad. Some old mosques, otherwise uninteresting.

December 5th.—Bombay.

December 7th.—Berkeley Pigott¹ is going home in command ; he isn't looking a day older.

December 9th, off Bombay ; hired transport "Victoria."—The city of Jeypore is a striking contrast to most Eastern towns. It is laid out chiefly in road boulevards with *ronds-points* at the intersections ; exceedingly picturesque and gaily painted buildings, palaces, etc. ; pink the prevailing colour. The town is lit with gas ! No beggars ; the people hardly taxed at all, and healthy and happy. Beautiful public gardens, with a collection of animals, an extensive museum, and an outdoor gymnasium—free to all, *pro bono publico* !

Regarding Amber City, it seems about three hundred years ago that the priests decided it was time to remove the capital of Jeypore, as the gods so willed it ; which in plain language is to be interpreted that the site of the city had become so insanitary it was ravaged by cholera and plague. Thus Amber, which had been occupied for about a thousand years, was evacuated. Temples, palaces were all left *in statu quo* and a new city built at Jeypore. One goes through miles of deserted buildings. One arrives first at a beautifully situated water palace on a lake ; thence one travels another two miles until arriving at the foot of the steep hill on which Amber is built. An elephant came to fetch us at the foot of the hill. The architecture of the huge palace was much earlier in character than any we had seen ; but the bad builder's work in making the arch or making false arches cannot but offend the eye, while the pillars are clumsy as well as grotesque. It was a most curious place, and we have got photographs of it.

The next day we went to the Rajah's palace in Jeypore and its stables. The palace is unworthy of remark. In the stables were between two and three hundred of the fattest horses I have ever seen. The whole idea of the stable management is to keep the

¹ See *ante*, pp. 171, 184.

horses fat. The unfortunate animals are kept—many of them blindfolded—picketed head and heel so that they can't stir, given hardly any exercise, swathed in heavy rugs, and, above all, fed every night with a food made of grain sugar and ghee (native butter) made into a paste. No self-respecting horse would willingly eat more than a little of it, so the syce holds a rope which is passed round the horse's upper jaw with one hand, and with the other he stuffs bits of the paste into the horse's mouth. I couldn't have believed horses could be so fattened up.

We have had a great stroke of luck. I found to my great satisfaction that Berkeley Pigott was going home in command of the troops. We met at Bombay, and he asked me some questions about my cabin. The accommodation given me was a two-berth cabin for L—— and the two boys and a single berth for myself. When I came on board yesterday I found that he had taken possession of the cabin allotted to L—— and had resigned the *two* Commanding Officer's cabins to us. So we have got two large cabins, joined by a corridor cut off from the main passage. In my cabin is a writing-table and all sorts of luxuries in the shape of book-racks, etc., while L—— has plenty of room for the children and can make use of one of the spare berths in my cabin by day for a sofa.

The *Victoria*¹ is a most beautiful ship. All sorts of improvements in the fittings of the cabins. We are so far away from the screw that we might be on a sailing-ship, while it is hard to believe we have been doing sixteen knots an hour without apparent effort! The feeding is exceedingly good, well served, and no fuss or hustling. Altogether I have never in the course of my long and ill-spent life been in such nautical luxury—thanks to Pigott's kindness.

December 10th.—The children, arrived, noisy, rosy, and blooming, on the 5th December, with the nurse in a state of collapse.

It seems from her vivid account that the last twenty-four hours of her journey she had sustained a brisk offensive and defensive engagement with a party who entered the children's first-class carriage with second-class tickets—two filthy children, a Eurasian mother, and a dirty ayah. The last unit of the enemy's forces kicked at the nurse if she got up during the night.

¹ Captain Worcester, R.N.R.

By the nurse's account and the children's there must have been a lively time. Germany [the nurse was a German] issued from the contest victorious but shattered.

The following pithy description of an uncomfortable hotel deserves preservation—

We got to — after a pleasant journey, and were landed at the — Hotel, which is an appalling place, frightfully crowded with English and Anglo-Indians, who all have at least two servants. There is no attempt at servants' accommodation, and these servants have to lie about the best way they can. You may imagine the overcrowding of the narrow passages. Every vantage-point is taken up by a little encampment of ayah or kitmaghar and bearer, etc. The feeding and coffee-room arrangements were quite indescribably bad—e.g. the first day our tea for breakfast was brought to us sugared and milked. Friction always between our own servants and the hotel servants—in fine, more discomfort and ten times the fuss than one would have in a dauk bungalow, and almost London prices to pay.

18th to 31st December, CAIRO.—Saw Rundle, Princess Nazli, Nubar, Cromer, Sirdar [Lord Kitchener], and many others, natives as well as English. Well received by the new Khedive [who invited a large party to meet him. But] good feeling between English and Egyptians now does not exist. They are waiting on events.

P. and O. s.s. "Peshawar," Sunday, January 6, 1895.—The Straits of Bonifacio, Mediterranean. I have told you of our arrival in Cairo on the 18th. Two days afterwards the Khedive sent for me through Mahir Pasha. I saw him alone and was very well received. It was very interesting seeing the Egyptian Army and all my old haunts. The young K. is very impulsive, energetic, bad tempered, and touchy, although obstinate and probably weak. His own family fear, but do not like him.

As to the boys, they are wonderful for travelling, and treat everything as a joke. Hoicked out of their sleep in the bitter cold at 2 a.m. seemed a fine joke. After they had been once seasick

they recovered and remained for two days in their berths, perfectly good in the interval of sleeping, playing with some miserable, broken toys, and chattering and laughing together, while their elders were feeling anything but festive.

On arrival at Marseilles he found a telegram awaiting him from the War Office, offering him the appointment of Assistant-Inspector-General of Ordnance, which he accepted.

CHAPTER XXI

HOME APPOINTMENTS

1895-1903. At the War Office—The Diamond Jubilee—The American Mission—The garden-party—Evening reception—The procession—Naval review—A memento—Promoted Major-General—Shorncliffe—South-Eastern District—North-Western District—Retirement—Consideration for Auxiliary Forces—For eyesight of soldiers—For civil authorities—Farewells of municipal councils—The *Liverpool Courier* on his retirement—Observations on the conduct and results of the Boer War—Morley's "Gladstone."

THEN followed three years of somewhat uninteresting office work at the War Office, during which he endeavoured to secure to light infantry regiments certain distinctions in dress, and among other reforms helped to further the system of the consolidated clothing allowance.

In 1897 the Queen's Diamond Jubilee was celebrated, during which he attended the American Envoy Extraordinary, Mr. Whitelaw Reid,¹ with whom he maintained a warm friendship for many years.

A few extracts from letters and diary at this interesting period may here be quoted—

Wednesday, June 16, 1897.

As L—— will have told you, I have been placed in charge of the American Embassy. I have only met the Ambassador as yet, who seems a pleasant man. They are not officially recognized until

¹ Afterwards Ambassador in London.

next Saturday. The various departments of the Queen's Household, the Master of the Horse, the Lord Chamberlain's, and the Board of Green Cloth, are working double tides, and can hardly keep their necks above water. Arrangements are so often changed that complications are numerous. No sooner is one surmounted than up crops another.

I have two carriages to run my people about, and as they live apart, it is as much as I can do to manage. There are the Ambassador, four suite, and the Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, General Nelson Miles, and an Admiral.

Ten days later—

The whole Jubilee has been a wonderful success, and the civilized behaviour of the people, rich and poor, showed how *bona fide* our civilization is (not a "Roman" civilization, which left the town classes savages and dangerous). Had not all the people been on the side of order and propriety, the police arrangements (excellent as they were) would have been useless to prevent crime and disorder.

My American charges . . . are all very polite, and have a great manner—very grand and ceremonious. Mr. Reid owns one of the most important New York papers. He has been very well received, has dined with the Prince of Wales and Duke of Cambridge, and has been done well. The American papers are very pleased apparently.

The garden party at Buckingham Palace was a great success. The day was lovely. L.— had a very pretty pink frock, and looked very well. She went with Sir Marshall and Lady Clarke, old Cape friends of mine. He is now Governor of Zululand. The grounds inside that big wall round which we drive are very beautiful, with a pretty little lake and undulating groves and shrubberies. The Queen's watermen, in the antique Royal Waterman's dress of red, took people about in wherries. Four bands played alternately. The refreshment tents were banked up with masses of flowers. The Queen came on the ground in a low carriage drawn by two handsome grey horses, and drove slowly up and down the lanes of people; the Princess was at her side. They say her health is wonderful. I

must go and get dressed, and hope to tell you all about the Jubilee *viva voce*. To-day is my last official day.

Monday, June 21st (Diary).—Queen arrives from Windsor Castle. Royal luncheon, levée dress. Reception by Queen, Royal guests, etc. State banquet 8.45 p.m. Reception. A heavy day. Ambassador always charming. Lunch rather scrambly. Most interesting sight was the evening reception. The Queen, almost blind, smiling and bowing. All passed her, including Indian princes and officers presenting their swords to be touched, the whole a wonderful sight. Also pathetic, wishing good-night between the Queen and her descendants. The Queen up to the last wonderful, talking and smiling with Lord Salisbury.

Tuesday, June 22nd.—Jubilee procession. Got my people off at eight and went myself in Royal hansom. Found the Admiral disappeared, Mrs. General Miles vague and undecided. Party safely started from No. 14 [Carlton House Terrace] for St. Paul's. I got my Ambassador all right to Palace and into his coach; found a decent looking black trooper with my saddlery. We started to the minute. Crowds a wonderful sight. The weather perfect. The black trooper cared neither for shouts nor clapping, and didn't look so bad. B—— sweating from every pore and on a fidgety chestnut and several other horses giving trouble, having their nerves upset by the crowd. Head aching merrily. The infantry looked "childish," except perhaps the King's Royal Rifles and Seaforths. Lord Mayor rose to the occasion in welcoming us to the City. At the Palace we drew up and waited for the Queen to pass. The gradual ascent of coach splendour from the dress landau and pair to the eight creams and state coach was excellent. I didn't get back to my house till six. L—— and party had a pleasant day.

June 26th (Diary).—Naval review. Started at 10.50 in Royal train. The sight was wonderful, and one saw it impressed the foreigners, also the Americans. A two hours' wait afterwards, which we employed in going over the *Victoria*.

June 29th (Diary).—Went to Embassy to wish good-bye, but missed Mrs. Reid. The Ambassador and Mills showed me a very

handsome vase, which I was begged to accept. I don't feel happy over accepting it, but suppose it is assumed to come from the U.S. Government.

The cup is a beautiful piece, 1775, and bears an appropriate inscription.

The following letters passed in regard to it between Mr. Whitelaw Reid and Colonel Hallam Parr—

July 10, 1897.

MY DEAR COLONEL PARR,

I cannot send this cup, about which we have already spoken, without saying how feebly the inscription on it expresses what Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and I feel and would like to say of our association during the Queen's Jubilee, as well as before and since.

We hope it may at least serve to remind you of friends you have made across the Atlantic who will always wish for continued promotion and success in every way for you, who will rejoice in it when it comes, and who will be especially gratified if an opportunity may some time arise to return to you, and to Mrs. Parr, in their own country, some of the courtesies with which you have constantly attended them during their stay in yours.

Believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

J. WHITELAW REID.

July 11, 1897.

MY DEAR MR. REID,

I was so vexed to find that I had missed Mrs. Reid's and Your Excellency's visit.

Your kind letter has much touched me, but I fear that your kindly feeling has made you rate far too highly any small services which I have been fortunate to render, services, moreover, which Mrs. Reid, Your Excellency, and your Staff made so pleasant to perform. Your cordial wish to see us in America will not be forgotten if Fate ever takes me to the other side of the Atlantic, when I shall indeed not feel without friends.



GENERAL PARR AND "JOCK."

Shorncliffe, 1900.

The beautiful cup will be valued as it deserves, and will go, I hope, to my son, and remind him that his father, during a year when much was stirring in men's minds, had such a happy connection with you and yours.

With very kind regards to Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, etc.

July 1st (Diary).—Aldershot Review. Very well managed. Marching of infantry much improved, very loose touch and swinging arm. Cavalry and R.A. raced by and were consequently ragged.

August 2nd.—At Twyford Moors [near Winchester] wrote in guest-book—

Dear kinswomen, farewell! Your old world home
Ever brings back to me the days of long ago—
Scented with memories of those who've gone before.
All changed this ancient city—these grey walls
(A standing protest to the changing scene)
And your warm, kindly welcome alter not.

In 1898 he was promoted Major-General, and was given the command at Shorncliffe. In May of the same year a third boy was born, Humphrey Clements; he died in September—the first shadow to fall across the home. With the outbreak of the Boer War in 1899 he was mentioned as likely to command one of the brigades of Buller's Army Corps, and also it was thought that he was to be Chief-of-Staff. It was known, however, that his health was impaired, and it was decided that he would not stand the strain of the campaign. This was naturally a bitter disappointment. He now took over from General Sir Leslie Rundle (who was proceeding to a command in South Africa) the South-Eastern District, and till 1902 combined the duties of General Officer Commanding the District and Shorncliffe Camp. This work was extremely hard, as during the greater part of that time Shorncliffe became a training camp for Militia and other

corps going to the front. In 1902, on Sir Leslie Rundle's return to Dover from South Africa, he was given command of the North-Western District, with headquarters at Chester. The climate and the work—there were few regular troops in the command—did not suit him, and although only fifty-five, and a Major-General of five years' standing, he reluctantly decided, in November 1903, to retire.

The multifarious duties of commands such as those of Shorncliffe, Dover, and Chester, though they demanded the exercise of the highest qualities, do not afford much material for the biographer. One or two points of general interest may be noted.

He was always very attentive to the auxiliary forces, and gave them privileges which were by no means universal at the time. Apropos of this, a military periodical wrote under date August 24, 1901—

The brigade of Volunteer Battalions selected for service in the Fourth Army Corps is loud in its praise of General Hallam Parr, commanding the South-Eastern District. He treated them exactly as if belonging to the Regular Army, leaving them ample time for battalion and company training, never bothering over non-essential and out-of-date details, and having but one divisional day in each week. In these he gave the two sides on the first occasion to the Colonels of Guards commanding Volunteer Brigades, and in the second to two senior Colonels of Volunteers, giving to each regular artillery, cavalry, and infantry. This is the way to get the whole Army to work together. General Hallam Parr proved himself a very able, thoughtful, and up-to-date General, who does not spare trenchant criticism when necessary, despite much courtesy of manner.

While at Chester he issued some memorable observations in regard to the training of the eyesight of soldiers. These were thus summarized in the *Manchester Courier* of December 9, 1902—

A circular memorandum has been issued to officers commanding Regimental Districts and officers commanding Manchester volunteer corps by Major-General Hallam Parr, Officer Commanding the North-Western District, with respect to the memorandum on the subject of musketry training recently published by the Commander-in-Chief. With regard to the training of the men, the Major-General Commanding desires to impress upon all officers that it is necessary to pay more attention to the development of the soldier's eyesight. Without this his eyes were slow and uncertain in picking up his "sights," his shooting at even short ranges was unreliable and at long ranges was greatly a matter of chance. It must be remembered that, coming as they did to a very great extent from large cities, most of their recruits, until they entered the service, hardly made use of their eyes except over a very short distance, and their eyesight required to be developed and strengthened in the same way as their limbs and muscles. Not only was the training of a soldier's eyesight essential for his success as a rifle shot, but it was required to make him an intelligent scout and to develop in him those habits of observation which they found so many men deficient in. Officers commanding regimental districts are requested to cause the captains to take this matter up. All recruits should have their eyesight tested by their company officer after joining, and ought, during the time they remain at the depot, to be got out of the barracks as often as practicable in order to practise their eyesight at medium and long distances. Opportunity should also be taken of this exercise for the instructors in charge to impart any other instruction that would be of use to the man during his career as a soldier. The town-bred recruit, adds Major-General Hallam Parr, probably would not know an oak from an elm, or a field of wheat from a field of barley.

Another matter of which he always made a great point, and which is of special importance in a democratic country like our own, was the maintenance of friendly relations between the civil and military authorities. How well he succeeded in this may be judged from the fact that the farewell resolutions of the municipal councils of Dover, Folke-

stone, Sandgate, and Hythe all dwelt specially on this characteristic, and on the numerous acts of kindness and courtesy which he had extended to their inhabitants.

One more quotation—from the *Liverpool Courier* of the 15th of September 1903—sums up the general feeling of regret which was felt at the termination of his short tenure of the North-Western District.

MAJOR-GENERAL HALLAM PARR.

The loss to this district through the pending resignation of the command by Major-General Hallam Parr, C.B., C.M.G., is a serious and regrettable one. That it should be due to ill health, the result of severe wounds caused by past distinguished services in war, will produce wide sympathy. Major-General Hallam Parr, in the brief period he has had charge of the district has done a very great deal to advance the efficient training of the troops over its wide area. The fact of Delamere Forest having been made use of for training last and this year is due to his personal efforts. The dispatch this year to the Isle of Man of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers and North Staffordshire battalions by his initiative, to add to the interest and instruction of the volunteers there, was but one of many evidences of his wish to help the volunteer cause. The mobilization exercise held last September by some Liverpool and other corps was assisted and brought about by him. Notwithstanding the manifold duties entailed on the Commander of so large a district, the Major-General presided personally twice at meetings of the Liverpool Military Society last season. It can be only hoped, in the interests of the services in the district, that the succeeding Commander may be as keen and capable a soldier and as courteous and kindly a gentleman as Major-General Hallam Parr.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE BOER WAR.

The following observations on the conduct and results of the Boer War, written for the "Recollections," seem appropriate to this stage of our narrative—

The horrors of war have been often sung ; let me be the one to sing its benefits, at any rate those of the great Boer War.

"Little man with puzzled face" is sometimes put to it to make out (when this little globe of ours is more or less convulsed with some catastrophe or another) where the good comes in, yet in the South African War the good was so quickly apparent that surely in this case there was but little difficulty in discerning it.

Of all wars that have been waged, few have been so easy to gauge the benefits.

The horrors and hardships of war we all recognize ; but how many of those were present in the second Boer War ?

The pain of the wounded and the sick, the loss of those dear to us. Yes, these were there. Hardly a family in England, certainly not my own, escaped sorrowing for some one. Who would wish to minimize these sacrifices ?

But besides ? Where was the neglect of the enemy's wounded, the humiliation of those defeated, the forced compensation from and increased taxation for the vanquished, and other hardships which form the usual punishment of those who wage an unsuccessful war ?

As for the benefits, for the Transvaal people the war did what nothing else *but* war could have done at so late a date.

It tore back the nation from the path of error and reaction into which it had strayed, and set it on the path of progress again.

It forced the Boer bywoner or gipsy as well as the town-debauched young Dutchman (a production of recent years) out to fight side by side with the honourable and respectable men of their race, and such men learned that treachery and cruelty are not always the best policy. It placed his women and children in concentration camps, where they learned from the devoted women of their friendly enemy the advantages of cleanliness and sanitation, and at least the rudiments of morals and education.

As for the men who were taken prisoner and were deported ; to some of them (who had started on their journey thinking, if they thought at all, that the world was flat and that the sun moved round to rise and set at its edge) their time of deportation was an education.

The good treatment and the straight dealing which they experienced were of as much use to them as the knowledge of the

strange countries to which they were taken, where the people were free, happy, and proud under the British flag.

Even men of education and "rebels" from the Cape Colony were influenced for good by all that they saw and heard. They had time to think the great question out, and to see that if they had succeeded in ousting the British it was pretty certain that before many years were over they would fall into the hands of some other Sea Power, whose thrall would probably be a good deal heavier than that of England, who only asked them, they began to understand, to belong to her Empire.

Further, the deported men got some idea of what the British Empire meant.

When at port after port they found the British flag flying and the British tongue spoken, and when, on reaching Colombo or Bombay, they found another Empire to which the Boer War was but an incident, and in which there was a large and splendid army, which had hardly been drawn upon, guarding British peace and British liberty, and when they learned that after all they had not yet seen the lands in both hemispheres from which their late enemies had come, all this made them feel the futility of resistance, and perhaps inspired them with some slight feeling of satisfaction at (as they could not have their own flag) belonging to an Empire so powerful and so free, and perhaps made them (or at any rate many of them) admit to themselves that they had up to now been on the wrong road.

Nor were the benefits of the war for the South African Dutch nation only. It is hard to imagine ourselves again in the situation in which we were before the war so awoke us to the danger of slackness and supineness and *laissez vivre*, and opened our eyes to where our strength, no less than our weakness, lay.

The great Boer war was the first war which we had fought since the democracy has really been in power, and it moved all classes as no war has done before. During the Egyptian War and Soudan campaigns the operations were considered as a soldier's business, and left the nation more or less unmoved.

During the Nile expedition, while intense interest was taken in the heroic figure of Gordon and his fate, yet there was a feeling that it was the business of the Ministry to disentangle themselves from

the web of complications in which vacillation and dilatoriness had involved them.

But during the Boer War, when in the Transvaal and Natal matters began to go badly for us—when the Dutch in the Orange Free State and from part of the Cape Colony began to move to the assistance of the brethren who had invaded a British possession—when it became evident that it was a question of a portion of the British Empire being in danger, it is satisfactory to remember how quickly the British nation grasped the importance of the issue and threw itself heart and soul into the war.

From a soldier's point of view it was eminently satisfactory with what alacrity and regularity the Reserves had returned to the colours and how well the Militia battalions had embodied, but it was soon shown that the warlike feeling had spread upwards and downwards. It was natural, perhaps, for country gentlemen who had served in the Regular Army or who held commissions in the Yeomanry to raise the Queen's standard and form active service squadrons, and that men of these classes, who had still somewhat of the old feudal feeling left, should readily come forward; but what was more marked, and what much more emphasized how the people were in favour of the war, was the manner in which the Volunteers came forward to strengthen the Regular battalions at the front.

In 1899-1900 I was commanding at Shorncliffe when the reinforcements of Volunteers were organized, and the manner in which this measure was carried out on the part of the men showed the spirit of the people and made one proud of one's countrymen.

It was evident that the movement met with strong approval, and that the men went with the good wishes and encouragement of the population.

One company of Volunteers I especially remember. The Captain was a coach-builder's son from Dover, the senior subaltern was the son of a grocer at Folkestone; both were smart and efficient officers. The non-commissioned officers were drawn from various Volunteer battalions of the East Kent Regiment (better known as "the Buffs").

In order to complete the organization, as well as to give the company an opportunity for some practical work and rifle-shooting before embarkation, the company went into barracks at Shorn-

cliffe, and were attached to the provisional battalion at that station : the officers joining the officers' mess and being cordially received. The men, although young, were exceedingly keen, obedient, and well-behaved, and embarked in a most satisfactory and soldier-like manner. The promise which was then given of becoming efficient and valuable troops was well kept, and the company (as indeed was the case with all the Volunteer companies) proved a valuable addition to the service battalion and did good work during the war. It was interesting to see the company on its return, when it came again to Shorncliffe for demobilization. "On vieillit bientôt sur le champ de bataille." In a year or so's time the company had become veteran troops, who would have been welcomed with open arms in any army in Europe. One of the results of the Volunteers joining the battalions of their county regiment at the front has been that a most valuable feeling of comradeship has arisen between the Regulars and their Volunteer or Territorial battalions. The counties also have begun to take their connection with their county regiments (and through them with the Army) seriously, and this feeling has taken practical form, in various ways, during the past few years, and is felt by the County Associations to be a valuable asset in the military life of the nation.

Thus far the war as it affected England only.

But "He little knows of England who only England knows."

When the great States of England-over-seas demanded to share Great Britain's difficulties, what a warmth of feeling began to glow !

No question was asked as to whether we were right or wrong. We were in a tight place, and they meant to stand in with us.

With the venal Continental Press (with a few honourable exceptions) yelping at our heels and imputing squalid intentions and desires to our every action, what a comfort the outburst of patriotism from beyond the seas was !

And it will be long before the English from the Commonwealth and the English from the Dominion and the English from the Mother Country forget the time when they fought side by side and found that there was not, after all, so much difference in their way of looking at matters, although they lived on different sides of the world.

All this will bear—nay, has already borne—fruit, fruit that will be welcome when “the day” arrives—if it is fated to arrive.

This has been a terrible digression, but my subject has run away with me.

The development of the British Empire is a question of absorbing interest, bearing as it does on the question as to whether British, American, or Teuton civilization is to predominate in the world.

This must plead my excuse for my having detained my long-suffering readers on the subject of the Boer War these many pages.

On reading the foregoing observations in the light of the still more searching ordeal through which the nation is now passing, and which the writer of them so nearly lived to see, it is impossible to refrain from noting how aptly they also apply to present circumstances, and how fully the writer's hopeful faith in his country's future has been justified by the event.

Do they not also give some indications of the way in which the present war also may result in a better ultimate understanding between the great nations engaged in it?

FRAGMENT ON LORD MORLEY'S “LIFE OF GLADSTONE.”

January 11, 1904.—I have just begun Gladstone's “Life,” and find it very interesting and curiously illuminative. How quaint that so devout a man and so practical and practising a Christian should have his life depicted or described by a man who has stood out conspicuous amongst the thinkers who have not found themselves able to accept the tenets of the Christian religion. Myself, I have always thought that the courses of conduct which made Gladstone so unpopular in foreign policy were due to the clashing of Christian rule with worldly-wise conduct—notably the accepting of our defeat after Majuba (which naturally was regarded as cowardice by the uneducated Boers) and the neglecting to take military advice when he had launched Gordon into the “unknown.”

CHAPTER XXII

LATER YEARS

1903-14. Chaffey Moor—Letter to Sir Evelyn Wood—The Haldane Scheme—Home training of sons—"Hal"—Military activities—Empire Day addresses—Appointed Colonel of the Somersets—Receives the K.C.B.—Egypt revisited—A veteran—Vice-regal favour—A ghostly guard—Invitation to Khartoum, and reply—An unfinished "Finale"—Nearing the port—A word in season—The end.

AFTER his retirement he looked about for a country home in or near the county of Somerset, and in the year 1904 lighted on a charming specimen of old English building, very much in the style of the Cotswolds, named Chaffey Moor, on the borders of Dorset and Somerset. He carried out many architectural improvements, including a well-designed sixteenth-century porch, reminiscent of that at Ablington Manor so admirably described by his brother-in-law, Arthur Gibbs, in "A Cotswold Village." Here, among his books, horses, and dogs, his trees and meadows, he spent many happy hours, making a home for his growing boys and dispensing, with his wife, to his many friends a choice and ever-memorable hospitality.

The following letter to Sir Evelyn Wood belongs to this period—

August 7, 1908.

MY DEAR SIR EVELYN,

Alas! my various ailments wore me out before I had intended. But there is in everything "compensation," and to-day I learn that my eldest son has passed very well into Sandhurst, and I hope will in a year be soldiering in my old regiment.

I hope that you are very well. It was a great satisfaction to see that you are so closely connected with the Territorial Army, especially with the troops of the City of London—that London which has never yet failed England in her hard times.

We, I think, owe Mr. Haldane a great deal for his determined effort to make the Army once more a part of the life of the nation; also for the scheme worked out by the General Staff—a scheme which may be in somewhat of a skeleton condition at present; but we are so much further to the good than we have ever been before, for the skeleton is ready to be clothed with flesh whenever it may please the nation to awake to its danger. With very kind remembrances, etc.

His kindly welcome to his friends of all kinds could never be forgotten. As a friend wrote, "He had the power of making every one feel so happy," and with this went a perfect courtesy, "the fruit of a loyal nature and a noble mind."

He was devoted to his two sons, and early inspired them with his own high ideals of life and deep sense of duty, and the respect and affection which they had for him and for their mother was most touching in its depth and sincerity.

As to this side of his character Lady Elton, a near relation, writes—

There was something womanly in his tenderness with his little sons, though, with all that, he taught them everything that was manly and likely to make fine characters of them, and then with love and truth and with that essential quality of tact he left the rest

to their beloved mother, first always teaching the boys her value, her example to be followed, her religious teachings and gentle influence to be regarded and remembered through their lives. They indeed profited by his careful training, as all who knew them afterwards can testify. They were most devoted sons.

In the autumn of 1909 he had the great satisfaction of seeing his eldest son "Hal" gazetted to the 2nd Somerset Light Infantry, but hardly had this been realized than he had to bear the crushing sorrow of his early death at Malta in February 1910, when barely twenty years old. A short memoir of this promising young soldier and charming English gentleman is given separately further on.

He by no means ceased to be a soldier in his retirement. He was a member of the Territorial Force Association for the county of Somerset, and the service that he rendered to the Association was greatly valued. He was Chairman of the Horse Purchase Sub-Committee of the Association, and one of his last acts was to draft rules for the care and inspection of the horses owned by the Association. He was also Commandant of the National Reserves in the county and Chairman of the National Reserve Sub-Committee. In this force he took the greatest interest, and organized it from its inception. He spared no pains or trouble to make a success of the movement, and addressed meetings in all parts of the county. His presence at these meetings was much appreciated by his audiences, and it gladdened the hearts of hundreds of old soldiers to meet once more the gallant officer under whom they had once served in various parts of the Empire.

The word Empire recalls a number of addresses given in the village school at Bourton, in which, as Empire Day came round each year, he sought to widen the outlook of the rising generation, to kindle in their minds something of that glow-



MRS. HALLAM PARR AND HER SONS. 1906.

ing patriotism of which his own nature was full, and to awaken an honourable pride in the world-wide inheritance which they were born to share. A few extracts from these addresses may be quoted—

REALIZATION OF THE EMPIRE.

The managers of this school have done me the honour to ask me to say a few words on the occasion of the celebration of Empire Day [1906], and I have gladly accepted the invitation, as every Englishman should try and further the objects of Empire Day. As perhaps some of you have been already told, it began to be realized some years ago that the magnificent British Empire which our forefathers had worked, and fought and died for was getting larger and larger very rapidly, but it was felt with dismay at the same time that instead of the different nations which compose it becoming more and more attached to each other, they were beginning to drift apart and show less love and sympathy for each other.

This sad state of things was, we are now ready to admit, a good deal the fault of us who lived in England, and had allowed ourselves to grow up in ignorance and indifference as to our brothers who had gone beyond the seas. We were living in a small country and were too much inclined to be wrapt up in our own affairs, and we liked to think that anything out of the United Kingdom was probably something inferior. We did not realize that, in the years that had passed since the early colonists had left England to seek their fortunes and the present time, our flesh and blood had been hard at work, building up their new country with the same energy that their and our forefathers in the old days had built England. We were inclined to be short and disagreeable in our dealings with our kinsmen, to treat them as if they were not quite as good as we were.

But luckily, before too much mischief was done, and before our kinsmen had become too much like strangers, our eyes were opened, and we saw and understood that the weak and feeble Colonies of a hundred years before had become great and powerful nations, who had still warm feelings towards the Mother Country. We

learnt of the magnificent cities whose inhabitants were not the rough and simple colonists of the old times, but educated and clever men, yet retaining all the hardy and gallant qualities which enabled their forefathers to conquer the difficulties of founding their new country and making it prosperous. We realized also that those who live in the magnificent new countries beyond the sea are as proud and brave as we claim to be, and that they do not intend to live side by side with those who live in these islands in a position of inferiority but in an equal position, as true brothers should. We have learnt, too, that our brothers beyond the seas are ready to fight for the Empire ; and when they do fight they have shown that they are magnificent soldiers, and, being many of them hunters, and shepherds, and herdsmen, that they know naturally a great deal that we have to teach our soldiers (who are mostly city bred) after they have entered the Army. All this knowledge has come to us somewhat recently, and we are rather ashamed to have allowed ourselves to remain so long in ignorance. The Government of the King is therefore anxious that you who are growing up should have a proper knowledge of what we have come to understand is so important, and the anniversary of the birthday of our great Queen Victoria, under whose reign the Empire so flourished and increased, has been set aside, to be kept as a special day in order to make men think on these matters.

Thus we all want you children and lads to have a proper knowledge of the world-wide British Empire of which you are citizens. We want you to grow up understanding your duty to your King and country, and understanding that, as the honour and privilege of being British citizens is yours, you must always be anxious and ready to try and do something for the good of your country when you grow up and go out into the world.

WHAT THE EMPIRE STANDS FOR.

This year [1907] we have the special duty to perform of hoisting the Union Jack, the flag of England and of the British Empire, on the school house, where it will long fly honoured and revered.

The Union Jack is the flag of our King and country, under which our fathers fought and kept England free, and under which they laid

the foundations of the mighty British Empire which reaches round the world.

This is a great deal, but this is by no means all.

The Union Jack has been the flag under which (when there was a great deal more cruelty and misery in the world than there is now) men have felt safe from wrong, safe from oppression, safe to worship God freely after the religion of their forefathers—the flag under which every slave was free, and the weak and wretched were sure of protection.

This is what we must remember when we look at the flag, and we must also remember that our duty is to be honest, true, and God-fearing Englishmen and Englishwomen, so as to be worthy descendants of those who won for the Union Jack its noble character and noble past.

OUR DUTY TO THE EMPIRE.

This year Empire Day is more honoured, and honoured by many more thousands here and in British Dominions overseas, than it has ever been, and I will read to you the message Field-Marshal Lord Roberts sent to the Empire on the 24th of May—

Empire Day should bring home to every man, woman, and child throughout the length and breadth of the British Dominions what a wonderful heritage is theirs, and awaken in them a determination to hand on this heritage untarnished to their children and their children's children. But the fulfilment of this determination can only be attained by the whole nation understanding that it is the bounden duty of all classes, high and low, to fit themselves to take a useful part in the defence of their country, and to willingly make the small sacrifices required of them for this purpose.

ROBERTS, F.M.

That is a fine message, as Lord Roberts tells us we must all strive to be worthy of the great Empire to which we belong, to serve our King and country truly, and behave always as honest, kindly, hard-working British folk.

I am very glad to hear that the rifle-shooting is getting on so well. I hope that those amongst you who are learning to shoot will stick to it like men, and will remember that whenever you are taking the rifle into your hands you are doing something for your country, for you are making yourself capable of helping to defend her, and making yourself ready to join the Territorial Force (which I hope you will all do) when you are old enough.

On the 5th of April, 1910, on the death of Major-General England, Major-General Parr was appointed Colonel of the Somerset Light Infantry, and proved himself to be one of the best colonels the regiment has ever had. He looked upon his appointment as far more than a mere honorary distinction, and closely identified himself with everything connected with the welfare of the regiment. His efforts did much towards bringing all the battalions more closely together.

We learn (from a letter from one who was present) that at the Egyptian Army Dinner in the same year Sir Evelyn Wood referred to the splendid way Hallam Parr had trained the first of the Egyptian Army troops; he also adverted to the fact (mentioned before in this work¹) that the first recruits had been brought up in chains.

At the funeral of King Edward, Hallam Parr had charge of the Egyptian Mission.

On the occasion of the Coronation of the present King in 1911 he was promoted to be Knight Commander of the Bath, and again had charge of the Egyptian Mission.

In the winter of 1911, in company with a brother-in-law, he revisited Egypt, the scene of his early greatness. One letter home, written during this journey, has already been quoted (*ante*, p. 211). The following also contains some picturesque incidents—

¹ P. 223.

HELIOPOLIS PALACE HOTEL,

March 23, 1911.

To resume the annals of my uneventful life: Just after I had sent off my letter to you, another communication came from "le Grand Maître des Cérémonies de Son Altesse le Khédive" (I like to give him his full name, it is so "round in the mouth," as wine merchants say, and you can't know that it relates to a rather untidy old Turk of uncertain age), to say that the Khedive would be pleased to receive me "ainsi que M. C——, votre beau-frère," at 3.30 on Friday, i.e. to-morrow. Then came the question, "What the doose were we to wear?" As it was in the country, I thought that a neat suit of dittos, with my "Homburg hat" (which enables me to cut out C—— so completely), would be the thing, but the Cabinet of Ceremonies were inexorable, and although the younger members were inclined to let in the Homburg hat, finally a protocol was delivered that "chapeau rond et redingote" was to be the dress, and in point of fact the faithful Frederick is at the present moment employed in taking the stains of travel out of our tall hats. We went to lunch with some friends of C——'s on Tuesday, very nice, friendly people. They took us to the Zoological Gardens, which are close to their house. There has been such improvement there, and the beasts look so happy and healthy. They are on most fascinating terms with their keepers, who are all old soldiers. I found one old Sudanese glaring at me as if he wanted to drive a knife into me, and then he came forward and made a clutch at my right hand and put it to his forehead. "Thou wast then a soldier?" "Surely thou knowest it well: was not I with thee, O Pasha, at Suakin?" "From what battalion then comest thou?" "From the 9th Sudan, without doubt." "A good battalion indeed! I am glad to see thee, and so finely placed here. Take this and eat well to-night."

It was interesting to see wild-eyed fierce gnus and timid buck obeying their keeper's call. "O Mahmoud, come here, and quickly." And Mahmoud (probably a fierce gnu) would canter up to his name, kicking and bucking and pawing the ground, to have his mane scratched.

There was a young lioness who had a large wooden ball in her cage, with which she was having a fine game, one paw against the

other. What never seemed to weary her was hitting it between the legs of a bench and seeing it come out of the other side. I was much interested at seeing the chitas. They are easily tamed, although they look rather like leopards. They are used in Central India for hunting buck. They are led out hooded and let go when the buck is started. (This is doubtless an unnecessary explanation to my intelligent and well-informed readers.) When you look at them, they are quite different in bearing to a leopard: they have quieter eyes and look tamer, and when they want anything they "meow" softly like a cat. I think that one would look very picturesque in the garden at Chaffey Moor, and would certainly serve to keep Teazem [the dog] in order.

Friday, March 23rd.—We are ready to go off to the Khedive this afternoon, and I will duly report to you the results of our interview.

March 24.—Our interview went off very well yesterday. The Khedive was very civil and talked farming with C——. He has grown rather stouter. He thanked me very warmly for looking after his brother at the funeral, in the excellently rounded phrases that the East produces, and said that he had been to Alexandria, or he would have been anxious to see us at breakfast.

Major Watson, the Khedive's A.D.C., had been breakfasting with us before we went, and during breakfast C—— told him of the old grizzled warrior who came up to me at the Zoological Gardens. Watson said: "Talking of those Sudanese puts me in mind of what happened the other day to one of our medical officers who had been sent up to Abu Hamed, where there was a fight during the first year's fighting, and Fitzclarence (whom his men were very fond of) and eighteen Sudanese were killed. They were all buried in the same little enclosure, and a cemetery has been built there. The said medical officer took a house, which he got very cheap, close to the cemetery. After he had been there a few days, his groom came up and said he must go home. His master could get no reason out of him except the usual one given by natives when they want to go away, viz. that their wife's grandmother is seriously ill, or something to that effect, and, to his master's regret, off he went. Two days afterwards the body-servant came to him and said that *he* too must

go. This was too much, and the officer insisted on getting at the right reason. 'Your honour,' said the man rather shamefacedly, 'I cannot stay here with these Sudanese so near. They don't like it; they are jealous of any one going near their English officer, who lies here. In the day they are quiet, but at night they are always on the watch, and if any of us go near the place they cry "Guard, turn out!" and all assemble round his grave, lest it be touched. So you see, your Honour, we must all go away.'"

As a matter of fact, the medical officer found that it would be more advantageous for him to change his abode than lose good servants and break up his household, so he moved away and left the Sudanese to watch over the grave of their officer in peace.

I am going to see the Egyptian artillery and cavalry to-day, before going with C—— to lunch with Prince Mahomed Aly, who, it seems, has sent me his picture in an elaborate frame to England as a memento of last year.

I must stop chattering now. In the first place you won't read any more, even if you have got as far as this; in the second, this is our last day but one, and we shall be busy packing and saying good-bye.

A letter from the Sirdar, Sir Reginald Wingate, and the reply are inserted, partly for their own interest and also to show the terms of affectionate friendship that existed between them.

THE PALACE, KHARTOUM, ERKOWIT,
April 19, 1911.

MY DEAR GENERAL,

I cannot tell you how distressed I was, on my return from my inspection of Tokar, to find a letter from Major Herbert giving me the first intimation of your visit to Cairo and of your seeing the squadron there. Had I been apprised beforehand of your visit, I should of course have at once sent you a warm telegram of welcome from the Egyptian Army and a cordial invitation to come and visit us at Khartoum. Indeed, nothing would have given me greater pleasure than to have shown the former Adjutant-General something of the force with whose early organization he was so honourably

connected, and who did so much for the Egyptian Army in its infancy. However, it is no use crying over spilt milk, and I hope you will come out again and then pay us a long visit in Khartoum, and perhaps extend your journey into some of the remoter portions of the Soudan. I hope you were satisfied with what you saw in Cairo, and that the British officers of the Egyptian Army showed you every consideration. And with kindest remembrances,

Believe me,

Yours always very sincerely,

REGINALD WINGATE.

GENERAL HALLAM PARR, C.B., etc.,

Chaffey Moor House,

Bourton, Dorset.

May 1, 1911.

MY DEAR WINGATE,

Many thanks for yours of the 19th April from Erkowit. It was like you to write when you must be so busy.

I had intended to write to you when I landed at Suez, but you had, I learned, just gone South and would be away some time. I had hurried out from England in charge of my brother-in-law We went straight through Cairo without stopping, to get him to Assouan as soon as possible.

I hadn't seen Assouan since I had been Commandant at Shellal in 1884, so I was a good deal taken aback at the difference. The thin, wretched fellahin have disappeared with their donkeys, and the present generation are a great improvement. Ismail Bey Rafaat, the brother of Ibrahim Rafaat (who was in the Artillery in my time), heard I was at Assouan, and came and called and asked C—— and I to dinner. I thought it showed a very nice feeling.

Our stay at Cairo was very hurried, but every one was very civil, including Jimmy Watson, and I saw a good many of the old officers, with whom I had soldiered in the old days, notably Fathi, who came away from his farm to see me.

I have been again put in charge of the Egyptian Mission for the Coronation. Perhaps you intend to be home for the function.

I saw the Khedive at Cairo and breakfasted with Mahomed Aly Pasha. Cairo was a new city to me, and I could hardly find my way about. The romance of it, as we first knew it, has indeed departed.

What struck me more than anything was the likelihood of Egypt becoming an appendage of a huge Sudan Empire, of which you will be the founder—have been the founder. I hope that you are in the best of health. Always, my dear Wingate,

Yours very sincerely,

H. HALLAM PARR.

PS.—The accounts of dealing with the Nile below Bor are most interesting. I hope you are satisfied with the progress of the scheme and (as a detail) that the Sudd fuel is going to be a success.

It seems appropriate here to bring in an unfinished "Finale" which he had prepared for the "Recollections."

And how to end what one has written? Do most writers rejoice when the end of the work approaches? Probably; but they are young, may be, and are ascending the hill—the hill which every man has to climb and descend; but men who have taken to writing as fitting for those busied in pursuing a quiet, downhill journey are in no hurry to lay down an occupation.

Thackeray says in one of his "Roundabout Papers": "Very small 'routine' amusements amuse *him*. (Thank goodness!) Nature provides very kindly for kindly disposed fogies. We relish those things which we scorned in our lusty youth."

In early days there was boot and saddle at daybreak and out of bed at a bound, eager to get the good horse between one's knees and the fresh air of the morning into our nostrils.

Later, a more deliberate descent on to the floor at a more reasonable hour, further progress into some place where friends are awaiting in rows to help us to pass the time. And what friends! how steadfast and how true! No! I will not inflict my own indifferent words on those who have reached (after steady wading, or jumping from rock to rock, may be!) the other, further shore of this volume. Have not many written on this theme?

Early in 1912 serious symptoms of heart trouble showed themselves, involving liability to sudden and painful attacks

which might prove fatal at any moment. Under these trying conditions the keynote of his life—a high sense of duty, culminating in a courage which never failed—asserted itself to the full.

Not for a moment did he allow the state of his health to interfere with the performance of his various duties, near and far—to the Regiment, to the Territorials, to the National Reserve—nor to abate his keen interest in public and especially military affairs. The following letter to *The Times* was written within a fortnight of his death. It contains a suggestion for utilizing the Ulster Volunteers for the defence of the realm, which their subsequent splendid services have so amply enforced.

To the Editor of The Times.

SIR,—England breathes more freely : “La Grande Muette” has spoken ; there will be no coercion of Ulster, for there is no Army to coerce her with.

If the suggestion is not premature, it will be well for the General Staff soon to consider the possibilities of the force now holding Ulster. The manhood of Ulster is under arms.

It is to be hoped that when matters settle down this force will not be suffered to melt away, but that a certain proportion will become the permanent Territorial Force of Ulster.

With the Territorials in the United Kingdom over 60,000 (say, two Army Corps) below establishment, we cannot afford to throw away such a chance of increasing our defensive forces.

The strategic importance of having the province of Ulster properly held need not be insisted upon.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

HY. HALLAM PARR,
Major-General.

Chaffey Moor House, Bourton, Dorset,

March 24th.

The words of the Greek poet,¹ which he loved and often quoted, describe well the spirit in which he approached the final stage in life's journey—

Go bravely down the road that leadeth thee
To shadowland ;
Straight is the path, it is not hard to see
And understand ;
So gentle the descent, so smooth it lies,
Thou canst not stray ;
And all men go thereon with closed eyes
Nor miss the way.

The end came on the 4th of April 1914, after an illness of only a few hours. He was buried, with full military honours, in the breezy upland cemetery of Bourton, where he lived. Thus, by one of those contrasts of which our island story is so full, he who had served his country so long in so many distant lands lies in his quiet village home, while his two sons, whose service—though full of brightest promise—was so short, rest on foreign soil—one in Malta, the other in Belgium—scene of historic and immemorial strife.

At the funeral all the battalions of the regiment, both Regular, Special Reserve, and Territorial, were represented. Many friends and many comrades of former years came to pay their last tribute of love and sorrow to his memory, and six former Colonels of the Somerset battalions acted as pall-bearers, and he was attended to his last resting-place by the regiment he had loved so well. There were also representatives of the National Reserve and Boy Scouts. Among

¹ Leonidas of Tarentum (about 275 B.C.), as translated by Mr. Arthur Pott in "Greek Love Songs and Epigrams." Kegan Paul, 1911. Mr. Pott has kindly favoured me with the original, which is as follows :—

Εὖθυμος ὦν ἔρεσσε τὴν ἐπ' Αἴδος
ἀταρπὸν ἔρπον· ὅν γάρ ἐστι δύσβατος,
οὐδὲ σκαληνός, οὐδ' ἀνάπλεως πλάνης,
ἰθὺα δ' ᾗ μάλιστα, καὶ κατακλινῆς
ἥπασα, κῆκ μεμυκοτῶν ὀδύεται.

other messages of sympathy, the following was received from the Sirdar, Sir F. R. Wingate, dated Erkowit: "Egyptian Army joins me in sincere sorrow and sympathy on the death of their former Adjutant-General."

There thus passed away a man of high achievements and charming character, who will ever be held in most affectionate and admiring remembrance by his many comrades and friends. Devoted to his noble profession, active in body and mind, he combined the chivalrous ideals of the knight of old with an unswerving faith in the promise of the future. In all that he said and did there was a touch of distinction, an apt allusion, an appropriate ornament, a fine finish. Possessing a strong individuality, he was yet intensely sympathetic with the aims and feelings of others, and appreciative of their difficulties and limitations. This rare quality was doubtless one of the causes of his great success in South Africa and in Egypt, where other races had to be dealt with.

Though, of course, in the first place a soldier and a sportsman, he had (as the foregoing recollections and correspondence testify) strong literary tastes, and excelled as a letter-writer, illuminating even the most commonplace note with some arresting comment or spark of humour.

Unsparing of his own efforts, he expected and uniformly obtained efficient and devoted service from those on whom he relied; and he remained an idealist and an optimist in spite of impaired health, which he never allowed to interfere with his duty, and which alone prevented him from rising to the highest distinctions in his profession.¹

¹ The above paragraphs are adapted (by kind permission of the editor) from a letter which I wrote to the *Spectator* shortly after Sir Henry Parr's death.—C. F.-B.

For those who had the privilege of his friendship his memory will ever remain as the embodiment of all that is chivalrous, helpful, and gifted, and for those nearer and dearer there will be the added charm of a most affectionate and unselfish nature and a noble and inspiring example. He was truly

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward ;
Never doubted clouds would break ;
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake. ¹

¹ Robert Browning, "Asolando."

APPRECIATION BY FIELD-MARSHAL LORD GRENFELL,
G.C.B., G.C.M.G., ETC.

In 1877 Henry Hallam Parr, then Captain in the 13th Light Infantry, was Military Secretary to Sir Bartle Frere, Governor of the Cape Colony. I was then serving on the Staff of Lord Chelmsford, the General Commanding in South Africa.

In the course of our duties we frequently met, and from that time till the end of his career in the Egyptian Army, both in the Kaffir and Zulu Wars, in the 1882 campaign in Egypt (where he raised and commanded a battalion of mounted infantry), and the Nile expedition for the relief of Gordon, we were constantly associated. He had joined the Egyptian Army in 1883.

I remember, after the action at Tel-el-Mahuta, riding up with Sir Garnet Wolseley and seeing Parr and the late Lord Minto, both wounded, sitting on the sand with their backs against a wall, waiting to be removed after their first dressing. Sir Garnet stopped and spoke to them, and expressed to us his regret that so valuable an officer should be incapacitated from finishing the campaign by reason of his severe wound. He then returned to England, but came back and served as Provost-Marshal.

In 1886, when, by the retirement of Sir Evelyn Wood, I succeeded to the command of the Egyptian Army as Sirdar, Parr was the first officer I wrote to, in order to engage him to continue his services under my command, and very soon I offered him the post of Second-in-Command and Adjutant-General of the Army.

His successful career, he being C.M.G., A.D.C. to the Queen, and full Colonel of the Army, to our great regret was interrupted by bad health, and in 1887 he left the Egyptian Army. Few of his brother officers except myself were aware of the difficulty with which he performed his very important duties while suffering from a painful illness, and I could not but admire the fortitude and courage with which he faced great pain and discomfort and still for a long time clung to his post. Though I had pressed him strongly to let me keep the Adjutant-Generalship of the Army open, he (with his usual consideration for others) thought it would

be unfair for me to do so in his state of health, and to the great regret of all connected with the Army he resigned his appointment.

No officer did more to promote the efficiency of the Army than he—he made the Egyptian officers a special study, treated them with the greatest kindness and consideration, and his tact and good management, both in the battalion he commanded and in the more important duties of Adjutant-General of the Army, greatly tended to promote the good feeling and comradeship which existed between the British and Egyptian officers and men.

During his administration at the War Office in London in the Clothing Department he did much to forward *esprit de corps* in the Army by endeavouring to retain regimental badges and emblems connected with the past history of the regiments, thereby combating the attempts which at that time were being made to introduce absolute uniformity in the uniform and equipment of the Army.

He was in every way a good and distinguished officer ; he had carefully studied his profession, and especially in everything connected with mounted troops he was most capable and knowledgeable.

The Egyptian War Office under his administration was ably organized, and all his subordinates felt that they had in him not only a commander that could be trusted, but a friend to be relied upon. There were many difficulties during his term of office, but he surmounted them, and we all regretted he was not able to share in the subsequent success of the Army, to which the good work he had done, both as an officer commanding a battalion and as Adjutant-General, had so largely conduced.

In his later career, though I often saw him, I had no official association with him, but Hallam Parr was so well known and respected in the Army that the news of his death was received by a large circle of friends and comrades with the greatest regret. By them he will be always remembered as a good soldier, an able administrator, a tactful and courteous gentleman.

APPRECIATION BY FIELD-MARSHAL SIR EVELYN WOOD,
V.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., ETC.

I made Hallam Parr's acquaintance early in 1878, when I was commanding a column employed in suppressing the Galeka Rebellion in the Amatola Mountains; Parr was Aide-de-Camp and Military Secretary to the Governor and High Commissioner, Sir Bartle Frere, who was living during the operations on the outskirts of King William's Town in the officer's quarters of an unoccupied barrack. What I saw in 1878 of a man who afterwards became a warm personal friend, gave me a high opinion of his character, both as an officer and as a gentleman; and this opinion grew in intensity throughout the Zulu War, when he accompanied the High Commissioner to Natal and the Transvaal.

In January 1883, when I was entrusted with the raising of an Egyptian Army to replace that which had been involved in the mutiny of Arabi Pasha, I invited my friend to raise and command a battalion. It is clear from the later careers of the officers that my selections had been carefully made. I formed four battalions commanded by Englishmen and four by natives, in nearly every case Turks. All the British officers in command of battalions, all the Royal Artillery and my three aides-de-camp in succession became general officers, three Royal Engineers furnished to the Army Generals and a Field-Marshal, which rank was attained also by the General in command of the European officered brigade.

It is clear, therefore, that the British War Office Staff shared my opinion of the merits of these officers, but I think that if they had been asked thirty years ago they would have agreed in my opinion that in that galaxy of good soldiers none of them got quite so close a touch of all ranks of the Turks and the Egyptians as did Hallam Parr.

At the time of which I write the fellaheen had a well-founded horror of service in the Sudan. There was an accepted tradition that once a fellah had been sent to the Sudan he never got back to the Delta. In the spring of 1883 I was ordered to detail 5,000 ex-soldiers, who had been sent back to civil life after Sir Garnet

Wolseley's victory of Tel-el-Kebir, for service with Hicks Pasha to the south of Khartoum. The men were all between twenty-five and forty years of age, physically strong and healthy, but such was their horror of service that while standing on parade I saw two men deliberately destroy their sight by putting lime into their eyes.

It is but little less than a marvel that after only a few months' service, when Lieutenant-Colonel Hallam Parr asked for volunteers from his battalion to accompany him to the Sudan, and such were ordered to step to the front six paces, the whole battalion moved forward and left Cairo without one absentee.

A year later the battalion, as indeed all, did faithful service in the abortive Gordon Relief Expedition; their reliable soldier-like conduct being attested by the telegrams sent to me as General Officer in command on the line of communications, by officers in charge of supply depots.

- (a) Please send no coffee in whalers manned by voyageurs.
- (b) Please send no sugar in whalers manned by kroomen.
- (c) Please send no medical comforts in whale-boats manned by British troops.

This reduced the escorts available for all tempting stores to the Egyptian Army, and when late in 1884 £10,000 in Maria Theresa dollars, the only acceptable currency, disappeared in the desert when in charge of a European escort, a subaltern's escort of Egyptians delivered at the extreme front a second £10,000 in dollars.

During the twelve months the Egyptian Army was employed on the line of communications the boats' crews never lost a box or a biscuit of the stores of all kinds entrusted to them.

Colonel Hallam Parr commanded his battalion, 1st Somerset Light Infantry, for a year, quartered close to Government House, Aldershot, 1890-1, while I was commanding the troops in that district, and was in a high state of efficiency.

General Parr next came under my notice during the Boer War, when he was in command of the South-Eastern District, and I was Adjutant-General of the Army and saw his troops exercised over

a large tract of private land which had been hired locally by his tactful initiative.

I was so much impressed by the up-to-date work which I saw carried out and which marked so distinctively his administrative and tactful ability that I desired the Military Secretary in writing to submit his name for the command of a division in India.

APPRECIATION BY GENERAL SIR H. M. LESLIE RUNDLE,
G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., D.S.O.

I first knew Henry Hallam Parr after the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir in 1882. At that time Parr was a Captain, I think, in command of the mounted infantry of the Army of Occupation in Cairo, and his subaltern was Humphreys, who was also a personal friend of his own and the owner of John Peel, at that time a well-known racing pony. I do not clearly remember if John Peel was owned by Humphreys or by my friend Hallam Parr, but I remember distinctly that in riding a gallop the pony fell, and in falling, broke Humphreys' neck. A tent had to be pitched over him, and he was nursed with the greatest tenderness by his Commanding Officer and friend. He passed away on the Cairo Race-course, where he fell. John Peel never raced again, and as years went on became fat and elderly, and was eventually given to my wife and myself as a trap pony to be taken care of, and a real good bit of stuff he was, as were all horses owned or ridden by the subject of this memoir.

In those days Hallam Parr was in his prime, the beau ideal of everything an English soldier and a gentleman should be, setting an example of devotion to duty, high-mindedness, and, with all, a sense of humour and enjoyment of sport and good fellowship, which I have seldom seen equalled, and never surpassed.

He had the rare combination of being a strict disciplinarian, and at the same time inviting and retaining the confidence of not only those under his command, but of all with whom he came in contact, either professionally or socially. When the Egyptian Army was formed by Sir Evelyn Wood, Hallam Parr was given command

of a battalion into which he threw all his energies and soldier-like qualities. A man of the highest ideals himself, he inspired the Egyptian officer and soldier in a remarkable degree with the same qualities that he himself possessed.

Time passed on and Parr became Adjutant-General of the Egyptian Army. If I were asked to record the impression most left with me after many years of Hallam Parr's friendship I should say the extraordinary influence and sympathy he had over other men very unlike himself, men who were insensibly influenced by the standard that he set up consistently in his own life. As Adjutant-General I became his intimate friend. At that time I was commanding a battery of Egyptian artillery, and was considerably junior in age and rank to the man who became my lifelong friend. Many was the time after a hard day's work that I have driven into Cairo, before I married, and dined with him at his rooms, enjoying his ideas of life generally and the brightness of his nature. Much has been the good advice that he gave me, never preaching : but leaving it to one's better self to follow where he led. This feeling for Hallam Parr I retained long after events caused our lives to separate, and long distances of time, in which I never saw him, to dim my early memories of him ; but when I did see him, though only for short moments, this feeling always came back to me. I shall never forget his courtesy and kindness to me when Fate found me commanding the South-Eastern District whilst he himself commanded the garrison at Shorncliffe. With any one else, except Hallam Parr, the situation would have been almost impossible ; with him it was not only possible, but a pleasure to us both. Truly the words *sans peur* and *sans reproche* come fittingly back to one's mind when one thinks of this gallant gentleman and soldier.

Colonel Walsh, C.B., who succeeded him in the command of the 1st Battalion of the Somerset Light Infantry, writes—

Sir Henry was one of my greatest friends from early in 1874 till the day of his death. When I joined the regiment in Malta in 1874 he was Adjutant, and the smartest one I ever knew. . . . I served

under him all the time he commanded the 1st Battalion in India, and I know when he gave up the command no regiment could have been in a better state. During his command he devoted the whole of his time to improving the condition of his men and the efficiency of the battalion. He not only succeeded in bringing it to an admirable state of efficiency, but in doing so he remained the most popular commanding officer, loved by all ranks.

To this may be added the following few words from Colonel John Thicknesse, who was later on Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion. Referring to his own joining the regiment twenty-four years ago, he wrote (October 1915)—

I can only say what you know already, what an inspiration it was to me to join such a splendid regiment, under such a leader, and how it has lasted me all my service, and is of daily and hourly use to me now that I am called upon to command myself.¹

Of his humour, a very notable side of his character, Lady Elton, a near relation, writes—

The things he said, the stories he told, were always his own, as it were : his own way of looking at a thing, his own way of telling it, that made it so really amusing, not so much the repeating of some anecdote or a joke made by somebody else. It was all original, belonged to him, was part of him, and no one else.

One more quotation, from another near relative, Mrs. Cyril Cunard, illustrates his fondness and consideration for animals, and ends with a touching glimpse of the boyhood of his son George, who fell in Flanders in December 1914.

¹ Since writing these words, Colonel Thicknesse has been killed while leading his regiment into action in the onset of the British advance on the 1st of July last (1916).

One of his most delightful characteristics that one recalls was his love and understanding of animals. He had "a way" with horses and dogs which never failed with the most suspicious and least "likely" of customers.

As a horseman of the *haute école* he was unsurpassed, and however refractory his mount he never failed to bring him into line. He liked nothing better than to get hold of an unbroken youngster and put him through a course of training, and the finished article he produced—whether a lady's hack for harness or the parade ground—was a testimony to his extraordinary skill and patience, born of a real tenderness for the creature, and no animal ever failed to respond to the magnetism of his voice and hand. His joy in his dogs and horses was never the purely selfish one it is to many. He would take endless trouble with them always—never forgetting their needs and individual idiosyncrasies of taste and habit!

I remember his satisfaction on being told that his son George, then a boy of nineteen, on returning after a long day's hunting, withstood the temptation of the hot tub and much-coveted poached egg till he had seen to the comfort of his mount—assisting himself with the rubbing down and feeding, an example which might well be followed by many who profess a love for horses—but fail dismally in the practice of it when it means the exercise of any small self-denial. As I write a vision of George as a boy of ten rises before my eyes. A little lad, small for his age, with wide-open blue eyes, riding across country, but ever mindful of "Father's" injunction "to save your horse whenever possible," easing the broad grey back of the solid cob he bestrides as he rides up the hills and across the plough. Alas, George! you learnt your lesson of unselfishness and thought for others very early in life, and now that you have faced and met the death you would have desired, a soldier's on the battlefield, the memories of "the little lad" are tender ones indeed; worthy son of a noble father, even in the little ways which yet count so much in the making of character.

CHAPTER XXIII

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM PARR

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM PARR was born on the 12th of February 1890, when his father was Assistant-Adjutant-General of the Southern District at Portsmouth. When, as already described, this post was relinquished for the command of the 1st Battalion of the Somerset Light Infantry, "Hal" followed the fortunes of the regiment, sailing early in 1892 to Gibraltar and in 1893 to India.

A few little incidents of his childhood have already appeared in his father's letters.¹

His earliest ambition had always been to enter his father's regiment, and (after four years at Parkside, Mr. Vaughan Pott's school near Ewell, in Surrey) he was sent to Wellington College where he became head of his dormitory and of the Rifle Corps, and was considered one of the smartest and most competent officers who had ever been at the school.

A Wellington master thus writes—

There was something in Hal which commanded instinctive respect. Sensitive he was, but it was not the sensitiveness which develops into weakness. He was not naturally good at games, nor particularly devoted to them, though he had plenty of pluck and spirit. But he was an example of a truth sometimes overlooked, that boys are not, as is often supposed, influenced in their judgment by athletic skill alone, but that with them, as with men, character is in the long run that which counts. . . . There was that in him which

¹ *Ante*, pp. 266, 274, 279, 280.



Arthur Henry Hallam Parr.
2nd Lieut. Prince Albert's Somerset Light Infantry.
November, 1909.

made those who came into contact with him feel that here was a truly refined nature, with ideals and aspirations not of the ordinary kind. It was one of those natures in connection with which it seems something of a sacrilege to think of the ordinary temptations and difficulties of schoolboy life. I am moved to apply to him Milton's famous words: "A certain reservedness of nature, an honest haughtiness and self-esteem, kept me still above those low descents of mind." Reserved and self-contained, he had yet the sweetest disposition, and his affection once given was given to the full.

During the Easter and summer holidays of 1908 he went to Bonn to study German for a few weeks, and the two following portions of letters written from that place are interesting, the one from the soldierly, the other from the humorous point of view—

BONN, *April 6, 1908.*

Herr B—— recounted to me to-night how his regiment had twenty men killed round their colour in one engagement in the 1870 war, and was much excited when I attempted to describe the saving of the colour by Coghill and Melville at Isandlwana,¹ and particularly interested when I said that one of them had slept in father's tent the night before; then he said he remembered seeing the name Parr in the paper at the time, and photos of the two officers at the same time. "Tapfere Mensche" [gallant fellows] he kept on repeating.

BONN, *September 1908.*

There will be rather an unusual state of affairs to-morrow at this christening [of a grandchild], as half the family are Catholics and half Protestants. Herr B—— and his son and the father of the child are Protestants, while the Frau, her two daughters (including the mother of the child), are Catholics. The child itself is to be a Protestant, like its brother Hans Günter, of whom you have already heard. As none of the women are going to attend the service, all the men will probably find themselves at the font with

¹ See *ante*, p. 116.

the parson ready and no baby, as I cannot imagine any of them carrying or wheeling it through the streets of Bonn! Perhaps they will impress me into their service.

6th.—The christening and its attendant meals are over. Gott sei dank! The service didn't last very long, although the parson gave an address. The whole house began to be astir at an early hour, as far as I could judge, the whole family having a bath before the ceremony—the female portion thereof scrubbing their faces with soap (apparently), for they appeared rather red and shiny! Then the gunner cousin arrived, tremendously smart and in grey paletôt and blue tunic and shiny black pickelhaube. The old Mädchen, carrying the baby (decked out with a girdle of roses), the Frau, and the artilleryman climbed into a two-horse cab and drove off to the church (only a hundred yards distant, by the way), I presently following on foot. On our returning, strange delikatessen sandwiches were handed round and healths drunk. Then the Bürgermeister produced a box of cigars and I foolishly accepted one: it rather reminded me of a cabbage! After they had sat talking (from 11.45 to 1.15), luncheon was announced—"Bitte die Herrschaften zu essen," and we all trooped into the next room, sitting down ten to lunch, for an old friend of the family had turned up by chance, and the Herr Sohn had arrived in undress uniform, also with a grey paletôt. We began with soup, had three entrées, passed round one after the other, and wound up with cakes and "prosit." The usual number of healths were drunk and, as a pause of at least five minutes occurred between each course, we sat there from 1.15 to 3 p.m. I was rather glad to get away and read your *Spectator*, which, with your letter and cheque, arrived this morning. Many thanks for all of them. . . . If I don't dream to-night I shall be lucky! And as for Master Hans Günther, from the rate he tucked away the liberal portions he received of every course, and the amount of sips of beer, wine, and Bohle, and pulls at cigars his infatuated grandfather has allowed him, I should say he would probably throw himself out of his bedroom window in his agonies. His room is next to mine, by the way.

In the same year—1908—he passed into Sandhurst from Wellington, and was amongst those sent to the infantry

company then training at Woolwich. Here, with his natural aptitude for all things military, he passed a very happy year, and as the Commandant afterwards wrote, "he was a great favourite and had all the makings of the best sort of officer."

He was gazetted to the Somerset Light Infantry on the 18th of September 1909, on which occasion an old friend (the late Colonel A. G. Boyle) wrote to his father—

I must congratulate you on Hal's gazette, and hope he will serve as long as you did, and be as fond of the regiment! It seems only yesterday he was offering the sentry at Gib his ball to play with because he looked dull!

He joined the 2nd Battalion at Malta that autumn, and his first letter to his father begins—

You can't think how happy I am to have got here at last and feel I now really belong to the regiment.

One other letter, on the diversions of the main guard-room, may be quoted—

MALTA, *December 20, 1909.*

I have now been just a month on this island, and have practically seen the whole of it! It is a fearfully overcrowded place, and the garrison will soon, I expect, be pushed off into the sea. "Sights"—these are not many: the main guard-room, where one periodically spends a penitential twenty-four hours, being about the most interesting, as in the officers' room are all the drawings drawn by the wretched officers on guard since 1870. They are now regarded as very valuable, and are all catalogued and numbered, and no one may draw on the walls without a special permit. Only two years ago the R.E. had orders to distemper the place and covered over the whole of these works of art; and a fine job they had scraping it off again.

One is very wretched tied up all day (and most of the night) in one's best clothes, and rushing out at odd moments to turn out the guard to some personage—particularly when the said personage is the Archbishop Bishop (as he is called), a fat old man who drives

about in a shabby brougham, and whose coachman waves his whip lest his Eminence should pass by unobserved !

There is plenty to do here in other ways as well, all games being very cheap, and I am doing a certain amount of rowing.

All his letters home during that brief term of service show his intense interest and pleasure in regimental life, and, as Captain Thicknesse^{*} wrote subsequently, "he was an example to us all in the way he did his duty."

Early in 1910 Hal fell a victim to the epidemic of enteric fever which broke out on the island. His father and mother were telegraphed for, and arrived in time to give him great relief and pleasure. For a few days recovery seemed possible, but fatal symptoms appeared, and after much brave endurance he succumbed on the 22nd of February, ten days after his twentieth birthday.

To him was not given the glory to fall on the field of battle in his country's service, but the calm fortitude and patience with which he bore the most agonizing pain during the short illness from the effects of which he died, showed he possessed courage of the noblest and most unselfish kind.

By those who knew and loved him he is always remembered as the embodiment of all that was pure and high-minded, with the brightness and charm of boyhood still around him.

All that life contains of torture, toil and treason,
Shame, dishonour, death, to him were but a name :
Here, a boy he dwelt through all the singing season,
And ere the day of sorrow departed as he came.

STEVENSON.

^{*} Since Colonel, and see *ante*, p. 316 note.



George Roworth Parr.
2nd Lieut. Prince Albert's Somerset Light Infantry
June 1913.

CHAPTER XXIV¹

GEORGE ROWORTH PARR

GEORGE ROWORTH PARR was born on the 29th of November 1891, the year after his father had taken up the command of the 1st Battalion of the Somerset Light Infantry. Before he was six weeks old he was taken to Gibraltar, and thence in 1893-4 to India. Like his elder brother, he was always destined for the Army, and after about three years at Parkside (Mr. Vaughan Pott's school) he went to Wellington College, where he quickly worked his way up the school and his conspicuous ability soon became apparent. He was particularly interested in history and literature, and also had a remarkable facility for languages; in these subjects he gained several first prizes. He was an excellent rifle-shot, fencer, and rider. In the autumn of 1910 George passed well into Woolwich.

He had, however, no real taste or liking for Higher Mathematics, and as, in consequence, it was doubtful whether he would succeed in taking a good place when it came to passing out of Woolwich, his father was strongly advised to allow him to go to Sandhurst. George accordingly was transferred to the Royal Military College, where he spent a very happy year. He became a sergeant, and,

¹ In this chapter I have, with the author's kind permission, taken some passages from Major Cuthbert Headlam's memoir, privately printed, of George Parr.—C. F.-B.

after obtaining prizes for German and military law, passed out fourth in January 1912, and was gazetted to the Somerset Light Infantry the 14th of February following.

From the first moment he joined the regiment he began to distinguish himself and to show promise as a soldier and leader of men. Officers and men alike were devoted to him. He was a keen worker, never idle or bored, and took up his profession eagerly. In addition to this, he worked hard at languages, and during his two years in the service he succeeded in obtaining first-class interpreterships in both French and German, the former after only a month's work in France.

George stayed some weeks in 1912 at Halberstadt, in Germany, with the Colonel of the famous regiment of cuirassiers of which the late Prince Bismarck was for many years honorary colonel. Again, in the autumn of 1913 he studied at Hanover, this time associating with the members of the military riding school, where officers from every regiment in the German Army are always undergoing a special course of training. He enjoyed these visits immensely and made many friends—one of whom afterwards wrote that his death was lamented as that of a brother-in-arms.

When the war broke out George was with the 1st Battalion of his regiment at Colchester. His own letters tell best the story of the campaign as he saw it, but they give only a faint idea of the splendid share he took in it from the day he left England to the day of his death, for during the whole time he was in France he proved again and again that he possessed all the qualities of the ideal soldier and leader of men. "He maintained throughout," as a brother officer expresses it, "the highest traditions of the regiment and of his family."

Five days after it landed in France, George's battalion, which formed part of the Fourth Division, was in action at Le Cateau, where it was pushed forward to the assistance of the 2nd Corps. In this engagement George with his platoon held an exposed position for five hours under heavy artillery and machine-gun fire, losing thirty-seven out of forty-nine in killed and wounded. During the subsequent retreat he played a most useful part, his knowledge of French proving of the greatest assistance to the regiment, and his courage and indomitable vivacity of spirit never failing.

Later on, at the passage of the Marne, he led his men with great gallantry and dash, seizing some houses, from the doors and windows of which he was able to bring a heavy fire on the Germans, under cover of which another regiment succeeded in crossing the river. He took part in the fighting on the Aisne, and then for a short time was employed as an intelligence officer to the 11th Infantry Brigade, acting as *officier de liaison* with the French.

George was delighted to get this post, for which he was admirably suited, and for which his interpretership fully qualified him. He displayed conspicuous tact and ability in dealing with the French officers, and was personally thanked for his services by his Brigadier, who also recommended him for mention in dispatches. After a short absence through illness he was allowed to rejoin his battalion, which was then holding Ploegsteert Wood, just north of Armentières.

During the months of October and November this wood was the scene of some very severe fighting. It was decided by General Headquarters that an attempt must be made to regain certain lost trenches and also to drive the Germans from some houses which they occupied just outside

Ploegsteert Wood, and from which they were able to snipe the new British line.

On the 19th of December this task was entrusted to three regiments of the 11th Infantry Brigade: the 1st Battalion of the Somerset Light Infantry, the 1st Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, and the 1st Battalion of the Hampshire Regiment. The attack, which was most gallantly delivered in the face of a terrible machine-gun and rifle fire, and over almost impassable ground, was successfully carried through; but, although the German trenches were captured, it was found impossible to hold them, and our troops had subsequently to be withdrawn.

It was one of those gallant and unrecorded feats of arms performed with almost superhuman courage, and entailing the loss of many valuable lives, of which this war (where ground has to be gained from the enemy almost foot by foot) affords so many examples. But the heroism of the men who took part in it will never be forgotten by their comrades, and the names of those who fell in it will be held in affectionate reverence, honoured for all time by the regiments to which they belonged.

George was killed in this engagement. His company debouched from the east edge of Ploegsteert Wood and pushed forward against the enemy's lines of wire entanglement as fast as the terrible condition of the ground, pitted with deep shell craters, covered with water and deep in mud, would allow. George was well ahead of his men, who were very fond of him and would follow him anywhere, when he was struck by a bullet from a machine gun and wounded in the leg. He fell, but immediately endeavoured to rise and continue leading the attack. He was struck by another bullet and killed almost instantaneously. His body was recovered later, and now lies near "Somerset House," in

Ploegsteert Wood, in the little cemetery where several of his brother officers are also buried.

No soldier who has fallen in the war is more sincerely and deeply mourned than George.

You will like to hear from your son's Brigadier (says General Hunter-Weston, in a letter written to Lady Parr), of the high regard I had for your son. As he will have told you, I used him as my "liaison officer," to keep in close communication with the French Brigadier-General on our immediate left at Buey. His knowledge of French was thus of great value to the Brigade. He was a thoroughly good regimental officer, one of the best in a very good battalion. If he had been spared, he would have followed in his father's footsteps and would have risen to high distinction in the Army. No words can adequately express my sympathy. Your great sorrow is shared by all of us who were his friends and admirers. You may well be proud to have borne such a son. He was a good officer and a gallant gentleman, and he died a hero's death.

In a letter addressed to George's Colonel the General writes—

All of us who knew Parr appreciated his capacity, heroism, and devotion to duty. I would, though, that my recommendation had attained the result I desired, and that Parr had got a decoration to give public acknowledgment of his services. But this, alas! is the case in many other instances.

To me (writes George's company officer), life in the regiment will never be the same without him. He was my subaltern and constant companion for four months of strenuous life, his advice and help proving invaluable.

"He was a fine fellow—everybody loved him," are the words of a private soldier who was in George's company and near him when he died. "The respect of those he served ;

the love of those he led; could the greatest warrior in the longest life win more?"

When the war is over, and the great cause of national honour and human justice for which George laid down his life has been triumphantly attained, those who loved him will visit the hallowed spot in a foreign land where his body lies, and will seem to see again the handsome face and upright form they knew so well, and to hear the well-known voice with the curious little stammer that made it so attractive. They will mourn for the friend whom they have lost for a time, but they will praise God for "the heritage of heroic example and noble obligation" which he has bequeathed to them.

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

The following extracts from letters, most of them written to his mother, describe some of his experiences in the early part of the campaign—

September 12, 1914.

I do hope you haven't been very anxious. I am afraid our mails have been irregular, but I have tried to send off postcards whenever possible.

The Colonel is going home on leave and will take a letter with him. I can tell you a bit more now of the first days without giving anything away.

We disembarked at Havre on Saturday 21st, and went into a so-called Rest Camp, but had no rest. I had one hour's sleep. Then on Sunday we started on an eighteen hours' train journey—the men in cattle trucks, we in carriages, six to each compartment. We got to our destination in the afternoon at about 5 p.m., and then started to march some distance. Anyway, we got into billets at

about midnight. We were pretty tired. We started again at 4 a.m., after about three hours' sleep, and got a snatch at an omelette and some coffee. We walked a bit further on, and were told we were going to fight a rear-guard action to cover the retreat of the 1st and 2nd Army Corps, who had put up a very good fight, but had had to fall back. We held a line all day till nine at night with nothing to eat at all. No enemy appeared, but there was some shelling in the afternoon and evening, but not at us. A Cavalry Brigade came past us, rather a fine sight, trotting fast with their swords drawn. We thought they were being chased, as there were shouts of "Get on in front!" However, nothing followed, but we let six German cavalry escape, as the uniforms are so alike now they wear a greeney-grey stuff. It rained in the afternoon, and we all felt wet and miserable and very hungry, and were very glad when the order came to withdraw at about 9 p.m. Visions of a comfortable billet appeared as we neared a village. On coming there, however, we were told that we were to march on at once, as the Germans would arrive by dawn. So we moved on, and marched all night. At about three we were halted in the road and fell down where we were and slept for about half an hour, and then moved on again. Then my company turned about, and we turned some Germans out of a village, where we also got a scrap of bread and a drop of wine. Then we were withdrawn—a shrapnel bursting over us harmlessly as we went. Then we were hurried on, and I was ordered to take up a position with my platoon in a field of cabbages with a road in front, as in the little plan attached—which I hope you can understand. We lay down in the cabbage-field behind the road on the right of the cottage, with supports behind in the quarry, and the machine gun there too.

At 7.45 a.m. three shells burst over us in quick succession and hit three men, and alarmed the rest horribly. We all got our heads down behind our head-cover, scraped up with our entrenching tools, just enough to stop a bullet if you throw the earth well out to the front. I had just borrowed a tool from a man and scraped up a bit before the firing began. This cover is no good against shrapnel, which bursts overhead. Luckily, after those three shells the Germans fired on the supports, otherwise we should have been wiped out in a quarter of an hour. The Germans had the range plum (or plumb).

Then the Rifle Brigade retired across our front to the village marked on the right, and got fired at by some of us, not knowing who they were. Then there was a lull. At about 8.45 a skirmishing line came across the road, marked in front of the German guns, and I gave my first fire order about five minutes later, "Enemy advancing 1,500—distribute fire." I don't think we hit any one, as the range was very long, and I couldn't see the bullets strike anywhere to correct the range. I shouted back to the machine gun, who had a range-finder, to give the ranges, but I couldn't make them hear. Two German guns then walked quietly along the distant road, and came into action with the others behind them. I tried to fire on them, but it was 1,800 or 2,000 yards, and again I could make no one hear behind me. I saw the guns come into action and the observer in his sort of scaffold arrangement. I could see him through my field-glasses turn and shout when a shell pitched short, and we could do nothing at all! A few more men were hit by shrapnel, and the nerve of the others shaken badly (which is what shrapnel is for). Then a machine gun started on our right and hit a few more, and I looked at my watch, wondering how long we could stay there for. So far very few infantry came at us, mostly going to the left of us, where the rifle and machine-gun fire was very heavy.

I managed to get the men's heads up to fire on the Germans as they crossed our front, and they passed my orders down very well . . . later a corporal passed down, "Ask Mr. Parr when we are to retire."

I shouted back that we were going to stay where we were and that our side would counter-attack soon. At about 10.30 I heard the well-known whizz and thud, and felt a violent blow on the back which fetched a grunt out of me, and a corporal said, "You hit, sir?" I couldn't think what had happened for a minute, and put my hand to the place and found nothing damaged. It was a spent bullet which had ricocheted. Another went through my rolled Burberry just over my shoulder. Later on I looked down and found a bullet under my nose which just managed to penetrate my head-cover before its force was expended. I have got the bullet now.

The machine gun then enfiladed us on both flanks, or nearly so, as you can see from the plan, and more messages came to

ask about retiring. I told them we were going to stay where we were.

They shouted up to me that there was nobody left on our left flank and that our supports had gone. At about 12.30 I shouted out that we would retire, and we started to crawl back the fifty yards to the old quarry. After some distance a man said to me, "They're getting hit in, let's run for it," so we ran the last fifteen yards and dropped down over the bank. Out of forty-nine that I took into action I had only twelve left. Thirty-seven were killed or wounded, so that there was no disgrace in retiring.

To my astonishment, I found Frank Bradshaw¹ in the quarry with some more of the regiment, and a Major and a Captain in the Rifle Brigade, about one hundred men in all. Bradshaw came towards me under the bank with his revolver drawn, saying, "Are they coming, George?" I said, "No, we have been enfiladed from both flanks and had to retire."

September 13th, continued.

Then we waited for the Germans to come on, not being able to put our heads up for the maxim fire; none of us ever expected to get out alive. However, the Germans didn't come on, so we decided to retire and run for it, which we did, and luckily at that moment they had diverted their fire, and we all got clear away towards the railway embankment.

Looking round, when I had got over the edge of the hill, I found myself some fifty yards ahead. Thinking this hardly the place for an officer retiring, I turned round and walked up the hill again to where a private in my old company was trying to get a wounded man away. The fire was pretty hot, but we got him down the hill and then had to carry him over the railway embankment. I then gave my Burberry and woolly waistcoat to somebody to hold and never saw them again. (I have got a new waterproof sheet instead.) The bullets were flying over our heads on the line, but neither of us was touched. We had to leave the man the other side of the line, as we were both too exhausted to carry him further. He was very badly hit.

¹ Captain Bradshaw, Somerset Light Infantry, afterwards killed in action, December 19, 1914.

The hill behind the line was covered with our own men retiring on the village, with shells bursting continuously over them. I stood for a moment and nearly took a photograph with my pocket Kodak, but somehow, as I had to cross over the bit of ground myself, I didn't do it.

The next few days, or about a week in all, a nightmare of marching. We used to march on all day, and then we halted to take up a rear-guard position, and then on again perhaps all night !

Willy Watson and I were two of a few who kept their spirits up ; but it was all in the general plan to retire like this, which was quite right. We have come forward again, and I believe everything goes well.

SOM. L. I., EXPEDY. FORCE,
September 23, 1914.

Very many thanks for the chocolate and the shirt and socks—all most useful, as the railways are congested and we have been a bit short of luxuries. In fact my last wash was about a fortnight ago ! We have been taking part in the Battle of the Aisne for some time—holding a position—and our transport with our kits can't get up. I find I have taken part in three battles ; Mons—Cambrai and Le Cateau count as one—then there was the Marne ; when we crossed the river we had a bit of fun there, shooting the running Germans—and now we are in the Aisne battle. I oughtn't to mention names, but we have seen some old papers which mention them, so I don't see why we shouldn't.

I think the Army has done very well, not through any brilliant actions, but simply dogged and “unbrilliant” perseverance !

October 2, 1914.

I wonder how long this is going on for. I rather agree with some French officers who said they thought the war would only finish with exhaustion. Germany seems to be holding up Russia all right, and us too—of course it's an immensely powerful country. I feel glad that I never ran down the Germans. I remember writing to father last winter saying, “If the show ever does come off, I bet the French will take a knock and we with them,” and so of course we have done.

November 30, 1914.

MY DEAR TALBOYS,¹—Somehow I've often thought of you during the war, for we used to talk about it a good bit on and off, didn't we? in the oak-panelled room, over tea with cake "like scented soap," as you called it. The room where I'm writing this is not oak-panelled, being a dug-out in a trench, but it has a bench in it to sit on, and a table and a shelf, and it's well roofed over with boards and waterproof sheets. We sleep on straw, and very well too, although "Mr. Allyman," as the men call him, likes letting off his stupid little gun all night and hitting our parapet. It is pretty quiet here otherwise, as so far they have not tried to break through here in force. It seems ages since we started on the campaign. My Division, the fourth, was flung straight out of the train into the battle, so to speak. We covered the retreat of the 1st and 2nd Corps from Mons, being ordered to hold the line Le Cateau—Cambrai on the 26th August. My battalion was unfortunate, as it suffered very much from the German artillery fire, while others beat off the German infantry easily and were only shelled when they were falling back. I was in a horrible place in that action. My platoon was rather in advance of the rest and at one time held on alone when every one else had temporarily retired. I held on from eight till one, losing thirty-seven men out of forty-nine, and then fell back to a quarry. This, too, we had to leave, and were very lucky to get out of it at all. We had fixed our bayonets and the officers had pulled out their revolvers, quite an inspiring sight, in fact. I never expected to get away. However, somehow we managed to slip out during a lull in the firing. The retreat after that was pretty beastly. None of us knew what had happened.

At the Marne we had a bit of a fight in some houses, and shot the running Germans with some precision. We had a quiet time for a bit, and then did a very trying march to seize one of the bridges over the Aisne. My Brigade, the 11th, was the first over, though somehow this was not stated in the official dispatch. During the battle of the Aisne we had a very quiet time compared to the 1st Corps, who were shelled all day and attacked every night

¹ His late form master at Wellington College.

for some days. I had a very nice job, for a short time, then, acting as *officier de liaison* between my Brigade and the French, who were then immediately on our left—this because I had passed as interpreter last summer. I used to ride over and find out what they were going to do and what support they wanted. We watched them do some very gallant attacks over an appalling bit of country. They rarely gained fifty to one hundred yards, sometimes none at all, and always with terrible losses.

When we left the Aisne I lost my job, as here we are not close to the French. I was "sent sick" then and spent a beastly month at the base, and so missed a very good piece of work by my battalion. This was the taking of Le Gheer. The Germans had broken the line and we contra-attacked and drove them out, taking a hundred prisoners. The divisional Staff simply fell on our Adjutant's neck when he reported that we had cleared the Germans out. Le Gheer was apparently rather an important place just then. Since then we have been living this trench life. It is fairly dangerous, as in some places the Germans are only one hundred and fifty yards away, and their snipers shoot very straight and kill, if they hit; and sometimes we get a dose of shelling, but it's the discomfort that is the trying part. When it rains one goes splashing about in the mud, and perhaps one's "house" isn't rain-proof and one sleeps wet. The General told me I had been mentioned in dispatches when we were on the Aisne, but somehow my name didn't appear, which was rather a blow.

D'you remember "The seas gulp and fall around her promontories" ?¹ I believe I can repeat that piece still. I hope

¹ An allusion to a passage descriptive of England in a chapter entitled "Of your Charity" in Mr. H. W. Nevins's "Between the Acts." It runs as follows: "The seas gulp and fall around her promontories, or lie brooding there in green and purple lines. Her mountains are low; like blue waves they run along the horizon, and the wind flies over them. It is a country of deep pasture and quiet downs and earthy fields, where the furrows run straight from hedge to hedge. There is moorland, too, and lakes with wild names, and every village is full of ancient story. The houses are clustered round old castle walls, and across the breezy distance of fen and common the grey cathedrals rise, like ships in full sail."

this war at any rate will show that the whole race is not "an uninspired crowd stumbling rough-shod and drunken over the world," but it seems to me that the nation is losing all its best—"those who would 'fling their lives away indifferently on the government of continents or the capture of a little pig'!" and there will still be continents for us to govern after the war is done.

I had to knock off to go and look at a wounded man—hit by a stray bullet just behind here in the wood. It's not pleasant, but the men like you to fuss about. It's extraordinary how they rely on their officers for everything; no N.C.O. will do if they can get hold of an officer, however junior.

Well, I've drivelled on long enough, and we stand to arms now, as it's getting dusk and the German sometimes tries an attack. I'm commanding a company for the time; it ought to be two hundred strong, but is only about one hundred and fifty at present. I think our funny old Army has done its bit very well; perhaps we shan't be laughed at quite so much when and if we get back, for one often doubts if one ever will. There are several O.W.'s in my battalion—C. Maud, D.S.O., a senior captain; then Montgomery (Lynedoch) wounded; Pretzman (Orange), Flying Corps now, and his brother who went home with dysentery; Bennett, machine gun officer (Murray).¹

Well, give my love to anybody you think wants it!—Mr. Pearson,² there seem to be few others. Write to me if you can, I should love to hear from you.

TO HIS MOTHER.

December 13, 1914.

Did you see in *The Times* that von Hindenburg in his dispatch to the Kaiser mentioned that an army had very rarely cut its way out like his had done—one instance being an English regiment, the 13th L.I. at Jellalabad. Isn't it interesting? I do hope your Canadians will be all right. In haste. Good-bye, and God bless you.

¹ The names in brackets are those of the dormitories to which the officers had belonged.

² Mr. Pearson, to whom George was greatly attached, was house master for many years at Wellington College. He died suddenly in February 1915.

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